

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

H. C. Whitman.


1837
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

DC
266
.B643
1848

THE HISTORY OF TEN YEARS.

THE

HISTORY OF TEN YEARS,

1830—1840;

OR,

FRANCE UNDER LOUIS PHILIPPE.

BY LOUIS BLANC.

TRANSLATED
BY WALTER K. KELLY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA & BLANCHARD.
1848.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. K. AND P. G. COLLINS, PRINTERS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

BOOK THE THIRD, *continued.*

CHAPTER VI.

Division in the Legitimatist Party—Paris, Massa, Holyrood—Secret Conferences at Lucca—M. de Kergorlay's Letter to Charles X.—The Petty Courts of Italy—M. de Blacas removed—Royalist Conspiracy—Metternich opposed to the Duchess de Berri's projects—The Duchess and the Cabinets of the Hague, of St. Petersburg—State of La Vendée—The Duchess embarks secretly—Attempt at Insurrection in Marseilles—The Duchess' Journey through France, and Arrival in La Vendée—Events there—The Duchess at Nantes 17

CHAPTER VII.

Compte rendu of the Opposition—Death and Obsequies of General Lamarque—State of Parties—Insurrection of June 5 and 6—Cloître St. Méry—State of Siege 39

CHAPTER VIII.

Death of the Duke of Reichstadt—The St. Simonians at Menilmontant—Prosecution—Dissolution of the St. Simonian Family—Ministry of October 11—Character of Thiers—The Duchess de Berri arrested at Nantes—Affair of the Pistol shot—Parliamentary Conflicts 70

CHAPTER IX.

Foreign Policy—The Belgian Fortresses; Humiliation inflicted on France by England—Just Resistance of William to the Treaty of the Twenty-four Articles—Policy of England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria—Ratifications exchanged; Indignation of the Belgians; Intrigues—Ministers opposed to the King; Saying of Talleyrand—The French Army on the Frontier—Convention of October 22—The French enter Belgium—False Policy of France—Siege and Capture of Antwerp—Summary of the History of the Conference 108

BOOK THE FOURTH.

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1833 TO MARCH 1836.

CHAPTER I.

The Duchess de Berri at Blaye—Party Disputes and Duels about her—Measures taken by the Government to prove her Pregnancy and Delivery—Her Departure for Palermo—Her Interview with Charles X. at Leoben. 133

CHAPTER II.

Corruption of Morals—The *Tribune* newspaper called to the Bar of the Chamber—The Holiday of the 21st of January abolished—Legislative Labours—Disturbances in Paris; M. Rodde—Workmen's Coalitions—*Société des Droits de l'Homme*—Trial of the Twenty-seven 165

CHAPTER III.

Foreign Policy; Russia, Turkey, and Egypt; Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi—The Right of Search—Portugal—Death of the King of Spain—General View of the Foreign Policy of France in 1833 196

CHAPTER IV.

Savoy Expedition—*Young Italy*—Mazzini and Ramorino—Buonarotti—Interview between Mazzini and Ramorino at Geneva—Failure of the Enterprise against Savoy—Influence of the Event on the Conduct of the French Government—Preparations for a fierce Struggle on the part of the Republicans—Tragic Death of Dulong—Laws against Public Criers and Associations—Affair of the 25,000,000—Retirement of the Duc de Broglie—Remodelling of the Ministry—Symptoms of approaching Revolution 224

CHAPTER V.

Military Aspect of Lyons—Progress of Republicanism in that City—Prosecution of the *Glaneuse*—Secret Societies—Their Correspondence with the Parisian Republicans—Law against Associations—Wilful Remissness of the Government—Frightful Scenes of Civil War in Lyons; in Paris—Preparations for the Monster Prosecution of the April Prisoners 247

CHAPTER VI.

The French Embassy at St. Petersburg—Contempt of the Emperor Nicolas for Louis Philippe—Marshal Maison at the Russian Court—The French Embassy at Madrid—Martinez de la Rosa; follows the system of Zea Bermudez—Origin and real Character of the Quadruple Alliance—Negotiations carried on without consulting Talleyrand—Proof of his Diplomatic Incompetence 283

CHAPTER VII.

Elections in June, 1834—Disagreement between Guizot and Soult—Divisions in the Council on the Subject of M. Decazes and the Duc de Bassino—Ministerial Changes—M. de Sémonville and the Duc de Decazes—Question of the Amnesty—Retirement of Marshal Gerard—Ministerial Crisis; Intrigues—The Cabinet dissolved—Ministry of Three Days—Return of the Former Ministry—Questions put to it in the Chamber 290

CHAPTER VIII.

Experiment of Monarchical Terrorism—State of the Prisons—Armand Carrel's trial before the Court of Peers 301

CHAPTER IX.

Court Intrigues against the Ministry—Rœderer's Pamphlet—Policy of Duvergier de Hauranne and his Friends—Personal Government of the King—De Broglie President of the Council—The Treaty of the 25,000,000—General Jackson's warlike Message—Serrurier recalled—Ministerial Despatches counteracted by a Secret Mission—The Treaty voted by both Chambers 309

CHAPTER X.

The April Prosecution—Republican Congress convoked at Lyons—Preparations of the Prisoners—Visit to M. Pasquier—Violation of the Right of Defence; Protest of the Bar—Difference of Opinion between the Lyons and Paris Prisoners—The Trial before the Court of Peers—De Cormenin and Audry de Puyraveau incriminated—Character of De Cormenin—Audry de Puyraveau surrendered by the Chamber to the Court of Peers—Various Incidents of the Trial—Convictions—Escape of the Prisoners from St. Pélagie—Continuation of the Trial—Sentences—The Republican Party 319

CHAPTER XI.

First Call for Intervention on the Part of Spain—Thiers' Foreign Policy; wherein it differed from the King's—Guizot's political Scepticism—England consulted as to Intervention in Spain—Intervention refused—Plots, Rumours; Fieschi's Infernal Machine—Arrest of Armand Carrel—Speech of the Archbishop of Paris to the King—September Laws 362

CHAPTER XII.

Court Intrigues—Madame de Dino and Madame de Lieven—Ministerial Broils—The Ministry dissolved; The Personal Government confirmed 377

BOOK THE FIFTH.

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1836, TO THE BEGINNING OF 1840.

CHAPTER I.

Fieschi's Prosecution—Morey, Pepin, Nina Lassave—Triple Execution . 386

CHAPTER II.

Reaction of Continental Policy against the Revolution of July—Occupation of Cracow by the Austrians, Prussians, and Russians—the English Cabinet asks for French intervention in Spain—Gradual Alienation from the English Alliance; First Phase of the Ministry of February 22—Journey of the Duc d'Orléans to Berlin and Vienna; he is refused the hand of an Archduchess of Austria—Accidental meeting between him and Maria Louisa 400

CHAPTER III.

Alibaud's Attempt to Assassinate the King—His Trial and Execution—Death of Armand Carrel 412

CHAPTER IV.

The French Government allies itself with the Policy of the Continent—Manœuvres of the Court of Austria—Refugees in Switzerland—The Duc de Montebello and the Federal Directory—The Spy Conseil—Thiers disposed to return to the English Alliance—The Question of Intervention in Spain revived—Mendizabal's Administration; his Fall—Thiers supported on Intervention by the Duc d'Orléans; Character of the latter—Separation between Guizot and De Broglie—Talleyrand employed against the System of the English Alliance—Dissolution of the Ministry of February 22 426

CHAPTER V.

Formation of the Molé Cabinet—Continuation of the Swiss Affair—Projects of Louis Bonaparte—Military Insurrection at Strasbourg—Another at Vendôme—Louis Bonaparte sent to America—Death of Charles X. 447

CHAPTER VI.

Affairs of Algiers—Various Systems pursued by the Military Governments—Abd-el-Kader—Battles and Expeditions—Effect of Residence in Africa on the French—Marshal Clauzel in Paris—Opinions on Algiers of the Doctrinaire Party, the King, and M. Thiers—First Expedition against Constantina 463

CHAPTER VII.

Liberation of the Prisoners of Ham—Another Attempt on the King's Life—Debates on Spain—The Strasbourg Trial—Secret Conflict between Molé and Guizot—Project of Ostracism—Law of Disjunction rejected; Distress in France—Proposed Apanage; De Cormenin's Pamphlet—Origin of the Tiérsparti—Change of Ministry 483

CHAPTER VIII.

Announcement of the Marriage of the Duc d'Orléans—Discussion on African Affairs—Dotation of the Duc d'Orléans—Amnesty—Arrival of the Princess Helena—Opening of the Versailles Gallery 501

CHAPTER IX.

Affairs of Africa—Interview between General Bugeaud and Abd-el-Kader—Treaty of the Tafna—Taking of Constantina 513

CHAPTER X.

New attitude assumed by the Democratic Party—Character of Arago—Formation of the CENTRAL COMMITTEE—Elections—Origin of the COALITION; First defeat—Death of Talleyrand 522

CHAPTER XI.

Legislation of the year 1838—Conversion of the Rentes; the Sinking Fund; Laffitte's Theories of Finance—Railways; Execution by the State, or by Joint Stock Companies—Arago's Report—Decision of the Question 535

CHAPTER XII.

Hubert Prosecution—Coronation of Queen Victoria—Louis Bonaparte obliged to quit Switzerland—Birth of the Comte de Paris—Evacuation of Ancona—The Coalition revived—Fanaticism; Death of the Comte de Montlosier—Gisquet's Prosecution of the *Messager* for Libel—Session of 1839—Last Struggle of the Coalition—Character of M. de Genoude—The Treaty of the Twenty-four Articles forced on Belgium—Fall of the Molé Cabinet 555

CHAPTER XIII.

Various attempts to form a Ministry out of the Coalition—Nomination of a Provisional Cabinet—Alarm of the Bourgeoisie—Insurrection of May 12—A new Ministry—Trial and Conviction of Barbès and his Accomplices 580

CHAPTER XIV.

Eastern Question—Affairs of Turkey, Egypt, and Syria; Proceedings of the Five Powers—Thiers' Speech on the English Alliance—Dotation of the Duc de Nemours refused—Fall of the Ministry of the 12th of May 596

HISTORICAL CONCLUSION 627

THE HISTORY OF TEN YEARS.

CHAPTER VI.

We left the Duchess de Berri at Massa, meditating the daring project of recovering her son's throne; the strength of the legitimatist party, however, was not adequate to so bold a design.

That party, in fact, a prey to very serious disunion, was at this time divided into three very distinct sections.

The first of these refused to promote the restoration of Henry V. by any other than legal and parliamentary means. Its centre was Paris; its organ the *Gazette de France;* and its principal representatives were the Duke of Belluno and Viscount Chateaubriand.

The second looked only to the armed intervention of the Powers. It prevailed at Holyrood, and received its impulsion from the Duke de Blacas.

The third rejected, as unpopular and fatal, the intervention of foreigners; but it, at the same time, rejected the idea of a system of legal and parliamentary opposition; relying upon the resources of the royalists in the interior, its aim was to raise the provinces. Its eyes fixed upon Massa, it sympathized with and applauded the adventurous tendencies of Marie Caroline; its chiefs were Marshal Bourmont, Count de Kergorlay, the Duke d'Escars, and Viscount St. Priest.

This division of the Royalists rendered the part which Marie Caroline had to play a very difficult and perilous one; she had to contend not only against the timid caution of the legitimatist leaders in the capital, but also against the ill-will of the great courts, who were excessively indignant at the desire openly declared by the princess to render herself independent of their support.

Upon her arrival at Massa, Marie Caroline had at once an insight into the difficulties of her undertaking. We have mentioned that the Duke de Blacas had been assigned to her as a political Mentor. The attachment which she displayed for M. de Mesnard, her chief equerry, and for M. de Brissac, her first gentleman usher, gave umbrage to the favourite of Charles X. And these gentlemen very soon learnt that endeavours were being made to procure their dismissal from attendance on the princess. M. de Brissac, himself a highly honourable-minded man, would not credit this information; but M. de Mesnard, less incredulous, induced the duchess to surround herself with counsellors

calculated to destroy the influence of M. Blacas with her. Marshal Bourmont arrived at Massa, accompanied by MM. de Pastoret, d'Escars, and Kergorlay. They learnt from the duchess that she had but a very imperfect idea of the powers which M. de Blacas had received from Charles X.; they imperatively called upon the favourite to show them what these powers were, and their astonishment was extreme at finding that the royal authorization, while it assigned to the mother of Henry V. the title of regent, conferred upon M. de Blacas all the functions and all the authority of that position. Secret conferences were hereupon held at Lucca, in which M. de Kergorlay energetically disputed the right, thus arrogated by Charles X., of disposing of the regency, after his voluntary and formal abdication. MM. de Bourmont and d'Escars concurred entirely with M. de Kergorlay. M. de Pastoret, whose moderation took alarm at such exciting topics, contented himself with pointing out that the document relative to the regency was, by several months, posterior to the abdication, and consequently irregular. M. Billot alone supported the claims of M. de Blacas, at whose instance, indeed, he had been despatched to Massa. On the close of these animated conferences, M. de Kergorlay conveyed to Charles X. in a letter, respectful, but firm, his convictions upon the subject.* As to

* "To his Majesty Charles X.

"SIRE.—I have taken part here in some conferences which have been held on behalf of Henry V., and of France, in the presence of the mother of our young king. At one of these conferences there were read two declarations; the one bearing date the 24th August, 1830, the other a later document, wherein your Majesty announces it to be your intention to nominate Madame regent, and to regulate the terms of that regency.

"No person could have learned with greater pain than myself, the unfortunate act of the 2d August, 1830, by which your Majesty abdicated the crown of France. That act, however, from its very nature, seemed incapable of retractation; and, as a matter of fact, it was not retracted after the arrival of your Majesty in a foreign country. Your faithful subjects, then, had no alternative but to resign themselves to what had taken place. They rationally considered that your Majesty having affixed no reservation to this last act of sovereign will, had abdicated, at the same time, all the functions of royalty. I, therefore, in the conference, of which I have spoken, distinctly enunciated the opinion that your Majesty, in abdicating the crown, could not retain either the power of nominating to the regency, or that of regulating its terms.

"It is true that your Majesty, in your act of abdication, nominated Monseigneur the Duke of Orléans, lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and it may be added that this fatal nomination was not contested. I do not here propose to examine whether or not it ought to have been contested; and, for that matter, instances of the testamentary dispositions of our kings, relative to the regency, not having been acted upon after their death, are not wanting in our history. But even were we to admit as incontestable, the validity of the nomination of a lieutenant-general of a kingdom, contained in the act of abdication of the monarch relinquishing his throne, it would by no means thence follow that in like manner can be sustained the validity of fresh dispositions by the king, relative to the regency, bearing a date subsequent to his abdication. It may, indeed, be conceived that, when Monseigneur the Duke of Orléans had, by the crime of usurpation, rendered himself for ever unworthy of holding the office of lieutenant-general of the kingdom which had been confided to him, the king, on the very instant he learned the base act, had felt it to be his duty to revert to the period, then only some days antecedent, wherein, as king, he had made this nomination, and, at once annulling the appointment, substituted a more worthy person, taking no heed of the short interval, which had then occurred; but the fiction which might have availed, when the period to be reverted to was only some few days antecedent, cannot be extended, with the least probability, to the

M. de Blacas, he quitted the conference a defeated man. M. de Metternich did all he could to support his interest with the duchess, but without effect: her royal highness merely awaited an opportunity of getting rid of him.

To the embarrassment of these internal differences, the duchess per-

delay of more than a year; after so prolonged a silence reality must needs take the place of fiction.

"That reality is, that the King's abdication being his voluntary renunciation of the exercise of the royal functions, he has by such his abdication, renounced all ulterior exercise of the royal function of disposing of the regency. The renunciation by Monseigneur the Dauphin of his rights to the crown of France, in favour of his nephew, is equivalent, during the life of Henry V., to his complete abdication, and must consequently have, with reference to the actual regency, the same effect.

"If, passing from the question of validity, we proceed to that of fitness, I must not permit myself to flinch from the very painful duty of stating that, in the present state of men's minds in France, the promulgation of any ordinances by which your Majesty should appoint a regency and regulate its conditions, would have a pernicious effect. The public would see therein but an endeavour to identify the new reign with a system which proved the destruction of the reign preceding.

"The system I speak of is the same that drove James II. from England; it consists in the supposition of a constituent power, founded upon divine right, which unites within itself the triple faculty of granting a charter, of swearing to it, and of withdrawing it afterwards. I am well aware that your Majesty yourself neither wished to violate, nor thought you were in any way violating the charter, and that, after weighing the ambiguities of the fourteenth article, you believe that you were proving your fidelity to the charter itself, in adopting the interpretation of that article which seemed to you the most consistent with sound reason. I believe that your ministers were equally sincere in adopting the same interpretation; but I know, on the other hand, that this interpretation was admitted by only a very small portion of the nation; that it appeared to the vast majority of Frenchmen, altogether paradoxical, contradictory to the leading principle of the charter, and to the well-known maxim, which we find expressed in our ancient law books, in these concise terms: *Donner et Tenir ne vaut* [you can't give away a thing and keep it too].

"I have often had occasion, and more especially during the Hundred Days, publicly to explain my views on the preference which should be given to constitutions freely granted by the sovereign, over those which are extorted. I have always expressed, as forcibly as I could, my indignation against the whole base principle of the latter, and have ever added, with equal earnestness, that the former stand upon the basis which ever ought to be esteemed the truest of all guarantees, the honour of a King.

"The unfortunate controversy as to the interpretation of Article 14, has however, seriously impaired, in the minds of most men, the idea of the security of this guarantee. Ever since the last revolution I have invariably felt the conviction that the sole obstacle which impedes the establishment of Henry V. upon the throne of his fathers by general acclamation, is the difficulty of persuading the nation that neither he nor his mother will ever adopt the principle which attributes to a sovereign a constituent power, alike enabling him to grant a charter, to swear to it, and to withdraw it afterwards.

"The various considerations founded upon our constitutional law, and upon the requirements of state utility, which I have here referred to, decided me upon declaring in the conferences, wherein I was called upon to take a part, my opinion that the mother of Henry V. ought to proclaim herself regent of the kingdom in virtue of her own right, and that no person was entitled to dispute the matter with her, or to impose conditions; unless by mutual agreement between her and the states-general of the kingdom, she thought proper to admit such limitations of her functions as regent as they might think fit to propose. I cited in support of my opinion, that Madame not only was entitled, but that she ought long since to have proclaimed herself regent, the example of Louis XVIII., who proclaimed himself regent during the minority of Louis XVII., immediately after the death of Louis XVI. Many persons, no doubt, and I was one of the number, disapproved of the conduct of M. the Count de Provence, in having, by assuming the title of regent, invaded the rights of the captive queen mother, and felt that he would have acted in bet-

sonally found superadded the diplomatic terrors which her presence almost everywhere occasioned. Of all the petty princes of Italy, the Dukes of Modena and Lucca alone ventured to offer to the mother of the duke a frank and fearless hospitality. The King of Sardinia wrote her some very affectionate letters, giving her good advice, but always under the rose. The Grand Duke of Tuscany refused her permission to go to Pisa, to take the baths. And now she was about to see closed against her the gates of the very city wherein her brother sat enthroned. "If the Duchess de Berri," General Sébastiani had emphatically exclaimed, "attempts to make Naples the theatre of her intrigues, France has troops and she has ships, and Toulon is not very far from Naples." These words, duly transmitted by the Prince of Castelcicaa to the Neapolitan government, occasioned the most vivid alarm. That government was not ignorant that the court of France, so easy upon all other points, was in the highest degree tenacious about a purely dynastical question, and, towards a petty state, would be altogether intractable. Accordingly, upon the return of the King of Naples from Sicily, some of his councillors, and among other, the minister at war, Fardella, put him in fear of the cabinet of the Tuileries, and he resolved to refuse his sister permission to enter his kingdom, which refusal would have been actually carried into effect, had not the Prince Cassaro impressed upon his majesty how base and dishonourable such conduct would be. Marie Caroline was, therefore, allowed to revisit Naples. At Rome, on her way, the Pope received her with much kindness; but the Count de Lutzow, the Austrian ambassador, and following his example, the Prussian and Russian ambassadors, omitted to call upon her, a purposed neglect which sensibly wounded her pride as princess and as mother. At Naples, she found her brother very kind in his manner, but altogether disinclined to afford her any practical assistance; and after a short stay, which some youthful recollections of the heart rendered soothing and delightful, she resumed her journey to Massa, whither M. de St. Priest, whom she had met at Naples, hastened to join her, and where she became entirely absorbed in the cares of her maternal ambition.

The proceedings at Massa were not viewed without considerable disquiet at Holyrood, as may be seen in various missives from the Baron

ter taste had he merely taken the title of lieutenant-general of the kingdom; but whatever doubts may have been entertained as to the good taste of his assuming the former title, there was none whatever as to his perfect right to assume it of his own authority; and he was highly and generally applauded for his decision in not waiting until he should return to France, ere he thus proclaimed his right and his duty, as next heir to the crown, to provide, as well as in him lay, for the government of the state, both during the captivity of the queen mother, and after the deplorable issue of that captivity.

"I have thought it all the more incumbent upon me, respectfully to state to your Majesty the opinion I pronounced on the subject of the regency, that the members of the conference were refused permission to draw up a report of the various opinions delivered on the question.

"I am, sire, with the same profound veneration which I felt towards you during the period when I ventured to rank myself among your most faithful subjects,

"Your Majesty's most humble, most obedient, and most devoted servant,

"Baths of Lucca, Sept. 29, 1831." "Count F. DE KERGORLAY."

de Damas, and in a letter from Charles X. to his daughter-in-law. In this letter the old king said that the place of Madame was at Holyrood, with her children; he announced his intention of recalling M. de Blacas, but he accompanied this intimation with an order to the Duchess de Berri herself to return. And yet, the elevation of this princess to the regency, dated only some few months back, in March, 1831.*

On the other hand, the petty court of Massa received information of the experiments that were being made upon the Conference at London, by the councillors of Charles X.; that the Baron de Damas had left Edinburgh for the purpose of pleading before the members of the Conference, and in the name of Charles X., the cause of the youthful Henry. Under these circumstances, Marshal Bourmont expressed his opinion that the court of Massa should lose no time in sending as its representative in London, an agent whose duty it should be to neutralize any mischievous tendencies which might appear to arise out of the proceedings of the Holyrood envoy. The mission was one of great delicacy. The person to whom it was proposed to intrust it, was M. de St. Priest, formerly ambassador of France at Madrid, a man of great skill and moderation. But this gentleman conceived that, previously to accrediting ambassadors to the powers, it was necessary that the Duchess de Berri should regulate her own position, and clearly define her authority. First of all, and under any circumstances, it was necessary to get rid of M. de Blacas. After a great deal of hesitation, arising, as far as the duchess was concerned, from her fear of displeasing Charles X., the following plan was determined upon: that the duchess, in a firm, though guarded letter, should represent to the Duke de Blacas the immense inconveniences and difficulties occasioned by the coexistence of two centres of action, the one placed in Scotland, the other in Italy; that the greatest possible unity ought to preside over the efforts of the royalists, and that, for her own part, she was immovably fixed in her resolution to remain at the post which the dearest interests of her son assigned to her. She concluded by requesting of the Duke de Blacas, that he would, as an act of friendship, proceed to Scotland, and lay all these considerations before Charles X. The duke submitted, and in a few days was on his way to Edinburgh.

Thus relieved from very troublesome superintendence, Marie Caroline pursued her undertaking with a continuity and vigour of purpose altogether astonishing in a woman, and in the face of such great and numerous obstacles. The correspondence with the south and with La Vendée assumed double activity. The Duke d'Escars went on a mission throughout the southern provinces, of which he was destined to

* The act of appointment, which was confided to M. Feuillant, was conceived and dated thus:

"Count de ——, whom we have named chief civil authority in the provinces of the west, will arrange with the principal military chiefs, the drawing up and publication, at the period of recurring to arms, of a proclamation in favour of Henry V., in which it shall be announced that Madame, Duchess of Berri, is to be regent of the kingdom during the minority of the king her son. For such is our will.

"Edinburgh, March 8, 1831." Signed: "CHARLES."

take the command; proclamations* and ordinances were prepared; an act, dated from Massa, established at Paris a provisional government, of which M. de Chateaubriand, M. de Kergorlay, the Duke de Belluno, M. de Latour-Maubourg, were to be members, and of which M. de Floirac was named secretary;† further, a negotiation was opened with

* Proclamation of H. R. R. Regent of the Kingdom.

"SOLDIERS!—A deplorable revolution has violently severed from France the family of its kings; that revolution was effected without you; it was effected against you; faithful to duty and to honour, you submitted yourselves unwillingly to necessity: your hearts have not given in their adhesion to usurpation.

"Soldiers! The interests of the country brings me back among you; the descendant of Henry IV. appeals to you for support! He asks it in the name of unhappy France, in the name of your afflicted families; it is to your love, to the love of all good Frenchmen, to Frenchmen alone, that Henry V. desires to owe his crown. Frenchwomen and mothers I confide to you the future destinies of France, the rights of my son. The usurping government now calls upon you to defend it; but the other day it insulted you. You will not have forgotten, soldiers of the army of Spain, that it was that government which destroyed the monuments raised in honour of your victories. Soldiers of our African legions, the legitimate monarchy was preparing for you triumphal celebrations and personal recompense; the revolution has not only failed to recognise your services, it has pursued you with calumnies; these are not Frenchmen who dislike you for the very glory you have earned; separate yourselves from their base cause, rally round the white flag; it was the flag of your fathers, it is your own; it is the glorious emblem which has conquered or preserved for us our finest provinces, which is renowned in all parts of the world, and respected upon every sea: it is the flag which you yourselves not long since planted on the pillars of Hercules, on the ruins of Athens, and on the ramparts of Algiers.

"France and Europe are hastening once more to hail it as a pledge of security, as the standard of honour and courage. Soldiers, your rights shall be recognised, the noble profession of arms shall resume its rank, your advancement, the rewards to which you have justly entitled yourselves, shall be secured to you. Henry V. will recompense merit and devotion, will recognise each man's services, will everywhere seek out and do justice to honourable capacity.

"I place myself with full confidence among you: you have weapons for the enemies of the state, but none against your brothers, against the daughter of a long race of your monarchs, against a child whom you saw born amongst you, the legitimate heir of thirty-five kings. Delay not, then, but let the love of your country rally you round the mother of Henry V. You will find her at the head of brave men, advancing in arms to assert the rights of their sovereign, amid the applause of a grateful people. Hasten and join yourselves to the patriots who eagerly press to our standard, and add your voices with transport to theirs, in the cry so dear to France,

"LONG LIVE THE KING! LONG LIVE HENRY V.!

"Given this day of 1832.

"For the King: the Regent,

"MARIE CAROLINE."

(Pieces relative to the trial of the passengers of the *Carlo-Alberto*, at Montbrison.)

† Ordinance for the appointment of a provisional government at Paris.

"We Marie Caroline, regent of the kingdom, taking into consideration the gravity of the dangers which would threaten France, if, in this moment of crisis, the rights and interests of all were not placed under the safeguard of that legitimate authority, which can alone put an effectual stop to the miseries of the country;

"Deeply convinced of the necessity imposed upon us of constituting in Paris a provisional government, which may, in our absence and in the name of our beloved son Henry V., take the most suitable measures for assuring the re-establishment of order and tranquillity;

"Desirous, at the same time, that these important functions should only be confided to men recommended by their anxiety for the public welfare;

"And acting, in virtue of our power, as regent of the kingdom,

"Have ordained and do ordain as follows:

"Art. I.—From the date of the publication of the present ordinance, a provi-

certain chiefs of the Bonapartist party, which merits a somewhat detailed mention, as showing what were at this period the secret ideas of Austria.

The first intelligence of the Revolution had painfully affected Prince Metternich. But at the time the news reached him, he was at Carlsbad, with Count Nesselrode; and the count having, in consequence of an erroneous interpretation of his master's sentiments on the subject, intimated an opinion that Russia would, after the example of England, recognise the new French government, Prince Metternich trembled at the idea of Austria having to sustain alone the shock of the French Revolution, should it refuse to acknowledge the existing sovereign, and he acted accordingly. He was very soon undeceived on the point by Count Orloff, who had been despatched from St. Petersburgh for the purpose of coming to an understanding on the subject with the Austrian cabinet; but it was now too late. It thus appears, that but a very little more, and Louis Philippe would not have been recognised by Austria. As it was, in giving his audience of leave to General Belliard, Prince Metternich did not hesitate to make use of the following language: "The emperor holds in entire abhorrence that which has just taken place in France. His profound conviction is, that the present order of things cannot last. He is equally convinced that the chief of the new government and his ministers are quite aware of this. Consequently, they will not fail anxiously to devote themselves to the discovery of means whereby they may retain their position; and these means can alone be supplied by a return to the rules and principles upon which all established governments repose." It was thus clear that the hope of Austria in recognising the French government was to make it an instrument towards the annihilation of the revolutionary principle. When it saw the cabinet of the Tuileries, very willingly and perseveringly advancing towards that precise object, and no longer felt a doubt as to the determination of Louis Philippe to maintain intact, the treaties of 1815, the Austrian cabinet came to regard the firm establishment of that prince upon the throne of France as a guarantee for the security of monarchical Europe. The principle of the usurpation was as much the object of denunciation at Vienna as ever; but the authorities there felicitated themselves upon the wisdom of him whom they there called the usurper. Hence their refusal to lend their actual support to any enterprise against the French government. In short, the double aspect of Austrian policy with reference to the dynasty of Orléans, was

sional government is constituted at Paris, for the purpose of causing the proclamation and recognition there of the authority of our beloved son, Henry V., and of exercising the said authority during our absence.

"Art II.—The Marquis de Pastoret, the Duc de Belluno, the Viscount de Chateaubriand, and the Count de Kergorlay, are named members of the said provisional government; in the absence of either one of them, the other members are authorized to fill up the vacancy.

"Art. III.—The Count de Floirac is appointed secretary to the provisional goqernment, and will exercise his functions as such, under the direction of the said government.

"Done at Massa, this 5th of February, 1831.

"THE REGENT OF THE KINGDOM."

simply this: to keep in reserve certain pretenders to the crown of France, with whom to menace Louis Philippe upon occasion, and to impose upon these pretenders, amidst a thousand hypocritical professions of regard, a carefully calculated inaction. There were several circumstances, which had they been known at the time, would have laid bare the depths of this policy.

A general of the empire was at this period residing in Switzerland. Hostile to the government which had triumphed in France, he laid before Prince Metternich, by the intervention of M. de Bombelles, several propositions having for their object the restoration of the Duke de Reichstadt, together with the outline of an imperial constitution. But, not content with shutting his ears to these propositions, Prince Metternich communicated them to a correspondent of the Duchess de Berri, and this circumstance led to the negotiation of which we have spoken, for the court of Massa at once proceeded to open a correspondence with some leading Bonapartists, proposing a co-operation of efforts in their common design and purpose of overturning Louis Philippe. But it was difficult to bring such varying elements into combination: the one party would attempt nothing, except under the tri-coloured flag; the court of Massa could not possibly give up the white standard. The communications on this subject ended in the following note:

"From warm approbation of the sentiments you have expressed to us, we accept your services, and give you full liberty to act with your friends in furtherance of the object explained and agreed upon in the note of the 19th of November, wherein, while declaring that we could not come to an agreement with you as to the colour of the flag, we promised, as we promise now, to welcome among us all those, who, from a desire to benefit France, shall fight for the restoration of Henry V. to the throne of his fathers, and amply to requite their services.

"MARIE CAROLINE."

Such language as this was in no degree conformable to the sentiments of those Bonapartists to whom it was addressed. One of these observed: "You will never get the whites to take kindly to the blues! This is only another proof of it."

Meantime, M. de Metternich caused it to be intimated to the Duchess de Berri, that her presence at Massa was dangerous; that the French government had its eye closely fixed upon all her movements; that she had reason to fear that the temerity of her projects would injure the cause of her son; that it would assuredly compromise that cause, to furnish her enemies with a pretence for taking possession of a precious hostage, &c. The whole policy of M. de Metternich was in this counsel, the wisdom of which hardly served to disguise the entire egoism which dictated it.

The Duchess de Berri, then, evidently could not at all depend upon the cabinet of Vienna. She had herself had better hopes from that of Madrid, where she possessed, in Queen Christina, a powerful auxiliary; but M. de St. Priest had no difficulty in proving to her quick appre-

hension that the Spanish government was too weak to render its intervention of any efficacy; that the result to be obtained from that quarter, would by no means compensate for the odium which would popularly attend the application to it; that, above all things, it was necessary to avoid the shame and danger of a third invasion; that, to be of any service to the cause, the legion organized at Valladolid must be composed of French soldiers, and be commanded by French officers; that it was essential, in short, that no Spaniard should pass the frontier. This advice prevailed, and M. de St. Priest was authorized to write accordingly to the representative in Spain of the court of Massa. His instructions were conceived in these terms:

"Two things in your reports have particularly engaged my attention: what you say of the foreign legions, and the refusal to permit Madame to enter Spain.

"With respect to the former point, it is highly essential that you should ascertain with certainty the force of the corps, and its exact composition. If it be, in reality, formed of Frenchmen, and that its number is at least several hundred men, it might be very useful, in the event of Madame's succeeding in operating an active movement in the south; but for this purpose, it would be necessary that the Spanish government should permit it to approach the frontiers, so that it might operate by the valley of the Arriege. At the same time, whilst stating to you how desirable, on the one hand, this co-operation would be, Madame does not conceal from herself, on the other hand, its difficulties. It is doubtful, in the first place, whether the Spanish government would grant you the required authorization; and, in the second place, it is essential, to make this diversion of any effect, that this corps should be really composed of Frenchmen, and should act solely under your command, and under the ensign of the white cockade. Madame's full wish and intention is not to have recourse to foreign intervention. She desires and expects to avoid the necessity of such aid, but had she to demand assistance of that nature, it would be to other powers, and not to Spain, she would apply. Not a single Spanish soldier, then, must pass the frontier. Do not lose sight of this point for a moment. All your proceedings must limit themselves to arranging an advantageous employment of the foreign legion, and securing an asylum in case of reverses."

M. de St. Priest went still further. He considered, and with reason, that since they were resolved upon not applying to foreigners for supplies of troops, it was, at the least, useless, to keep up with the Powers, any diplomatic relations whatever. But this opinion was not shared by the King of Sardinia, or by Marshal Bourmont. A son of the latter was accordingly despatched as envoy to the Prince of Orange, and M. de Choulot to the Emperor of Russia.

M. de Bourmont was commissioned to make the Prince Royal of Holland acquainted with the projects and hopes of the Duchess of Berri, who, fully aware of the various difficulties arising from the Belgian question, reckoned upon a diversion which would carry the troops of

Louis Philippe towards the northern frontier. The Prince of Orange seemed greatly astonished at the confidence which the Duchess de Berri had in the strength of the legitimatist party, but all that could be extracted from him were these words: "As for us, we are ready."

M. de Choulot's unwearied and firm perseverance alone obtained him admission to the Emperor of Russia. The most trifling precautions were taken to keep from the diplomatic body the secret of this interview. His majesty at first received the envoy with some coolness, but when he learned what were the ideas and resources of the Duchess de Berri, he became less reserved, promised the moral aid which was required of him, and entered freely into his grievances against Louis Philippe, adding that his hands were tied by the timidity of the cabinet of Berlin, no less than by the vacillation of Austria.

Such were, with reference to the legitimatist party, the dispositions of the absolute monarchies of the continent. There was a great risk of irritating these powers if the duchess acted independent of their influence; there was great risk, if she submitted to that influence, of bringing the cause of Henry V. into disrepute. A deplorable alternative, which, with the mother of the pretender, was complicated by a thousand obstacles and a thousand dangers, arising from within. The denouement of the conspiracy of the Rue des Prouvaires had, in fact, discouraged the royalists, and personally compromised some of them. The part taken in this affair by a man attached to Marshal Bourmont, had become the cause of the most grievous misunderstandings, and had given, more especially, very great offence to the Duke de Belluno. M. de Chateaubriand had demanded, but had not been able to obtain in definite terms, permission to visit Madame, who he knew, might perhaps owe him a grudge for certain expressions contained in his later works; such, for instance, as that where he declared that he would march to combat the foreigner, even were that foreigner bringing back Henry V. in his arms. On their part the royalist committee in Paris, did all they could to impede the movement; the south was doubtful; the reports concerning the state of La Vendée were contradictory, and manifested the existence among the different leaders of very opposite opinions; some of them repelling, with M. de Charette, the idea of foreign intervention; others judging with M. de Coislin, "that the day might come perhaps, if people had the patience to wait for it, when France might do all for itself, and need not the stranger's assistance, which doubtless, would be far better; but that in the mean time, that day had not arrived, and something must be done."

However, these dissensions did not prevent all the preparations for an approaching insurrection, being secretly but actively made in the west; and if on the one hand, in some districts, the measures were ill concerted, the steps taken altogether wrong, in others the organization was truly formidable. In the country between the Sarthe and the Mayenne alone, they had succeeded in forming twenty-six companies of fifty men each, well provided with muskets, having at their disposition twenty thousand cartridges, and only awaiting the signal.

Such a state of things was necessarily destined to come to a crisis, for it contained within itself the active source of every species of disorder: the scenes which resulted were terrible. The order for taking up arms had not yet been issued, when already, in this wretched country, civil war burst forth in every direction, attended by its accustomed escort of murder and perfidy. Rendered furious by their danger, the partisans of the new régime were pitiless for their enemies; domiciliary visits were multiplied to an infinite extent, and carried terror into the bosoms of thousands of families: the Chouans were hunted up with fierce activity. But they themselves, who before had been guilty of the most criminal aggressions, now exercised terrible reprisals upon their persecutors: the gendarmes were killed wherever an opportunity occurred, in a wood, on the solitary by-road; diligences were stopped on the highway; the state functionaries were attacked, and obliged to contribute provisions and arms. The monuments of Quiberon and Savenay publicly degraded, the statue of Cathelineau mutilated by order of the authorities, the insults offered to the column of the gamekeeper Stofflet, in the court-yard of the Château de Maulevrier; all this had infused fresh venom into resentment that was already deep and inexorable. It would take up too much space to enumerate here the crimes which, in this tumult of passions, were committed by the servants of the state, and shielded with a fatal impunity. Not far from Ancenis, a young royalist, of the name of Bernard, was assassinated by the gendarmes while he was engaged in laying snares for partridges. Another, one of the company of Diot, was found by the gendarmes at work on his father's farm; there was nothing to prevent their taking him into custody: but instead of that, they bayonetted him. An inhabitant of St. Julien was hanged from a tree by an officer, who suspected him of making gaiters for the Chouans. Some touching episodes occurred amidst these atrocities. Delauney, a chief of one of the royalist bands, being seized with mortal illness, had been taken to a farm-house, where he was receiving the consolations of religion when the approach of the military was announced. The peasantry hastened to envelope the dying man in a coverlid, and carrying him out to an adjoining field of heath, laid him down among some hawthorn bushes. Here he rendered up his last sigh, after a long and solitary dying agony. He was an old man, and his will began with these words: "My beloved children, I leave you in place of the fortune I once possessed, the zeal which brought it to nothing."

Things ere long arrived at a point which made it necessary that the Duchess de Berri should either definitely renounce her project, or at once proceed to France and try her fortune. She adopted the latter course. In anticipation of victory, a plan of government had been framed, the outline of which was this:

It was proposed to revive, with some modifications, the institution of the states-general and that of the provincial assemblies. The former was to be composed of two chambers. In every province peers were to be created, who, themselves, having seats in the provincial assemblies,

were to depute a certain number of their body to form the first chamber of the states-general. It was proposed to call these peers *Barons des Etats*, a denomination conformable to ancient usages, and which, in the eyes of Marie Caroline, had the merit of recalling to mind the barons of Sicily. The *Barons des Etats* were to be chosen by the king from among the leading men of the respective provinces, with this restriction, that the dignity was to attach, as a matter of right, to certain offices: the question of hereditability being reserved. The bishops and the first presidents of the Cour Royale were to be entitled to seats in the provincial assemblies, the barony being, however, attached to the office and not to the person. Upon the convocation of the states-general, one-third or one-fourth of the provincial barons were to be chosen, at first by lot, and then by turns, to form the first chamber of the states-general. Seats in the same chamber were to appertain, as of right, to the marshals of France, the cardinals, the archbishops, the presidents of the courts of cassation and of exchequer, and to the four great officers of the crown, whose number was to be reduced to four. For the composition of the provincial assemblies, the graduated elective principle was adopted. A governor selected by the king, and having under his orders the intendant-general, and the officer in command of the troops, was to preside over the provincial assembly, and, when necessary, to restrain it within the circle of its duties. These are the general outlines. Once in France, the Duchess de Berri was to confide to certain eminent persons the care of arranging and adapting together the various parts of the new constitution. But, in the view of the councillors of Marie Caroline, the essential point was to effect, as far as possible, without too greatly weakening the common bond, the breaking up of the centralization system.

It was at the same time proposed, and nearly decided upon, that the royal guard should be re-established; that the two Swiss regiments should be suppressed, and replaced by two new regiments of infantry; that the engineer and marine services should be admitted to a participation in the advantages of the guards; that the four companies of body guards should be reduced to one; and that for the interior service of the palace there should be formed a battalion of body guards on foot, to be filled up from among the corporals and other non-commissioned officers of the infantry of the guard. Reforms were to be introduced into the royal establishment. It was determined, among other things, that the posts of gentlemen of the bedchamber and equerry should be gratuitous; that the pages should no longer be brought up at the king's expense; that the state contributions to the theatres should be discontinued; that the artists attached to the king's collection should no longer be paid; that the number of persons charged with the different services should be reduced one-half; that instead of a civil list, voted at the beginning of every new reign, there should be obtained from the states-general a fixed dotation, to the amount, exclusive of the royal forests and domains, of ten or twelve millions a year, to be the property of the king, but inalienable. To give popularity to the accession of Henry V., the

taxes upon wine and salt were to be abolished,* and to be replaced, at some later period, by taxes of a less obnoxious nature. As a principle, all the acts of the government of Louis Philippe were declared null and void, being deemed acts of usurpation; but the principle was to be subjected to such modifications as might be deemed just and necessary. The personal property of Louis Philippe was to be placed under sequestration, until the states-general should decide its ultimate appropriation.

As for measures of vengeance and reaction, the prevalent opinion at Massa was, that all such should be carefully avoided. The Duchess de Berri having one day given way to a gesture expressive of resentment, M. de Kergorlay seized her arm, and said, "I beseech you, madam, never again to give way to such a gesture."

The die was cast, and the 24th of April was fixed for the departure. Every precaution was taken to envelope all their proceedings in the so-indispensable mystery. On the 22d the Duchess sent word by letter to the Duke of Modena, of her intended movement. A visit to Florence was then given out as the object of their journey; a portion of those who were to embark with the princess, repaired, with the utmost secrecy, to Leghorn. On the 24th, at nightfall, a travelling carriage, with four post-horses, quitted the ducal palace, and drew up at a short distance from the gate of Massa, in a spot where the shadow thrown out by the wall was very obscure. The carriage contained the Duchess de Berri, Madame de Podenas, Mademoiselle Lebeschu, and M. de Brissac. The footman, who had ordered the postilion to stop, then went forward and engaged his attention by some directions; in the meantime, the other footman quietly opened the door, and Madame descended, with Mademoiselle Lebeschu and M. de Brissac; Madame de Podenas' *femme de chambre*, took their place in the carriage, the door was again closed, and the horses went off at a gallop towards Florence, the postilion suspecting nothing of what had taken place, and Madame, with her attendants gliding along the wall, hastened to the place of em-

* Ordinance as to wine and salt.

"Henry, by the Grace of God, King of France and Navarre, to all present and to come, salutation:

"Considering that for some years past there have been raised great complaints as to the system of taxing wines, and the inequality of the burdens thence falling upon the tax-payers; filled with a desire to remove impediments equally injurious to commerce and to the consumer, taking also into consideration the no less just complaints as to the enormity of the duties put upon the extraction of salts, and wishing to give to this branch of industry all the development of which it is susceptible, by opening new outlets to this commodity;

"By the advice of our beloved mother, we have ordained and do ordain as follows:

"Art. I.—From and after the date of these presents, the duties laid on the transmission of wines, and on their retail sale (commonly known under the title of *droits-reunis*,) are abolished.

"Art. II.—From and after the 1st of January, 1833, the duty now laid upon the extraction of salts, shall be reduced to ten francs, the metrical quintal.

"Given this day of 1832.

"For the King; the Regent of the Kingdom,

"MARIE CAROLINE."

(Pieces relative to the trial of the passengers of the *Carlo-Alberto*, at Montbrison.)

barkation, and at eleven o'clock in the evening, they stood on the sea-shore. The major of the troops stationed there, whom it had been necessary to take into confidence, as well as the chief of police, brought a lantern, and recommended them to preserve the greatest silence, lest they should awaken the soldiers and custom-house officers who were sleeping close by, and thus ruin all.

The vessel which they were to embark in, was the *Carlo-Alberto*, a small steamer, purchased in 1831, on account of Marie Caroline, and which had been directed to bring to at Massa, on a fixed day and hour, M. Adolphe Sala, an ex-officer of the guard. Scarcely two months before, the same vessel had conveyed to Genoa, the fugitive members of the revolutionary government of Bologna. The party waited long and anxiously. At length a feeble light shone in the distance: it was the *Carlo-Alberto* rapidly approaching. The crew had been told that they were bound for Spain, and the Genoese captain was quite taken by surprise, when M. Sala informed him that he must touch at a point, near Massa, to take up some passengers who had been left behind. He refused to do so at first, having the fear of the sanitary laws before him, but he had to deal with some determined young men, whom he found it necessary to submit to. The steamer's boat at length came ashore, to the great joy of Marie Caroline's companions. The princess herself was sleeping on the sand, wrapped in her cloak. She was awakened, and at three o'clock in the morning, the Duchess de Berri, Mademoiselle Lebeschu, Marshal Bourmont, and his son Adolphe, MM. de St. Priest, Mesnard, and de Brissac, joined upon the deck of the *Carlo-Alberto*, the MM. de Kergorlay, father and son, and MM. Charles de Bourmont, Ledhuy, Sabatier, and Sala.

During the voyage, the Duchess de Berri wore an aspect, calm, firm, smiling. Bearing deeply in mind Charette's furious letter, anathematizing the flight of the Count d'Artois in sight of the coast of Brittany, she was manifestly full of a determination to wipe out from the Bourbon name, the reproach of pusillanimity, which it had so often incurred. This was also the fixed idea of MM. de Bourmont, de Kergorlay, and de St. Priest; they sensibly felt that here, in front of a throne which they were about to struggle for the recovery of, they had a sort of affair of honour to go through. They did not, however, conceal from themselves the gravity of the enterprise, and even in their hopes, they were compelled to rely, in a great measure, upon the promises of chance. M. Florian de Kergorlay, indeed, was well nigh as full of confidence in, as of devotion to the cause; and he became very uneasy at the reserve manifested by some of his companions, a reserve in which his impatient loyalty suspected that it saw a secret desire to baffle, or, at any rate, delay the enterprise.

The passage was made without any impediment, thanks to the blindness and incapacity of the police of Paris. Off Antibes, the *Carlo-Alberto* went close to a French cruiser, without attracting its attention, and after having crossed the gulf of Hyeres, it approached so near to Toulon, that the passengers could count the port-holes of the frigates in

the roads. The voyage, however, was much slower than it ought to have been, owing to two circumstances; first, that they stood generally too far out to sea, instead of profiting by the currents which, more in shore, would have facilitated the progress of the vessel; and secondly, that their coal fell short, and they were obliged to put into Nice for a supply. It was not until the 28th, at midnight, that the *Carlo-Alberto* came in sight of the *Phare de Planier*, in whose vicinity the rendezvous had been fixed. At two o'clock in the morning, two lanterns were hoisted, one at the fore-mast head, the other at the mizen-mast head; and the boat they expected immediately answered the signal. The better to baffle detection, MM. de Kergorlay, de Bourmont, de Mesnard, and de Brissac, who were to accompany Marie Caroline on shore, immediately assumed the costume of fishermen. The south wind had got up, the sky became covered with dark clouds, the sea was rough, and to add to the perils which threatened them from the elements, the cruiser stationed on the coast of Carry, they learned, was near at hand. However, the boat, under the conduct of M. Spitalier, approached, and the watchword was exchanged. The waves were at this time so turbulent that the boat was dashed violently against one of the *Carlo-Alberto's* paddle-boxes, and every one thought she would have gone down. It was not without considerable difficulty that the party were got into the bark. Marie Caroline throughout manifested the utmost intrepidity and alertness; and it was with an uneasiness mingled with pride that those of her companions who remained in the steamer, saw her disappearing on board that frail skiff, through the darkness of a most untoward night, over a stormy sea.

The coast had been carefully surveyed some time before, with a view to the present expedition, and Marie Caroline landed without any accident. But to reach the hut which had been prepared as her temporary asylum, there were rocks to be scaled, which the hardiest and boldest smugglers did not ascend without apprehension. The princess dauntlessly, gaily surmounted the difficult path; she was prepared to encounter every obstacle, every danger, so that it was on the road to triumph.

Meantime, a singular concurrence of circumstances spread through Marseilles the report of the debarkation of the Duchess de Berri. On the evening of the 28th, one of her most devoted partisans, uneasy at the delay of which we have just spoken, hired there, of a person named Tarteiron, a boat, into which he took with him nets and guns, as though he were going on a fishing and shooting excursion. This boat on quitting the port of Marseilles proceeded by his orders towards the Isles de Riou, in the direction of the Planier lighthouse. The stranger who had hired the boat gave the most unequivocal signs of extreme anxiety; he had a lantern lighted at which he read papers, and every two minutes looked at his watch. Soon they met another fisherman's bark, with the persons in which the stranger exchanged mysterious words, and then Tarteiron's boat was ordered to put back to shore immediately. Now, by a sad mischance, it happened that Tarteiron's men went to

drink at the same wine-shop which the crew of the vessel who had just landed the Duchess de Berri had selected. Imprudent words escaped these men, they even drank the princess's health, and in a very short time the authorities received from public report the information which it was so important to the royalists to have kept as yet concealed.

Every preparation was immediately made, in anticipation of a rising; and between the night of the 29th and the 30th of April, all the posts throughout Marseilles were doubled. The conspirators, on their part, found themselves compelled to precipitate the crisis. On the 30th, about five o'clock in the morning, an appeal was made to three or four hundred fishermen, who were collected on the esplanade de la Tourette, which commands the road. They replied by confused cries, but not one of them put himself in motion. Armed with sabres or pistols, some of the conspirators went among the different groups, endeavouring to excite them; but all in vain. Several small vessels which were lying in the harbour put hastily out to sea. A threatening order induced a custom-house officer to lower the tri-coloured flag, which was immediately torn in pieces. The tocsin sounded from the church of St. Lawrence, and the flag of legitimacy floated from its tower. Meantime, the crowd increased, but it was principally composed of women. In every body's face there could only be read curiosity, indifference, or suspicion. "It's a movement arranged by the police," muttered some voices. The conspirators began to feel discouraged. After having advanced some paces in one direction they turned back to the Quartier St. Jean, but wherever they went, doors and windows were closed on all sides, and even the persons who had encouraged them by their cries, abstained from following them. They then saw that the movement had failed, and resolved to disperse. But at this moment they found themselves in front of the Palais de Justice, and of a party of the 13th of the line, who were on guard there, under the orders of Sub-Lieutenant Chazal. This officer seeing a small body of persons coming up in disorder, with, foremost among them, a young man having a white handkerchief at the end of a vine branch, ordered his men to form, advanced at their head towards the insurgents, and while the assemblage was hastily dispersing, the military arrested MM. de Candolle, de Bermond, and de Lachau, who had got separated from their companions. In one hour from that time, a note was put into the hands of the Duchess de Berri in her retreat; it contained merely this laconic intimation: "The movement has failed; you must leave France."

The duchess was grieved, but not cast down. Her first determination was to proceed to Spain, and thence get into La Vendée. But it was represented to her that the storm still raged; that no small vessel could at such a time venture out; that, besides, the alarm having been given, the shore was lined with custom-house officers closely on the watch. She then resolved to reach La Vendée through France itself, and nothing that could be said sufficed to turn her from this daring plan. At Massa she had had a dream, in which the Duke de Berri appeared to her and said: "I approve of your projects, but

you will not succeed in the South; you will only prosper in La Vendée." This dream had produced upon her mind a profound impression, which the events just passed were not calculated to weaken. She quitted her asylum, lost herself in the woods, was obliged to pass the night in a miserable hut, the door of which had first to be broken in. Her next place of refuge was the house of a republican, to whom she presented herself with the announcement: "I am the Duchess de Berri." The republican afforded a secure and generous hospitality to this fugitive mother of a pretender. On the 2d of May, at five o'clock in the evening, she entered the château of M. de Bonrecueil, one of her most zealous adherents; and in the evening of the 4th she was on her way to the west, accompanied by MM. de Mesnard, de Villeneuve, and de Lorge, in a calash drawn by post-horses. She bid her friends adieu, in these words: "Messieurs, en Vendée!"

Meantime, on the evening of the 3d, the passengers in the *Carlo-Alberto* perceived in the horizon a long line of smoke; in a few minutes they distinguished a steamer, the *Sphynx*, which was rapidly advancing towards them. It came up, one of its boats was let down, and two officers ascended the deck of the *Carlo-Alberto*. MM. de St. Priest, Adolphe de Bourmont, de Kergorlay, junior, Sala, and Mademoiselle Lebeschu, were seated at table, at the upper end. They did not lose their presence of mind while one of the officers examined the ship's papers, though there could not be the slightest doubt as to the object of such a visit. The *Sphynx* towed the *Carlo-Alberto* to Toulon. In a very few minutes after their arrival, a report ran through the town that the Duchess de Berri was taken. Not daring himself to proceed to the *Carlo-Alberto*, to ascertain the fact of the matter, Admiral Rosamel despatched Lieutenant Sarlat for that purpose. On reaching the vessel, this officer requested to be introduced to the lady on board. On the appearance of Mademoiselle Lebeschu, who had assumed the name of Rosa Staglieno, M. Sarlat could not help feeling a certain degree of agitation; he took no time to look at her with the necessary attention, but immediately returned with the conviction that the Duchess de Berri was on board the *Carlo-Alberto*. The intelligence was immediately transmitted to Paris by the telegraph, and the *Carlo-Alberto* was taken to Ajaccio. Here it remained until the 8th of May, under the strictest surveillance. On that day four of the suspected passengers were transferred to the *Nageur*, and conveyed to Marseilles, where, after examination, they were placed under confinement. As to the fictitious Duchess de Berri, they were just about to send her, by the *Bellona*, on her way to Holyrood, when one of the king's aides-de-camp, M. d'Houdetot, who had hastened from Toulon to see the princess, detected the error, and spared the government the ridicule of what would otherwise have been a complete mystification.

But the mistake propagated by means of the telegraph had produced its results, and Paris was exclusively occupying itself with the veiled lady of the *Carlo-Alberto*, and discussing with immense excitement whether the Duchess de Berri, a rebel and a prisoner, would be sub-

jected to the levelling equality that was the order of the day; meanwhile the princess herself was traversing France in a post-chaise, passing unnoticed through a swarm of gendarmes, presenting M. de Lorge at one place as her husband, at another place passing him off as her servant, and amusing herself with all these stratagems, with all these dangers.

In this way she arrived, without the slightest obstacle, at the Château de Plassac, near Saintes, and here was drawn up the order fixing the 24th of May as the day for taking up arms.

An advocate of Nantes, M. Guibourg, was despatched as the bearer of this order, and the Duchess de Berri followed him almost immediately. On the 17th of May, at nine o'clock in the morning, she arrived at the Château de la Preuille, near Montaigu. A substitution, like that which took place at Massa, here deceived the postilion, who proceeded to Nantes, quite ignorant that he had left civil war behind him.

Some days after this, the Duchess de Berri, mounted on horseback behind M. de la Roche St. André, and followed by M. de Mesnard, repaired to Les Mesliers, a farm-house, which was to serve as her place of retreat for the present. She had assumed the costume of the peasant lads of La Vendée, a dark wig concealed her blond hair, and she took the name of *Petit Pierre*. Happy for her had fortune condemned her to no harder privations, to no more dangerous incidents than those of a pilgrimage, the very simplicity of which charmed her.

But grave cares awaited her. All the Vendéan chiefs did not partake of the ardour which animated MM. de Charette, de Bordigné, de Pontfarcy, de la Roche Macé, Gaullier, de Tilly, Clinchamp. By the side of men who believed everything possible to their enthusiasm and their daring courage, there were others who considered La Vendée incapable of taking the initiative in revolt. These last were supported by the committees in Paris, and had as their principal representatives in the west MM. de Goulaine, de la Roche St. André, de Goyon, de Tinguy.

On the evening of the 21st of May, the Duchess de Berri held, at Les Mesliers, with these chiefs, whom she had summoned for that purpose, a conference, the impression of which must have long remained painfully fixed on her memory. In the presence of M. de la Roche St. André, who throughout preserved entire silence, that he might not embitter the hospitality he had offered to the duchess, MM. de Goulaine, de Goyon, and de Tinguy, reminded Madame that, according to the engagements entered into at La Fetellière, La Vendée was only to take up arms in the case, respectively, of foreign invasion, of the proclamation of a republic, or of an insurrection in the south. None of these conditions having been fulfilled, they added, discouragement had germinated in men's minds, and the peasants would not rise. At this unexpected declaration, the Duchess de Berri could not conceal her trouble and agitation. She insisted upon the various reasons she had for reckoning upon the active devotion of La Vendée, and combated, with a broken voice, the opinions which went to deprive her of that cherished

hope. But the three Vendéan chiefs were not to be moved. "Well," at length she said, "at least, I demand a written declaration of your sentiments and their reasons." They promised it, and kept their word.

Let us now turn to what was, meantime, passing among the legitimatists at Paris. Here a determined contest prevailed between the movement party and the resistance party. The conspiracy got up by the former had survived the check it received in the Rue des Prouvaires, which served to reveal, but not to crush the plot. Since the night of the 2d of February, the conspirators had conducted their proceedings with greater discretion, and had been more select in the choice of auxiliaries. Aiming at the application of a uniform plan, they had divided their adherents in and about Paris into five grand classes, the fifth of which was principally composed of the forest-rangers of the department. A sixth division had its centre at Versailles, and comprehended a considerable number of the Swiss guard. But the organization was far from being regular: the money expended had been so distributed as, while satisfying hardly any one, to give rise to selfish discontent in some, to jealous claims in others, which it was thought indispensable, under the circumstances, to compromise; the pecuniary sacrifices became every day more and more considerable, and every day less and less adequate to the purpose. Although the police had very imperfect information, yet a few arrests which they hit upon sufficed to throw confusion among the directors of the plot; finally, and this was, with the conspirators, almost an insuperable obstacle, the idea of a daring and open movement was disapproved of and rejected by the most considerable men of the party. The members of the provisional government did not act; they neither could nor desired to do so; the only one among them who was animated by any ardent zeal had been arrested, and his successor was an ex-minister of the Restoration, a man devoted, indeed, to the cause, but of moderate temperament. To those who condemned any insurrectionary attempt, from motives of reason and prudence, were to be added those with whom fear or selfishness prevailed. Owing to these causes, an insurrection prepared for the 9th of April turned out an utter failure. All the measures were taken, the various orders distributed, when, on the eve of execution, the movement was suddenly stopped by a counter-order. One single brigade, which had not received the counter-order, and which consisted of thirty-five men, assembled on the 9th at the time and place assigned. Through the very midst of these men did Louis Philippe pass in his carriage, quite without escort, and in no way suspecting that death was within ten paces of him.

This state of indecision was at its height, with all its complicated embarrassments and anxieties, when the legitimatists at Paris received the news of the arrival of Marie Caroline in La Vendée; Chateaubriand, Fitzjames, Belluno, Hyde de Neuville, Pastoret, and the rest of them, immediately took the alarm; and M. Berryer was deputed to wait on the princess and dissuade her from her design.

Conducted with all secrecy to Les Mesliers, he found the mother of

him whom he called his king, in a bare, gloomy chamber. Enveloped in a Scotch shawl, the Duchess de Berri was reclining on a miserable bed. Near her stood a table covered with papers, and on which lay two brace of pistols. Here, in the presence of MM. de Charette and de Mesnard, M. Berryer entreated the princess to quit La Vendée, supporting his views with all his powerful eloquence. But to yield the victory without fighting for it, to fly in obscurity from a country whither the shades of Cathelineau, of Bonchamps, of de l'Elbee, of Lecure, seemed to have invoked her, that she might do great deeds; to abandon, without one trial of fortune, those men who had nobly compromised themselves on behalf of her son; to permit that Europe should be left to doubt whether legitimacy had given way from fear or from absolute want of power—the Duchess de Berri could not make up her mind to it; and some violent expressions escaping from her bitter anger, the fire of her eyes, the change in her features, all manifested how fierce a contest was going on within, between prudence and her passionate nature. At length, however, after an animated and obstinate resistance, she yielded; and it was agreed that she should leave France by the assistance of a passport which M. Berryer had provided for her.

But the next day M. de la Roche St. André, having brought her a letter, sealed with red wax, with the post-mark, *Toulon*, addressed to *Bernard*, the name which she bore in the south: "Oh, great God!" she rapturously exclaimed, after glancing through its contents; "the whole South is in a flame! No, I will not depart." Was this a stratagem of hers? Was it false intelligence concerted by partisans of the movement, in order to keep her in La Vendée? However this might be, she immediately sent word after M. Berryer, that she had altered her determination of the preceding evening, and despatched to the Baron de Charette, a letter, which concluded with these words: "My dear friend, do not give in your resignation, for *Petit Pierre* does not give in his!"*

But, by a fatality, sufficiently accounted for by the divisions among the royalist party, Marshal Bourmont, who arrived at Nantes on the 19th of May, considered the taking up arms, ordered by the Duchess de Berri, untimely, and a counter-order was despatched to the various chiefs. It is true, indeed, that at a subsequent interview between the

* The circumstance just referred to, and which rests upon the double testimony of MM. de Goulaine and de la Roche St. André, is recorded in a work by M. Johanet, entitled, *La Vendée à trois époques*. In a pamphlet, written by M. de Charette, in answer to M. Johanet's book, we find the following remarks on this subject. "I do not dispute that M. de La Roche St. André gave her royal highness a letter, post-marked Toulon; but I deny that it was a forgery, or that it at all bore the grave character which our antagonists, not to say our public accusers, wish to give it. It is very possible that Madame may have received, during my absence, a letter from Toulon; her friends used frequently to write to her, and give her hopes of a speedily-approaching insurrection; but none of them had any instructions or authority to state that the southern provinces were in a flame. No, sir, the resolution formed by Madame to remain in La Vendée, was not owing to the contents of this letter; if it had been, she would have taken care to communicate them fully to her friends."—*Quelques Mots sur les Evénémens de la Vendée en* 1832. *Par le Baron de Charette*, page 56.

marshal and Madame, the taking up arms was once more ordered, and fixed to take place on the night of the 3d of June. But it was in vain, the counter-order had disorganized everything; it had spread amongst the insurgents, uncertainty, distrust, discouragement, confusion. Those whom it did not reach in time, began their prescribed movement, and were crushed, not being supported by those who had received the new instructions. In the departments de La Sarthe, de La Mayenne, d'Ille-et-Vilaine, some disarmings were effected without violence, and the parties arrested. At Chemiré-le-Gaudin, Chanay, la Gravelle, la Gaudinière, the Chouans and the soldiers came to blows with equal courage, with various success; but each of these partial engagements only served to weaken the insurrection. Learning that the Duchess de Berri was then actually in La Vendée, on the information of an officer, whom a son of M. de Coislin had taken into his confidence, in the hope of gaining him over, General Solignac concentrated his forces. A visitation made by General Dermocourt on the Château de la Chaslière, gave the final blow to the royalist party. A grenadier having found in a cellar a bottle filled with papers, these papers were examined: they contained the plan of the conspiracy. To complete the misfortune, when the duchess came to learn the event that had taken place, there was no time for efficaciously revoking the second order that called the Vendéans to insurrection. The consequences may readily be imagined. The musters that took place were incomplete; they were at once dispersed. The insurgents who rose in arms, were not sufficiently numerous: their efforts were altogether thrown away. At Riaillé, M. de la Roche Macé, at the head of his division, executed a brilliant charge with the bayonet; but he could not keep up the contest. At the skirmish of Le Chene, the royalists, under the orders of M. de Charette, fought bravely; but they were compelled to yield to superior numbers, and they had to lament, among other victims of these fatal struggles, MM. d'Hanache, de Tregomain, and de Bonrecueil. This last gentleman had his leg shot through: after dragging his bleeding limbs from door to door, in a village where hospitality was everywhere refused to the dying man, he fell into the hands of the soldiers, and died surrounded by hostile faces.

Among the deeds of arms which took place during this unhappy period of party warfare, the siege sustained by the Château de la Penissière deserves especial mention. Here, forty-five Vendéans resisted the attacks of a numerous body of the enemy with such firmness and vigour, that the latter found themselves obliged to have recourse to the step of firing the château. Yet still, with the flames above their heads, the flames beneath their feet, the flames all around them, the besieged fought on unflinchingly, cheered by the sound of two clarions, and by the cries which ever and anon they enthusiastically sent forth: "*Long live Henry V.*" Six of them alone were slain; the rest effected their retreat, fighting hand to hand, and left the besiegers nothing but smoking ruins and the carcasses of the dead.

Civil war is not carried on in a country for any length of time without exciting the passions to a pitch of fury. Lamentable excesses were

committed by the Chouans on the one side, and by the agents of authority on the other. The son of the celebrated Cathelineau was killed by an officer, at the moment when, discovered in a hiding-place with two of his friends, MM. Moricet and de Civrac, he was peaceably surrendering himself, and exclaiming, "We are unarmed; do not fire." The officer advanced, placed a pistol to his breast, and shot him dead. A château belonging to M. de la Roberie was seized and utterly laid waste; the man and his wife who were in charge of it were massacred, and a daughter of M. de la Roberie, only sixteen years of age, was shot. Surprised by some national guards, M. Charles de Bascher, in flying from them, was severely wounded; he was lead away prisoner towards Aigrefeuille; but, as he had lost much blood and could not walk fast enough, he was shot on the road, his executioners refusing to grant him the quarter of an hour, which he implored, wherein to recommend his soul to God.

As to the Duchess de Berri, she had quitted her retreat at Les Mesliers, and was flying from one asylum to another, at one time losing her way at night in the woods, at another crossing marshes on the shoulders of her guide, or passing several hours of mortal suspense in a ditch covered with bushes, while the soldiers, engaged in pursuing her, were furiously searching all around. To escape, for any length of time, the dangers attending this wandering life was manifestly impossible. Every day important arrests threw fresh consternation into the legitimatist circles; the highest heads of the party were no longer safe from the attacks of a government which was filled with all the overbearing pride of force. After having placed the arrondissements of Laval, Château Gontier, and Vitrè under martial law, this government proceeded, by a measure as arbitrary as it was violent, to declare under martial law no fewer than four departments, those, namely, of Maine-et-Loire, La Vendée, Loire Inferieure, and Deux-Sèvres. And, at the same time, as if to show the legitimatists that the dynasty they were assailing would not be deficient in aid from without, the *Moniteur* announced the interview between the king of the French and the king of the Belgians at Compiègne, and the approaching marriage between the Princess Louise of Orléans with Leopold. The moment then had arrived when the sole consideration for the Duchess de Berri was how to save her liberty, nay, her life. Nantes was hostile to her cause; it was, therefore, improbable that government would direct any peculiar vigilance of attention in that quarter. It was this improbability that induced the princess to select Nantes as her place of refuge. She accordingly proceeded thither, in the habit of a peasant woman, accompanied by Mademoiselle Eulalie de Kersabiec, who was protected by a similar disguise. At a later period we shall find her in this asylum, whence a base wretch delivered her over into the hands of her enemies.

Thus was extinguished the rising in the west. Had it been coincident with a republican insurrection, and had the respective chiefs acted in unison, there is no doubt that it would have brought the dynasty of Orléans within an inch of ruin. But, in that case, what would have

been the result? To revive the aristocracy, in the shape of an aristocracy having its symbol in royalty, and its bases in a new constitution of territorial property; to substitute the system of indirect for that of direct taxation, and the states-general for the chambers; to destroy, for the benefit of the great local influences, the political centralization founded by the Convention, and the administrative centralization established by the Empire; would it have sufficed for the mother of the Duke of Bordeaux to present herself, holding in one hand the white flag, and in the other the ordinances prepared at Massa, ordinances which, carrying back France to 1788, tended to blot out from our history forty years of revolutions and battles? And upon whose strength would this restoration, victorious for the moment, have permanently rested? Upon the material interests? They constituted the power of the very bourgeoisie which had overthrown legitimacy. Upon the war men? In a country which had gloried in the Republic and in Napoleon, war was no longer to be thought of but under the tricoloured flag. The armed legitimatists, then, would only have realized, even by success, the satisfaction of a temporary turn of the game, ending in a third defeat. Even had they been willing to enter upon their restored government with the passions and ideas of the revolution, it may be doubted whether they would have been able to carry out their own intentions. It is true, that the younger men of the party, having taken no part in the emigration, could the more easily shake off its prejudices; but was it to be expected that they, whose youth excluded them from the council board, would produce any effect whatever upon their elders? Had the feelings of the emigration become so obnoxious to the bulk of the party, that their influence would not have telling weight on the commencement of the new reign? In any case, the partisans of Henry V. could only succeed by dint of intense devotion and enthusiasm. Now the Duchess de Berri, so full of high courage herself, could not for a long time comprehend that, with a nation which has submitted itself to the passion for repose, to the genius of calculation, the time has passed by for chivalrous impulses, for wild enterprises, which look forward not to profit, but to distinction, as their aim and reward. Regarded and accepted as a guarantee for certain interests constantly in agitation, monarchy no longer existed in France, either as a principle or as a symbol.

CHAPTER VII.

The legitimatists had sent forth their war-cry in La Vendée; the republicans were about to raise theirs in Paris. While the extreme parties were giving way to movements of fierce passions, the more moderate members of the opposition were impressed, on their part, with a vague feeling of impatience, a profound sentiment of uneasiness.

M. Laffitte was desirous, obtaining possession of power by a parliamentary majority, of rendering triumphant the inspirations of a clement policy. Definitively to establish monarchy as the guardian of liberty, was the notion of M. Odilon Barrot and of all the deputies who, adopting him as their leader, represented, in its narrowest signification, but with all honesty, the liberalism of the Restoration. As to the radical deputies, though impatient of the yoke of royalty, they did not think the time was come for drawing the sword; and all they aspired to was to become the centre of a league, which, acted upon by them, should, by insensible steps, bring the monarchy to a capitulation. Thus the minds of men were universally unsettled, and all the discontented felt the necessity of associating their resentments and their hopes in one striking, mighty effort.

Under the influence of these feelings, in the course of May, M. Laffitte assembled at his house all the members of the opposition then in Paris. They met to the number of about forty, and M. Laffitte proposed an address to the king. But M. Garnier Pagès combated the proposition with very decisive arguments. Was it reasonable to expect that royalty would admit itself to have been in fault? Why, then, should they place themselves in the false position of an obviously fruitless step? Why expose themselves to the certainty of humiliation? There was but one tribunal to which the opposition could with dignity appeal—the tribunal of the nation. These views were approved of. On the motion of M. Charles Comte, it was decided that the opposition should lay its grievances before the country, in the shape of a memorial; they named a commission, consisting of MM. de Lafayette, de Cormenin, Laffitte, Odilon Barrot, Mauguin, and Charles Comte; and this commission, in turn, appointed MM. de Cormenin and Odilon Barrot to draw up, respectively, a memorial for consideration. The papers drawn up by these gentlemen were very different in their tendencies. The manifesto of M. de Cormenin appeared to the members of the dynastic opposition to go too far; while in that of M. Odilon Barrot, M. Garnier Pagès pointed out certain expressions which seemed to enchain France, in all futurity, to the monarchy. It was necessary to blend the two projects: MM. de Cormenin and Barrot accordingly proceeded together to St. Cloud, and it was in the park there, at a few paces from the château which Charles X. quitted a defeated man, that was prepared, against his successor, the protest which acquired such celebrity. Seated at the foot of a tree, M. de Cormenin held the pen; but from the indecision of style, and the somewhat dull colouring, we may reasonably infer that it was not the sparkling and vigorous author of the *Lettres sur la Liste Civile* who most contributed to the composition of the memorial.

However this may have been, the effect it produced was very striking. The grievances complained of by the opposition were set forth in grave and measured language; they reproached the ministry with their manifest tendency to enter the fatal paths wherein the Restoration had lost itself for ever; they conveyed this, not as a menace, but as a serious, a solemn warning. The court writers replied to this manifesto by dull

jests. The polemics upon this subject were occupying the whole public mind, when suddenly the newspapers announced that General Lamarque was dead.

The popularity of General Lamarque invested his death with peculiar importance. Napoleon, on his deathbed, had named him a marshal of France; the officers of the Hundred Days had found in him a zealous defender, and the refugees a constant protector; his name was engraved upon the heart of every Pole; La Vendée preserved an affectionate remembrance of him; the democratic party had reckoned him of the number of its leading orators. What more need we say? He possessed in an eminent degree those qualities of tribune and of soldier which the more energetic portion of the French people, the turbulent and the warlike, so adore. There was besides something of the grand and heroic about his dying moments, which still further endeared his memory to the people. When he felt life ebbing from him, he was seen to concentrate, as it were, all his remaining strength into a bitter meditation upon the misfortunes and humiliations of his country of late years. To one friend he exclaimed: "I die, filled with regret that I have not avenged France upon the infamous traitors of 1815." To another: "That Duke of Wellington! I am sure I should have beaten him!" He sent for the sword which had been given him by the officers of the Hundred Days, and pressing it fervently to his breast, would not part with it again. At another time, when he was talking about his approaching end, and his friends sought to change the painful subject: "What matters it," he exclaimed, "that I die, so that the country ——!" *lives*, he would have said, but the word country was the last which passed from those eloquent lips, then closed for ever.

The 5th of June, a memorable day, was fixed for his funeral. The various parties in opposition, had longed for an opportunity of settling accounts with the government, for the affront received on the occasion of Casimir Périer's funeral, and that opportunity seemed to present itself.

The legitimatists, who were in a permanent state of conspiracy, had long been preparing an insurrection; but as they experienced from their own leaders an inflexible and haughty resistance on this subject, they had renounced the perilous honour of taking the initiative, and confined their operations to the exciting, by secret emissaries, the ardour of those republican sections which had in various places been constituted, and the gradually forming others, taking into their pay destitute workmen, lavishing promises, distributing pistols and ammunition. Two overseers of a gun-manufactory, whom they had gained over, were to open its doors to them when called upon, and they had beforehand disposed several bands of resolute men, whose posts were assigned them at various points of the Boulevards: at La Madelaine, at the Château d'Eau, at the Place de la Bastille, in short, throughout the whole line of the funeral procession.

The Bonapartist party, too, at this juncture engaged in very active measures. Though subjected to a rigorous and constant surveillance,

the Duke de Reichstadt had found means to open a communication with some of his partisans, with whom Prince Louis Bonaparte acted as his representative; and while Joseph was on his way from America to Europe, a corps of troops, entirely devoted to the son of Napoleon, were taking measures to receive him on the frontier. There can be no doubt that in the then existing state of things, the Bonapartists might have turned to their own profit the national commotion, which seemed on all sides arising, had it not been that their own body was torn by internal strife and anarchy. For, not less divided than the legitimatists, the Bonapartist party was broken up into three factions, separated from each other by grave differences: these were the *Imperialists*, or the blind worshippers of the Napoleon monarchy; those who especially admired in Napoleon the victorious soldier; and, thirdly, those who, friends of equality from sentiment and principle, proposed to give to the Duke de Reichstadt merely the title of *Chief of the Executive Power*, and who summed up their political views in these words: the republic, with a name to it. The latter constituted, beyond contradiction, the most intelligent and high-minded fraction of the party; but compromised every moment by the imprudence of the men of action, they had besides to contend against a military aristocracy, who were already halfway gone over to the new government, and who, with the exception of a few generals of elevated character of mind, retained of the imperial régime nothing but a coarse mixture of servility and arrogance.

Then came the republicans, men, almost all of them, of extraordinary resolution, and impetuous courage, but wanting a centre of action, a watchword, direction. The various associations formed by this party were all independent of each other, and severally followed the dictate of impulses which, if not altogether adverse, were at least, in the vast majority of instances, divergent. At the side of the *Société des Amis du Peuple*, there arose the *Société des Droits de l'Homme*, which afterwards became so famous; and apart from this last, were in agitation the *Société Gauloise*, and the *Comité Organisateur des Municipalités*. Great hesitation was the result of this want of harmony. Besides, there was nothing ready for a republican insurrection; and though the *Société Gauloise* announced, through some of its members, its intention to strike, the party kept itself altogether in the expectant attitude. On the evening of the 4th, however, some members of the *Société des Amis du Peuple* assembled on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, to take into consideration the event of the ensuing day, and it was decided, after some animated discussion, that they should not commence an attack, but that, a collision appearing inevitable, they should dispose themselves to carry on the struggle, once begun, with vigour. They arranged communication with each other along the boulevard; and a citizen, whose name revived stirring revolutionary recollections, undertook, though he disapproved of insurrection, to collect on the other side of the bridge of Austerlitz, a certain number of intrepid working men, with whom, in case of disorder actually breaking out, he might raise the Faubourg St. Marceau.

Early on the morning of the 5th all Paris was in motion. Those who were to form the procession hastened to the places where, according to the arrangements, they were to assemble; and at nine o'clock an impatient crowd was rushing towards the house of the deceased general. Pouring along the Rue St. Honoré was seen, pell-mell, a jostling throng of national guards in uniform, workmen, artillerymen, students, veteran soldiers; on the Place Louis XV. the law and medical students, mingling with the members of the *Société des Amis du Peuple*, formed themselves into platoons, and selected leaders; a hundred banners of various forms and colours floated in the air; one party bore tricoloured streamers; another green boughs; a third brandished weapons undisguisedly, menacingly. But all this infinite variety of groups was animated by one sentiment. Strange human nature! From every side men were coming to a funeral, yet in each stern, ruffled look on each of those faces, pale with emotion, there glared fierce thoughts of war to the knife. The most alarming rumours were in circulation; here a small group was seen whispering earnestly together; next to it, a larger group sent forth confused clamours, and used energetic gesticulations; every body was convinced that a vast plot was on foot, some because they desired it, the rest because they feared it. For all felt alike that French society was labouring under a terrible malady; all knew that society to be, unfortunately, in such a state of excitement and disorder, that were the various elements of that disorder once to come together, there must result from their contact some frightful catastrophe.

Government was quite aware of this, and took early care to prepare Paris as a safe field of battle. Four squadrons of carabineers occupied the Place Louis XV.; a squadron of dragoons was sent to the Halle aux Vins; another, with a battalion of the 3d light infantry, covered the Place de Grève; the 12th light infantry awaited the procession on the Place de la Bastille; there were soldiers in the court-yard of the Louvre; there were soldiers in the students' quarter; the municipal guard was drawn up in echelons, along the whole line which extends from the Prefecture of Police to the Pantheon; and a detachment of the same guard protected the Jardin des Plantes, not far from the Caserne des Celestins, where the whole of the 6th regiment of dragoons was assembled, ready to mount at a moment's notice. The remainder of the troops were instructed to keep within their barracks, and orders had been given to place the auxiliary regiments at Ruel, Courbevoie, and St. Denis, in readiness to march if necessary. So that to oppose this revolt, which was as yet but the airy vision of conscious fear, the government had got together a paid army of no fewer than 24,000 men!*

* The actual number of the troops called out for action may be thus estimated:

Six regiments of the line, and three of light infantry, each of 2000 men	18,000
Eight regiments of cavalry, of 500	4,000
Municipal guard, horse and foot	2,000
	24,000

Independently of these forces, 30,000 soldiers were in echelons in the environs of

The procession was set in motion. The corners of the pall were borne by General Lafayette, Marshal Clausel, M. Laffite, and M. Mauguin. A number of young men drew the funeral car, which was followed by exiles from all parts of Europe, of Europe the slave of kings. Only two battalions of troops had been sent as a military escort; but the national guards formed part of the procession, to the number of about 10,000, all wearing their sabres. The artillery of the national guard had their cartridge-boxes full; their carbines were loaded; and of the members of the popular societies, there were very many who carried, half concealed beneath their coats, pistols and daggers. The weather, rainy and threatening, added to the mournful gloom, mingled variously with rage or fear, which pervaded every bosom. On arriving at the top of the Rue de la Paix, the procession was suddenly diverted from its arranged route, and lead round the Colonne Vendôme, by the enthusiasm of the young men who headed it. The military post placed on guard here, before the staff-office, took fright, and precipitately retreated into the house, the doors of which they closed. "They have insulted the shade of Lamarque!" was the cry instantly sent forth by thousands of voices, and the procession stopped until the soldiers had come out and paid military honours to the coffin, which then passed on. This was the first episode of that fatal day; and from this and the cry of "*Vive la Republique!*" which was raised energetically as the Office for Foreign Affairs was passed, it was easy to see what was in preparation. The procession proceeded along the boulevard, the streets leading into which were covered with innumerable crowds. It was slowly advancing, in a sombre and formidable attitude, when, on reaching the Rue de Grammont, the Duke de Fitzjames appeared at his windows, assuming a contemptuous and haughty air, and with his hat on. At this spectacle, the crowd grew angry, furious; a thousand voices vehemently commanded him to withdraw his hat, and the duke was compelled to make a prompt retreat from a shower of stones, which, dashing in from all directions, broke every window in the house. From this moment, the excitement went on constantly increasing; created by the general character of the circumstances, the incidents we have just related, and a hundred others that took place at various points, supplied it with food. Here, an agent of police was knocked down; there, on the passing remark of a woman, the Gaulish cock which surmounted one of the popular standards was thrown into the mud, and trampled upon, and its placed filled with a branch of willow. Even the less turbulent by degrees got angry at the incessant recurrence of the police, who were posted at every third or fourth yard on each side of the whole line of procession. One of these poor wretches, grievously wounded, managed to take refuge among the artillery-men, who saved his life; another very narrowly escaped destruction at the Porte St. Denis; an officer of the Invalids had drawn his sword upon him, and was with

Paris, and the government could further reckon upon the assistance of about 6000 national guards.

difficulty prevented from using it. Everything, in short, concurred in rendering inevitable the calamities which had been foreseen. These funereal honours, wherein grief had far less a share than hope and hatred, that immense population, crowding every balcony, filling every window, weighing down every tree, covering every house-top, those flags, Italian, Polish, German, Spanish, recalling to the minds of all who saw them so many tyrannies triumphant, so many insults unavenged; those too manifest preparations for battle; those very precautions of a government whose conscience taught it to see danger even in the passage of a dead man to his last home; the revolutionary hymns rising into the air amidst menacing cries and the mournful roll of the muffled drum, all this disposed the minds of men to an excitement full of peril, all this left to the passions but one bloody outlet. Already, witnessing the gloomy enthusiasm communicated from man to man in that confused and crowded mass, many looked upon the government of Louis Philippe as lost. One of a party of students having exclaimed: "But, after all, whither are they leading us?" "To the republic," replied a person, wearing the July decoration, who was acting as chief of the troop, "and make yourself sure of this, that to-night we will sup in the Tuileries." The revolution of July itself, at its outset, presented nothing so imposing, so terrible. The idea of an approaching fight was so clearly fixed in every person's mind, that men, as they passed on, tore down stakes and the branches of trees to serve as weapons in case of need. The government, in spite of all its precautions, was but floating about on the waves of chance, for the fidelity of the troops wavered, and it was well understood that the swords of many of the officers belonged to the cause of the republic or to that of the empire. It is certain that when the procession reached the Place de la Bastille, an officer of the 12th light infantry advanced to the chief of the first party of students, and said to him: "I am a republican; you may reckon upon us;" and several sub-officers were seen to reply by signs of assent to the invitation to fraternize with the people. There had been spread a report that the pupils of the Ecole Polytechnique had been ordered to keep within their establishment; it was added that they had vainly demanded permission for one only of their comrades to attend and take part in the ceremony. All at once the crowd saw rushing among them about sixty of these young men, most of them bare-headed and with their dress in confusion. Breaking through the order, they had forced their way out, summarily knocking down General Tholoze, who sought to oppose their egress, and dashed after the procession, ready to throw themselves into any insurrectionary movement. Shouts of applause, cries of "*Vive l'Ecole! Vive la République!*" hailed the presence of a uniform which, since 1830, had been so dear to the people; and the band of the regiment which preceded the funeral car spontaneously struck up the *Marseillaise*. The procession had crossed the Place de la Bastille, it had passed down the whole length of the Boulevard Bourdon, between the canal St. Martin and the granaries, and now, cross-

ing the little bridge at the end of the canal, it covered the whole space between this bridge and the bridge of Austerlitz: here it halted.

A scaffold had been erected whence to deliver the funeral orations. Those pronounced by General Lafayette, Marshal Clausel, M. Mauguin, the foreign Generals Saldanha and Sercognani, were, as was befitting, grave, mournful, solemn. But to the calm words of subdued sorrow soon succeeded the most vehement harangues, adding fresh strength to the popular effervescence. Men, elegantly dressed, ran to and fro in the crowds seeking to excite it by false intelligence, such as that there was fighting at the Hôtel de Ville, or that an eminent general had declared against Louis Philippe, or that the troops at length rising, had marched upon the Tuileries; the artillerymen of the national guard concerted together; cries of *Vive la République!* were heard. Suddenly a stranger came up, mounted on a horse, which he had great difficulty in getting through the immense concourse. The appearance of this man was most sinister; he was dressed in black, and held in his hand a red flag, surmounted by a cap of liberty. It was the symbol of '93 that was thus revived before the eyes of the bourgeoisie. The indignation which this spectacle excited, was extreme, especially on the part of the republicans, whose principles this fearful apparition tended to misrepresent and to throw a slur upon. One shout of reprobation burst from all present, with the exception of a few, who applauded, either from imbecile fanaticism, or with the treacherous purpose of throwing odium upon the cause of the republic. General Excelmans was in the procession. "No red flag!" he exclaimed with energy; "we will have none but the tricoloured flag; the flag of glory and of liberty!" Two men of suspicious character hereupon rushed towards the general, crying out that he ought to be thrown into the canal; but extricating himself from the crowd, he retraced his steps, and meeting Count de Flahault, proceeded with him in all haste to the Tuileries. Apprehensive, in common with General Excelmans, that the party inciting to action, was that of a sanguinary jacobinism, many citizens had no longer any idea but that of arming against their insurrection. The red flag had produced its effect: he who bore it, had immediately disappeared; and from that moment, the republicans had to renounce the hope of drawing after their steps the bulk of the bourgeoisie.

While these things were passing, near the bridge of Austerlitz, and at the end of the Rue Contrescarpe, which runs along the Canal St. Martin, scenes of a no less animated character were taking place in the Boulevard Bourdon, situated on the other side of the canal; and as the streets contiguous to the granaries were filling with daring men eager to fight, yet hesitating whether it would not be more prudent to stay yet awhile ere they began an attack, a column of dragoons, despatched from the Celestin Barracks, debouched upon the Quai Morland, and proceeded towards the Bridge of Austerlitz. It is proper to remark here, that it was by the direction of the prefect of police, M. Gisquet, and not by order of General Pajol, the officer in command of the first military division, that this movement was executed. However, the dragoons

seemed animated by no hostile feeling; their pistols were in their holsters, and their carbines in the butt-sheaths. They advanced at a rapid pace to within two hundred paces of the bridge, and then halted. A furious multitude was in their front; on their left palisades, on their right the Seine, with the Ile Louviers. The tumult was at its height. A carriage made its appearance, drawn by young men, who, after having made M. de Lafayette enter it, were conducting him in triumph to the Hôtel de Ville. The squadron opened its ranks to give passage to the general, and, a moment afterwards, the air rung with several gun shots. In vain did the commander of the dragoons, M. Desolliers, display, under these circumstances, the most courageous firmness and moderation; from every side the soldiers were commanded to surrender their arms; stones were hurled at them from the roof of an adjoining house, and some of the more daring, gliding up to the very breasts of the horses, took close aim at the soldiers, two of whom were wounded. That more blood did not flow on this spot, was entirely owing to the energetic interposition of MM. Dufour, Dévauchelles, Soubiranne, and Larabit. The latter, one of the opposition members, enjoyed a well-merited reputation for honour and patriotism; and his efforts, more especially, powerfully contributed to prevent, on this portion of the theatre of events, a collision, which elsewhere was no longer to be avoided.

Informed by a sub-officer in disguise, of the critical situation of the dragoons on the Quai Morland, the colonel of that regiment left the barracks at the head of a second detachment, and, with his trumpet sounding, took the direction of the Place de l'Arsenal, with the view of joining the first detachment by way of the Boulevard Bourdon, so as to turn the insurgents. But he had hardly got twenty paces from the barracks, when a discharge of muskets unhorsed several soldiers. The dragoons then dashed off at a gallop, and crossing the Place de l'Arsenal, charged down the Boulevard Bourdon. Here the commanding officer, Cholet, was mortally wounded.

A moment afterwards, from the body of the crowd collected round the approach to the bridge of Austerlitz, at the end of the Rue Contrescarpe, there arose the cry: *Here are the dragoons!* and the dragoons, indeed, were there close at hand, rushing on at full gallop, and sweeping everything before them. At this sight every one became filled with indignation, with most justifiable indignation. For the point to which the dragoons had been summoned was at some distance from that where they were now furiously riding in upon a crowd of inoffensive citizens. A barricade was constructed in all haste; those who were not provided with muskets, tore up stakes to defend themselves with; a young man, brother of an illustrious savant, exclaimed, raising aloft a tri-coloured flag: "Let him who loves me, follow me!" A number of national guards drew their sabres, and were dashing forwards to meet the cavalry, when at the entrance to the little bridge over the canal, the latter stopped short, amazed, and as it were stupefied, at what they saw before them. Insurrection at this time was openly up

in arms. A murderous fire now opened from the arsenal, the Pavillon Sully, and the granary. The colonel of dragoons had his horse shot under him, the lieutenant-colonel was wounded, a ball struck Captain Bricqueville. The order to turn back was given to the dragoons, who immediately retreated down the Rue de la Cerisaire and the Rue du Petit Musc.

The soldiers of the escort had disappeared. There was no longer anything to be seen in this part of the city but citizens running against one another, overcome with fear, or, transported with rage, exclaiming: To arms! To arms! On the other side of the bridge of Austerlitz, the young men who were escorting the mortal remains of General Lamarque towards the Pantheon, whither they wished to convey them, attacked the municipal cavalry, posted near the *Jardin des Plantes*. These offered an energetic resistance, but driven in the direction of the Barrière de l'Enfer, they would have been defeated, but for the assistance of two squadrons of carabineers who came up. Paris was already in a flame. The republicans had spread themselves in every direction, running up barricades in the different streets, disarming the military posts, summoning the troops whom they came across to join them, attacking them if they refused, menacing the powder magazines and arsenals, arresting the drummers whom they found beating the roll-call, knocking in the drumheads; a party everywhere small in number, but constantly gaining adherents by their audacious bravery, and everywhere acting in concert. There was never anything comparable with the rapidity of this whole affair: in three hours after the first attack, one half of Paris was in the power of the insurgents.

On the left bank of the Seine, two hundred men had invested the veteran barracks. Their leader, an artilleryman of the national guard, scaled the wall of the barracks; on descending into the courtyard, where the soldiers were drawn up in order of battle, he perceived that none of his men had followed him. The critical nature of his situation made him doubly daring; he ran up to the veteran officer and demanded his sword. "I have been twenty years in the service," replied the officer, "I will never surrender my sword but with my life." "Keep your sword. But do you hear the firing? We have force on our side, and it is I who now command here." The young man had actually arrested the officer, and the soldiers were laying down their arms, when seven or eight insurgents rushed into the barracks with the most horrible yells. The veterans thinking themselves on the point of being massacred, stood on the defensive, and repulsed the assailants, most of whom were only armed with pistols and sticks. Two detachments of the municipal guard, hastened from St. Pélagie, by different routes, to rescue the veterans. The first of these encountered, in the Rue d'Orléans, a very sharp fire, which cost them the life of their captain, M. Turpin. The second, commanded by Lieutenant Lenancourt, reached the barracks, which they cleared; but shortly afterwards hearing that St. Pélagie was threatened, the municipal guards hastily returned thither, taking the veterans with them. Not far from this spot, upon

the Place Maubert, where a post of soldiers had just before been nearly all slaughtered, an engagement took place between the insurgents and a party of horse and foot; the powder-magazine of Les Deux Moulins was carried, and the whole line of the barriers in this direction was in the hands of revolt.

On the right bank of the river the progress of insurrection was not less rapid. The republicans had made themselves masters of the arsenal; they had carried the post de la Galiote, and then du Château d'Eau; they had all the Marais in their power; they occupied the Mairie of the 8th Arrondissement; the gun manufactory of the Rue Popincourt, which they had successfully assailed, had supplied them with 1200 muskets; they had advanced as far as the Place des Victoires, and were preparing to attack the Bank, the Post-office, and the Petits Pères barracks. But what above all they were intent upon was, the rendering inaccessible the Rue St. Martin, and the surrounding streets, for here they intended to establish the headquarters of insurrection, having not the slightest notion that at this very moment MM. Thiers, Mignet, D'Haubersaert, and other personages devoted to the government of Louis Philippe, were assembled at dinner at the Rocher de Cancale, fifty yards only from the camp wherein the republicans were fortifying themselves, in the firm resolution of triumphantly proclaiming the republic, or dying in the attempt.

Such were, at about six o'clock in the evening, the advantages gained by the insurgents; and at this moment everything seemed to promise them the victory. The working classes, it is true, had not as yet made any comprehensive movement; terribly deceived in that revolution of July which had opened to them so fair a perspective, but which had practically only served to aggravate the evils under which they laboured, the men of the people hesitated ere they renewed the experiment of revolution; but insurrection could not have failed to draw them irresistibly within its vortex, had the storm lasted long enough, there being nothing more natural than for misery to seize hold of any new turn of things which holds out the prospect of a change of some sort. As to the soldiers they were manifestly in a most disorganized state: the recollection of 1830 presented itself in characters of fire to their wavering minds; they thought they heard once more the cries of gratitude and enthusiastic joy which on the 29th July hailed the defection of the 53d regiment of the line; and the uniform of the national guard, which they saw glittering amongst the groups of insurgents, filled them with a sort of stupor of respect. In the Rue Culture-Saint-Catherine, the sappers took their carbines to pieces, and hid them, that they might not be able to make use of them against a party which had made its way into their barracks. The national guard assembled in small groups, and though the bourgeoisie, as a whole, disapproved of the movement, the roll-call beating in the various quarters, had the effect of awakening in men's minds that sentiment of patriotic anguish peculiarly excited by civil war. Even of those who issued forth to resist insurrection, the more generous-souled could scarcely refrain from

giving way to that powerful sympathy which is inspired by the spectacle of gallant deeds. There occurred several remarkable proofs of this in the course of the evening. Eight insurgents returning from the Place Maubert presented themselves, towards the decline of day, at one of the bridges of the city, which was occupied by a battalion of the national guard. They authoritatively claimed their right to go over and join their friends, who were fighting on the other side of the river, and observing some hesitation about letting them pass, they at once advanced resolutely towards the bridge at half-charge, with fixed bayonets. The national guards ranged themselves on either side, and gave unimpeded passage to these eight men, whose infatuated heroism they at once admired, and, reflecting upon its inevitable result, deplored.

The government all this time was in a cruel state of anxiety. To infuse a little confidence into the soldiers, upon whom alone it could now rely, it determined that they should act wholly in combination with the civil militia, and Marshal Lobau, commander-in-chief of the national guards, had, accordingly, concentrated in his hands the direction of the whole military force of the capital, of whatever description. A meeting of generals and ministers took place at the War-Office. Among them was Marshal Soult, whose countenance bore the impress of deep and anxious thought. What was to be done? Were they to recommence that war of lanes and cross streets, which in 1830 had been so fatal to the Duke of Ragusa and the monarchy? One of the council suggested that the best plan would be to draw off the troops, just for the present; to collect them all together, in the Champ de Mars, and let them re-enter Paris, sword in hand, at a later and more opportune period. But this was energetically controverted by the prefect of police, M. Gisquet, who, through the whole course of these events, displayed remarkable firmness and presence of mind. The discussion was prolonged for a considerable time, presenting little more than wretched waverings to and fro, absurd bursts of passion, vain projects; and the council broke up without coming to any resolution whatever, in so impracticable a state of doubt and agitation were the minds of well nigh all present.

It was necessary to act, however, for the moments were precious. And first, the danger assumed, in the eyes of all the authorities, such formidable proportions, that orders were despatched in every direction, summoning into the city the soldiers posted in the environs, although Paris was already gorged with troops. A battalion of the 12th light infantry came from St. Denis; the 14th light infantry, from Courbevoie, having first marched part of the way to St. Cloud, which the king had just quitted; the battery of the Ecole Militaire was directed upon the Carrousel; a large supply of ammunition was brought from Vincennes. At the same time a battalion of the 3d light infantry, and a detachment of the 6th legion, were posted on the boulevard, which, near the Porte St. Martin, was already occupied by two squadrons of carabineers, and, at the entrance to the Rue de Clery, by General Schramm, with four companies. At six o'clock in the evening, the dragoons succeeded in

making themselves masters of the Place des Victoires, and, supported by some companies of infantry, a detachment of national guards, commanded by M. Delessert, secured the departure of the mails.

But these were small successes, compared with those which had been obtained by the insurgents at a hundred different points. They carried one after another, and each time with considerable loss to the municipal guards, the posts de la Lingerie, de la Bastille, du Marché St. Martin, des Blancs-Manteaux. By eight o'clock they had constructed a barricade near the little bridge of the Hôtel-Dieu, had driven back a detachment of the 25th of the line, had compelled a detachment of the municipal guard to beat a hasty retreat down the Quai des Fleurs, and were surrounding on all sides the prefecture of police.

The news of these events spread consternation throughout the palace. It would have been in vain to look there now, for that confluence of visiters which is seen around thrones, when they are lit up by the splendour of fêtes, and occupied by undisputed power. Fear had frozen the devotion of those who had been most ostentatious of their devotion. This, however, was so much a matter of course, so completely a circumstance of invariable occurrence in the history of monarchies, that it is almost superfluous to note it. The chief clerks in the various public offices had already concealed the most important papers, and at the Tuileries they only thought of preparations for flight. What was more especially feared in this quarter was, that General Lafayette and Marshal Clausel might throw themselves into the movement. In that case, what might not the popularity of the one, and the renown of the other, have effected? The dynasty of Orléans would have been lost.

Marshal Soult, minister at war, was also a subject of apprehension in high places. Ever since the accounts that had been generally spread abroad of the intrigues of his partisans, and of his secret desire to be crowned King of Portugal, he had been looked upon as a man of boundless ambition. His military glory, his great administrative ability, his indefatigable activity, the brilliant fortunes of his rival, Bernadotte—all these things made it very reasonable to suppose that vast designs had found a place in his soul. He was, besides, well known to be altogether incapable of disinterestedness in his political alliances, incapable of constancy to any party or principle; he who had successively given himself to Bonaparte, to the Restoration, to Orléans, had lost all claim to confidence in his fidelity towards the last master. Under these circumstances, he was naturally the subject of grave suspicions. People had not failed to remark his embarrassed attitude throughout the struggle, the feebleness of his resistance to the popular efforts, his injunction to the officers of the various corps not to resort to force, even in self-defence, until the last extremity; an injunction so entirely at variance with his harsh character. It was he who gave the advice to abandon Paris, assuredly a most extraordinary suggestion! Finally, it is related, though the fact has not been actually proved, that on the night of the 5th he had a secret and important interview with certain well-known members of the republican party. One fact, however, is beyond dis-

pute, namely, that in the evening of the 5th of June, there came to the office of the *National*, a young man of the name of Guibert,* who had often been there before, as a *protégé* of the minister at war. This young man had been to sound the disposition of General Subervic, and he said he was authorized to promote an interview between Armand Carrel and Marshal Clausel. Carrel accordingly followed this young man to the marshal; but he found the latter very cold, very cautious, and manifestly subjected by a fear of compromising himself. Carrel, in turn, kept himself on the reserve, and the whole affair produced upon his mind, as it did upon that of the marshal, the conviction—erroneous, perhaps, but deep-seated—that the minister at war had wished to get at their secrets, in order that he might join the insurrection, if it had tolerable prospects, or, in the opposite case, obtain such information as might the more effectually enable him to baffle it.

But if there was great hesitation among those who were attacked, there was equal hesitation among those whose position called upon them to direct the attack. Two pupils of the Ecole Polytechnique, fully relying upon M. Mauguin, proceeded to his house. They found him in a state of the most profound agitation, and could extract from him nothing beyond a few words of the most discouraging character. Marshal Clausel displayed similar irresolution. An artilleryman pressed him, in the name of his party, to unsheathe the sword; "I will join you," said he, "if you are assured of the co-operation of a regiment." "Sir," answered the artilleryman, sharply, "if, at this moment, a regiment was at our disposition, we should not need you." Alone, among all the persons who had a long past career to compromise, a considerable fortune to risk, M. de Lafayette offered himself unreservedly to the people. From the carriage in which they had placed him, for the purpose of conducting him to the Hôtel de Ville, an attempt which failed, the noble old man had heard one of those who were drawing him say, jestingly, to his neighbour, "If we were to throw the general into the Seine, how would the government clear itself from the suspicion of having procured his death?" Afterwards, alluding to the observation, he said: "It was not so bad an idea that!" When his co-operation was called for, ill and wearied as he was, he exclaimed: "My friends, make room amongst you for my chair, and I will go on with you to the last." Filled with disgust at all he saw around him, the victim of base ingratitude, the bitter sense of which was ever present to his mind, now more than ever irritated at the insults with which the court persecuted his old age, he felt strong within him a passion of just hatred which, combining with his patriotism and his ever youthful courage, rendered him eager for revenge. But he was totally deficient in the initiative quality, and his friends dared not take upon themselves the disposal of a life so precious. Thus his very popularity was, once more, useless to his party and to himself.

They might, indeed, have put forward into the van his reputation, if

* The same who was afterwards assassinated in the Rue Louis-le-Grand.

not his person; and it is highly probable that thus a proclamation creating a provisional government, and distributed, on the morning of the 6th, in some thousands of copies, would have produced a decisive result. For, in that case, the affair would have been a revival of the revolution of 1830, under similar circumstances. Many eminent persons would have submitted to the influence of the great name of Lafayette; one full half of the national guard would have passed over to the side of their former chief; the troops, remaining so far undecided, would have been operated upon; and, begun by generous hearts, the insurrection, as it assumed consistency, would have drawn within it all the selfish, all the ambitious, all the cowardly. But beyond the mere street fighting, nothing was done, nothing ventured. The men of battle were left unsupported by the men of council. The office of the *Tribune* had been early entered by the agents of police, protected by a detachment of national guards, and all the presses had been sealed up, despite the energetic protests of MM. Sarrut and Boussi. A similar visitation was made upon the *Quotidienne*, and would have silenced the *National*, but that the office of the latter journal was situated in the immediate vicinity of the barricades. It was to the office of the *National*, then, where had already assembled several persons, not connected with the party, that some of the most influential republicans proceeded, about eight o'clock on the evening of the 5th of June. Here was discussed, amid the confused sounds from without, the question of a general rising. To many of those present there seemed no rational question about the matter. The start had been made, the impulse, a powerful one, given; why any delay in carrying it out? The Revolution of 1830 had not begun under auspices more favourable. Such was not the opinion of Armand Carrel; the declaration that it was not, on the part of a man, justly reputed one of the bravest of the brave, in the presence of a party, alike suspicious and fiery, required a firmness of no ordinary description. On this occasion Armand Carrel was too eager to decide, as a military man, a question which was presented to him as a conspirator; whereas the principles which assure victory to an army in the field are quite different from those which give success to a popular insurrection. Audacity, which was the system, the genius of Danton, audacity is the soundest prudence for parties engaging in such struggles. For, in revolutions, confidence has all the chances in her favour.

The meeting at the *National* office having broken up, without any other result than that of making more obvious the fatal dissensions which prevailed among the opposition, the more ardent of those who had taken part in it, directed their steps towards the corner of the Rue Menilmontant, where they believed themselves to be expected by a large body of friends, and where they had resolved to intrench themselves, having no doubt that the war would recommence on the morrow.

But already the face of things had began to change. The utter want of superintendence and direction threatened to compromise every-

thing. In the apartments of M. Lafitte, several members of the opposition launched out into vague harangues, exhibiting at the same time signs of fear, which were rebuked by the complete serenity of M. Laffitte himself, ever calm in the midst of danger. The ministers having obtained information, through their emissaries, of the inaction of Lafayette, and the hesitation of Marshal Clausel, orders were immediately issued to arrest MM. Cabet, Laboissière, and Garnier Pagès. The various corps of the immense army that was weighing down Paris, began to lose their belief in a second July revolution, when they heard the cries of *Vive la Troupe!* which the civic battalions, sent against the insurgents, took care to shout, as they defiled before the military. The insurgents, on their part, got discouraged and began to disperse, when they learnt that their chiefs were not disposed to take a part in the bloody play, and that even the authority of great names would, perhaps, be wanting to revolt. To multiply these defections, and to act upon popular feeling, the agents of police managed widely to circulate a report that the insurrection was a carlist one. A daring falsehood, which, repelled by some, was unhesitatingly received by others, and inflamed with extreme indignation the suburban national guard, whom the government having impressed with this idea, sent into the city in a perfect phrenzy of ardour to attack the supposed carlists.

On the other hand, the highest personages of the court, the dignitaries, the ministerial deputies, the generals, all seemed paralysed with terror; so that it was M. Thiers who, on the evening of the 5th of June, had to superintend the preparations for defence. Proceeding to the staff-office of the national guard, he remained there for some time, in company with MM. Bérenger, Kératry, Madier-Montjau, and Voysin de Gartempe, distributing ammunition, and seeming delighted with the opportunity thus afforded him of trying a new character. He had sent word to the ministerial deputies to join him there with all haste, but thirteen only attended his summons, including those whom we have just named. They all awaited with impatience the arrival of the king, altogether in doubt whether they should read in his eyes the hope of triumph or the apprehension of defeat. He at length made his appearance from St. Cloud, having ordered his family to follow him. The state of Paris alarmed the queen beyond all measure; she regarded the position of things as even more serious than in 1830, an opinion which was not very remote from that of Madame Adelaide herself, a woman of well-known firmness of character. The question of departure had been agitated; but there was, in imitating the example of Charles X. in this respect, a danger which could not fail to escape the penetration of Louis Philippe. If he had fears, he kept them a secret from those who went to seek at his hands encouragement to hope. He received them as was expedient at such a moment, with a calm and assured countenance, with expressions of confidence and grateful acknowledgment; and appeared not to perceive the solitude [illegible] the uncertainty of his fortunes had suddenly created around him.

Insurrection, meanwhile, had encamped in the very midst of the capital. Two barricades crossed the Rue St. Martin: the one at the south end, at the top of the Rue Maubuée; the other, a much stronger one, on the south, at the top of the Rue St. Méry, and within a few paces of the old church of that name. In the space between these two ramparts, at the corner of the Rue St. Méry, and facing the Rue Aubry-le-Boucher, stands the house, No. 30, the ground floor and entrance of which were occupied by about a hundred and ten insurgents, who had converted the place into at once their head-quarters, their citadel, and their hospital. The position was admirably chosen; if the enemy approached in front, by the Rue Aubry-le-Boucher, they fell under a heavy fire from the windows of the head-quarters; if they attacked it from behind, they must face the insurgents who were posted between the barricades, trained men, whose bullets dealt certain death, and who were animated by dauntless courage. In the evening of the 5th of June, a column of national guards, who had been ordered to keep the Rue St. Martin clear, came upon the barricade. "Who goes there?" demanded the sentinel. "Friends." "Are you republicans!" "Yes." The air shook with joyous acclamations at this answer, and an insurgent, named Rossignol, advanced to confer with the officer commanding the column, when, at that very instant, the national guards began scaling the barricade, exclaiming, "Ah, scoundrels, we've got you at last!" The captain seized Rossignol. The latter, turning round to his friends, and regardless of the death which such an order was directly calculated to bring upon himself, cried out intrepidly, "Fire, my friends!" A volley was discharged from within the barricade, and stretched five of the guards on the earth; the assailants returned the fire, and one of the insurgent leaders received a ball in the groin; the column, however, was driven back; two subsequent attacks were made, and repulsed with equal vigour and success. These were but the prelude to a terrible struggle. The insurgents were fully aware of this, and prepared themselves for the contest with surprising coolness. While, under the orders of a decorated hero of July, named Jeanne, one portion of the party strongly posted themselves in the street, the rest, installed in the house, No. 30, and in the porter's lodge, impatiently awaited the moment of attack, and, meantime, abridged the weary hours by songs and cheerful conversation; those who had not weapons themselves, making bullets in a dozen moulds they had collected, with lead they got from the tops of the houses. These strange preparations were superintended by several old men, veteran soldiers, who animated still more the courage of those about them by tales of the gallant deeds of war and patriotism they and their dead comrades had taken part in. There were young boys present who loaded the guns, using for wadding the police notices they had stripped from the walls; when this resource failed, the insurgents tore up their shirts for the purpose. Thus they awaited the coming events, surrounded with silence and darkness; themselves, as it seemed, the only moving things in that vast city, and knowing full well that the greater portion of them

would never see the morrow's sun. All at once, the sound of many rapid footsteps came along the pavement, and the firing of arms was heard. This was a detachment of infantry, advancing from the end of the Rue St. Martin. It was half-past two in the morning, and the barricade at such an hour was almost entirely deserted. Some of the insurgents ran up to the third floor, and knocked vehemently at the door of a set of rooms which looked into the street. The door was opened by two young women, who trembling, panic-struck, fell on their knees, and begged that their lives might be spared. "Fear nothing," replied the republicans, with a laugh; "we only come here to hurt the king's men; and if your furniture is damaged by the balls, the provisional government will make it up to you." Those who had muskets took up their position at the corners of the windows; the rest kept themselves in readiness to hurl down upon the heads of the soldiers the large stones they had collected for that purpose, and the reception given to the passing detachment was such, that it was only too glad to escape beyond musket-shot, leaving on its way some dead, and leading off many wounded. Soon after this, learning that in the courtyard of the house they were occupying, there was a gunsmith's shop, the republicans made their way into it, and found about fifty fowling-pieces, which were immediately distributed amid great rejoicings; the fraternity which reigned among the insurgents not preventing them, however, from disputing the possession of these new-found treasures with all the jealousy of aspiring courage. While this was going on, suddenly the approach of the municipal guard was announced. The whole body of the insurgents rushed into the street, and allowing the guard to approach within pistol-shot, thence drove them back, amid cries of "*Vive la Republique!*" Their exultation was immense, and seemed to increase with the increase of danger. A boy, twelve years old, who was fighting in the foremost ranks, was fearfully wounded in the head; but Jeanne, notwithstanding the most urgent solicitations, could not induce him to quit the post he had assumed. This fiery courage, on the part of the combatants of St. Méry, was combined with a deep feeling of humanity. After each charge, when the enemy was driven back, they leaped over the barricade, caught up the wounded in their arms, and brought them to the hospital, where their enemies at once became their brothers.

Not far from this, another troop of insurgents guarded a barricade, constructed at the entrance of the Passage du Saumon, the approaches to which were defended by vigilant sentinels stationed along the Rue Montmartre. Here also obstinate engagements threw additional horror over this ever deplorable night; Marshal Lobau had ordered the military to have this quarter thoroughly cleared before the morning, and the republicans were equally determined not to quit it alive, unless they quitted it as conquerors. For a long time, they maintained themselves in the position they had chosen, inflaming each other by mutual exhortations, inaccessible to discouragement, superior to fear. A *café*, which

stood at the angle of the Rue Montmartre and of the Passage,* received the dying and wounded; and from the upper windows of the adjoining houses, which opened every few minutes and then hastily closed, unseen hands threw out supplies of cartridges to the republicans. But there was only a handful of these brave men. Pressed upon by a large force, whose numbers were constantly renewed and augmented, every man who fell in their ranks was an irreparable loss. By four o'clock in the morning, a longer resistance had become absolutely impossible. The *café* was filled with wounded men; on the billiard-table, a pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique lay weltering in his blood, and within the barricade there were fewer combatants than corpses. One more attack closed the struggle in this part of the field of battle. A few insurgents, a very few, escaped as if by miracle; the rest died, giving death, on the breach.

The military post at the little bridge of the Hôtel-Dieu, had been, in the evening of the 5th, the scene of a furious contest, which terminated in favour of the insurgents, seventeen of whom were left in occupation of the post. Having, during the night, suffered themselves to be surprised by a numerous column of the national guard, fifteen of these unhappy wretches were cut to pieces, and thrown into the Seine; the two others escaped into the street, but were overtaken and slain. As to the republicans in the Rue Menilmontant, after having kept up an effective firing, more or less throughout the night, they were fain to beat a retreat on the approach of day, on account of their limited number, and because their position was not strong enough to be defended in the daylight.

On the 6th of June, the insurgents were nowhere to be seen, except in the Place de la Bastille, at the entrance to the Faubourg St. Antoine, and in the Rues St. Martin, St. Méry, Aubry-le-Boucher, Planche-Mibray, and des Arcis. To crush the insurrection thus concentrated into two quarters, the government well nigh exhausted itself in prodigious efforts. At six o'clock in the morning, the Place Louis XV. was covered with artillery; two battalions, summoned from St. Cloud, were now added to the preposterous army with which Paris was at this time inundated; and, shortly afterwards, another regiment of infantry, and three of cavalry, with a park of artillery, arrived from Versailles.

But still, with all this, the court did not feel altogether secure. The Tuileries wore nearly the same aspect as on the previous evening. The more eminent personages who came to offer their services were easily reckoned up, and on the faces of all present there was an air of constraint. When they were about to distribute the commands of the various brigades, most of the military chiefs were found to be absent. One general, well known for the energy of his character, General Excelmans, refused to serve under the orders of General Pajòl, his equal, and was at no pains to conceal that he regarded the proposition made to him for that purpose as an insult to his epaulettes; and between the

* It no longer exists.

same general and Marshal Soult there took place, in the Diana gallery, a very warm altercation, the bursts of which came clearly to the ears of the royal family. The king, all this while, exhibited much serenity. Well practised in the art of keeping a guard upon himself, he preserved, throughout these events, the most complete ease, an entire calmness of manner and of speech, well calculated to infuse confidence into those around him, and which certainly did not desert him, now that he saw the revolt drawing to a close; not but that the flame might yet once more burst out, at any moment. In the course of this same morning, as M. Marchais was passing beneath the windows of Marshal Lobau: "Well," cried the latter, half in jest, half in earnest, "you or me, which of us is to go?"

The opposition members had, in the course of these events, a second time assembled at M. Laffitte's, and deliberated upon the state of things, under the mixed empire of anger and of fear. Most of these pusillanimous men had turned pale at the bare word *republic*, conjuring up forthwith all the dark and horrid phantoms at which their youth had shuddered. But now that—and they thanked Heaven for it—they heard only the feeble cries of expiring revolt, they were furious with themselves for their past panic, and they exclaimed, "What are we hesitating about? The moment is come for every one of us explicitly to declare his sentiments. There is no longer any possible medium between adopting insurrection, and breaking with it. Let us throw off a fatal connexion, and, by a solemn manifestation, repudiate the promoters of this revolt, their acts, and their doctrines." But this opinion met with energetic opponents among those assembled. Was it befitting the framers of laws to arm themselves with the weapon of persecution? And at what a moment! Was it while the blood that had been spilt still reeked, while the public mind was in a state of fermentation, and ready to start into a fierce blaze, at the least spark; was it amidst discharges of musketry, still echoing through several parts of the city, that they were to fulminate a decree against the insurgents? Had these been conquerors, history alone would have judged them; as vanquished men, the excess of their misery should protect them from insult. This was the feeling and advice of the more generous-souled opposition members, of M. de Bryas among the rest. M. de Bryas had a son at the Ecole Polytechnique, whence revolt had derived more than one intrepid auxiliary. Both as father and as citizen, he combated, with laudable vehemence, the idea of a manifestation, which, in point of fact, would equally be without dignity and without advantage. It was then proposed that a deputation from their body should wait upon the king, and emphatically point out to him, in the policy acted upon since 1830, the source of all these disorders. To this it was objected, that the step would be utterly without effect; that the king, like Charles X., like all kings, had a will of his own, from which he was not to be moved; that such being the case, and it were mere madness to doubt it for one instant, the opposition ought not, thus needlessly and injuriously, to draw down upon themselves the insults of a cabinet, swollen at this moment

with triumphant hate and arrogance. The word *republic* having been heard once or twice in the course of this discussion, and several members having thereupon required that the proposed deputation, while censuring the past acts of the government, should express their unequivocal reprobation of those terrible principles which had '93 for their date, and the red flag for their symbol, M. de Lafayette addressed the meeting. He did not condescend to refute the analogies, as frivolous as they were unjust, which had been suggested; but declared himself, without circumlocution, a republican. The words, which adroit malevolence had thought fit to attribute to him, "The Duke of Orléans is the best possible republic," he affirmed had never escaped his lips. And recalling, with a magnanimous disapprobation of himself, the days of July, that everlasting warning to nations, his illusions so miserably destroyed, his confidence so terribly deceived, his blindness so severely punished, he indignantly repudiated the idea of anything like hope from a monarchy. But this courageous and sincere old man spoke to politicians whom monarchy held fast under its subjection by all-powerful allurements. The members present named three gentlemen of their number as a deputation: M. Francis Arago, Marshal Clausel, and M. Laffitte. The marshal having declined to act, M. Odilon Barrot was appointed in his place. At this juncture, they received information that the insurrection was suppressed, and the deputies at once separated, looking upon the object of their assembling, so far, as at an end.

On leaving the house, M. Arago met in the courtyard, M. Savary and M. Alexandre Dumas, a savant and a poet. Both of them men of high spirit, they no sooner heard what had taken place at M. Lafitte's, than they burst out into language full of vehemence and bitterness, exclaiming that Paris had but waited an intelligible signal to rise as one man; and that they regarded as deeply guilty towards their country those deputies who had manifested such eager haste to disavow and reject the efforts of the people, grudging it those high destinies which its magnanimous spirit aspired to, and which the grandeur of its courage well merited.

In point of fact, the insurrection was not stifled. It is true that a detachment of lancers had disengaged the Porte St. Martin; that three columns, under the orders of General Schramm, had carried the entrance to the Faubourg St. Antoine; and that the boulevard was quite clear from la Madeleine to the Bastille. But the tocsin still sounded from the church of St. Méry; the insurgents intrenched there maintained their post, and wo to the battalions which, crowding down the Rue St. Martin, ventured to approach too near these invincible men. For never were intrenchments better defended. When, vigorously repulsed, the troops fell back in disorder, the republicans would leap over the barricade, dash forward, and strip the dead bodies of their cartridge-boxes, and thus renew their well-nigh exhausted ammunition. Posted at the windows of an adjacent coffee-house, a girl,* whose lover was in

* She was afterwards included in the trial of the twenty-two, and acquitted.

the barricades, gave the insurgents notice, by understood signs, of the advance of the military, and, ever and anon, brought soup to revive the failing strength of the combatants. The wounded derived equally valuable aid from the active benevolence of another woman, the wife of the gunsmith whose stock had been carried off by the insurgents. It was, however, altogether impossible for this struggle to continue much longer, for every fresh attack caused, in the ranks of the insurgents, vacancies which were not filled up. Up to a certain point, they had believed that their audacious courage, so far attended with success, would become contagious; that, from all parts of Paris, insurrection would respond to the inspiring appeal of their redoubtable musketry. At one moment, their confidence was complete: two strangers brought them a small barrel of gunpowder; and it was announced that friends were marching to their assistance. But this hope soon failed. It was all in vain they listened with ear anxiously intent; the wind scarcely brought them the ordinary murmur of the city; they sent forth a shout, but the sound of their voices subsided without an echo; Paris all around them was silent. A soldier of the 62d, named Vigouroux, had the direction of the insurgents posted at the windows. "It is all over with us," he said to his companions, in the tone of a man who is sacrificing, and readily, his life to a cause; "if there be among you any who have aught else to do than to die, there is still time for them to retire and secure themselves." But no one stirred. The majority, true children of a reckless and warlike race, experienced in this terrible conflict a sort of generous excitement, the sensation of which they were not willing to lose; and those who acted in obedience to mature and serious convictions, reflected that if the cause of the republic were now to perish, it was, at least, essential that its mortal struggles should fix upon the mind of the nation ineffaceable impressions, an undying memory of devotion and public virtue.

Towards the middle of the day, a detachment of infantry advanced from the Rue Aubry-le-Boucher: a sergeant stepped forward, and, in a loud voice, expressed their desire to parley. One of the insurgents also advanced, his carbine in his hand. "If I am killed," he said, "it will be only a soldier the less, and you will avenge me." He exchanged a few words with a lieutenant, and returning to his companions, told them that the soldiers merely asked to cross the barricade, promising not to fire a single shot. But Jeanne apprehended treachery, and in his turn approached the military: "You shall not pass," he said, "unless you ground your arms." Stretching out his hand towards the barricades, he exclaimed that they were inviolable, guarded by men who had sworn never to abandon them with life. He then impressively adjured the soldiers, in the name of their weeping country, to remember that, as children of the people, they owed their strength and their life to the triumph of the people's liberty. The officer in command replied, with emotion, that he would not abandon his duty; but he no longer insisted upon passing, and his men retired in slow order, amidst cries of "*Vive la Ligne!*" from the occupants of the barricades.

A few minutes after, the suburban national guard passed across the end of the Rue St. Martin. Drunk with wine and fury, a party of them hastened towards the barricades, filling the air with imprecations, and imagining they were about to achieve an easy victory; but received with a rolling fire, they stopped short, and drew back. The mark of men of unerring aim, their first ranks were prostrated to the earth in an instant, while, from the windows of the headquarters, death did its work fiercely upon the centre of the assailing column. For a moment, they stood aghast, and then, full of utter panic, fled at their utmost speed, dispersing in every direction, and throwing away their arms and accoutrements on all sides.

Thus, in the heart of a city with more than a million of inhabitants, in the most populous quarter of Paris, and in the open face of day, sixty citizens were seen utterly defying the government, keeping its army in check, parleying, and giving battle. And, meantime, those who would willingly have lent them aid, found themselves condemned to all the torture of their powerlessness to do so. Many of these men were observed hovering around the scene of death. With heads bent down, with countenances full of unutterable grief, and eyes filled with tears, they wandered about, mute with despair, ever and anon pausing and listening with anguish to the discharge of musketry, and the intermittent sound of the tocsin. For fortune refused them the means of being useful to their friends. In the struggle of political passions, there is one critical hour, which fixes the fate of empires. This precious, decisive hour, the republicans had suffered to pass by; and they now encountered, on their way, not only the men whom loyalty animated against them, but also that immense crowd, that impracticable, implacable herd of wretches, in whose eyes defeat is a crime, misfortune a prey. Besides, there was now no centre around which the republicans could rally, no chief to lead them; on all sides there were soldiers, on all sides traitors, on all sides enemies. Already, such was the confidence inspired in the minds of the indifferent part of the community by the display of government force, that business had resumed its ordinary course. On one hand, was commerce pursuing its exclusive, selfish, all-absorbing calculations; on the other, the pavement covered with the over-night's blood, houses hung with black, the discharge of musketry, the tocsin's awful sound, dying men carried by on litters, prisoners falling beneath the blows of their keepers, only less cruel and base than their insults. Who can have forgotten that saw those scenes of brutal rage? On the Place de Grève, occupied on the 6th of June by national guards and soldiers, there were committed acts of ferocity which the pen of the historian of these fearful days absolutely refuses to describe; it is one consolation to his sorrowing heart to be able, at least, to render homage to the noble conduct of General Tiburce Sébastiani, by whom the excesses of their hideous fury were repressed.

At noon, the king quitted the Château des Tuileries, accompanied by the minister at war, the minister of the interior, and the minister of commerce, and reviewed the troops collected on the Place Louis XV.

and in the Champs Elysées. He then proceeded, by the boulevards, to the Bastille, through the Faubourg St. Antoine, along the Quais, and re-entered his palace by the Louvre. Although the revolt was at this period all but extinguished, this long circuit of the king was, undoubtedly, an act of courage; though he, as well as the national guards, who, ranged along the route, received him all the way with loud acclamations, was altogether unaware how near, at several points of his progress, he was to death. On the Quai, for instance, at no great distance from the Place de Grève, a young woman had taken aim at him from a window, and she only abstained from firing because the weight of the weapon made her hand tremble. The king, on this occasion, manifested great courage and presence of mind, presenting to all a calm and smiling countenance, addressing words of consolation to such wounded national guards as he met, fearlessly approaching the silent or hostile groups whom he passed, and motioning aside those of his escort whose affectation of zeal, or genuine solicitude, induced them to close around him, that they might cover him with their bodies.

At three o'clock, an open carriage, in which were MM. Arago, Odilon Barrot, and Lafitte, entered the courtyard of the Tuileries. A stranger here ran forward, seized the bridle of one of the horses, and exclaimed, "Take care, gentlemen. M. Guizot has just quitted the apartments of the king; your lives are not safe." More surprised than alarmed at this information, the deputation proceeded, and caused themselves to be announced. A long intimacy had enabled M. Lafitte closely to study the monarch, and on the threshold of the royal chamber, he said to his colleagues, "We must keep to our point; he will try to laugh it off."

On being admitted to the royal presence, the deputies represented to his majesty, that the victory he was about to complete was a victory of the law, and should not be attended with cruelty; that the moment was a highly favourable one for repairing the mistakes which had been committed, to appease the irritation which had become general; and that it would be true wisdom to take this triumph of the law as the point whence to proceed to that entire change of system, which it was admitted, on almost all hands, had become necessary; that the popularity of the king daily lessening, the political animosities carried to an unprecedented degree of violence, the civil war in the West, and the civil war in Paris, were manifest proofs how entirely to be condemned was the system of the 13th of March; that from that system had flowed, as so many inevitable consequences, the calamities at Grenoble, the unjustified disarming of the national guard in various towns, measures of unexampled rigour in many parts of France, and the supposed necessity of subjecting four departments to all the severities of martial law; while, as a contrast to this so furious domestic policy, the foreign policy exhibited an entire absence of frankness, energy, and dignity.

The reply of the king was exactly what might have been expected. If blood had flown, it was the fault of the factious, who would be punished for their offences, but by the regular course of justice. If the

King of France did not enjoy the popularity of the Duke of Orleans, it was no matter of surprise, after the calumnies and insults which had been uttered against him, by those whom the spirit of party rendered his enemies. The rigours complained of were indispensable to the due preservation of order, threatened by ever-renewing attacks upon it and upon the government. The memorial in short, was a mere tissue of imaginary grievances, of unjust accusations; how very mistaken, for instance, to accuse the king of an insatiable grasping after wealth! As to exterior policy, it had been conducted with exact reference to the interests and resources of France: the language of M. de St. Aulaire, blamable perhaps in appearance, had been justified by the result; the Belgian affair was finished; and if the Italian question was not in an equally satisfactory position, that arose from the difficulty of making a pope reasonable.

Some curious incidents marked this interview. While the very first words were being exchanged, a sinister noise was heard from without: "It is the cannon," said the king, "which they are advancing to force the barricade St. Méry, with as little loss of life as possible." At the outset, M. Arago had taken occasion to express his distinct resolution to accept no office from the government. M. Odilon Barrot having commenced a similar declaration, the king stopped him, and said, patting his knee with a friendly gesture: "M. Barrot, I do not accept your renunciation." They reproached his policy with its singular tenderness towards the legitimatists. "I have always had in my mind," he replied, "the observation of Kersaint: 'Charles I. had his head cut off, and England saw his son ascend the throne; James II. was merely banished, and his race died off upon the continent.'" But the feeling which predominated throughout the whole conversation of the king was a fear lest Casimir Périer should have attributed to him the credit of the system which had been hitherto pursued. This credit he asserted for himself, insisting upon it over and over again, and evidently desirous of representing his former minister as merely the docile instrument of a superior intellect. He also dwelt much upon the inflexible firmness of his will, which he said had never yielded but upon one occasion, when the question was the laying aside the fleur-de-lis, an emblem which equally appertained to the younger as to the elder branch of the family. Among the expressions which escaped the king in the course of one of his impromptu speeches on this occasion, the deputation remarked the following, as coming somewhat unguardedly from the mouth of so very diplomatic a monarch: "In all the nations of Europe, the elements of revolution exist, but all of them haven't got the stuff of a Duke of Orleans to put an effectual stop to their progress."

After the interview, Louis Philippe expressed himself to some of his intimates who were in attendance in an adjoining apartment, in these terms: "M. Odilon Barrot was mild and sententious; M. Lafitte, solemn; M. Arago, extremely excited."

In the meantime, at the barricade St. Méry, attack immediately followed attack. Pressed upon with relentless fury, hemmed in, reduced

to little more than half their original number, and with but one hundred cartridges left among them, the insurgents displayed an intrepidity which was the object of universal astonishment. An old man, with a bald head and grey beard, fell dead just within the barricade, at the moment when elevating a tricoloured flag, he was calling upon his comrades to make some grand, desperate effort. Near him, a young man, who was beating the charge, had his left hand shattered by a ball; those around wished him to go to the hospital: "When those fellows are gone," he calmly replied; and continued to beat the drum with his right hand. One of the combatants complained of hunger, and asked for provisions: "Provisions!" exclaimed Jeanne: "it is now three o'clock; at four o'clock we shall all be dead." It became necessary to have recourse to artillery, to form a regular siege of a few stones piled up and defended by a handful of men. Two cannon, placed in front of St. Nicholas-des-Champs, were directed upon the little barricade at the north end, large pieces of which were carried away by every ball. At the same time a gun was brought up the Rue Aubry-le-Boucher, and pointed against the house No. 30. The insurgents, none the less, kept up a good countenance. The only alteration they made was to nail up some mattrasses against the windows, out of consideration for the fears of the two women whose rooms they had taken possession of. At length, about four o'clock, the barricades were attacked from both sides at once: by the national guards and the military bearing down from the top of the Rue St. Martin; by a battalion of the 42d of the line, debouching from the Rue de la Verrerie; by a column of the 1st of the line, under the orders of General Laidet, in the continuation of the Rue des Arcis. The republicans hoped that by compelling their assailants once again to retreat, they should have some more dead soldiers to strip of their cartridge-boxes, but the troops pouring in with the utmost impetuosity and resolution, all further resistance became impossible. Upon this being seen, of those who had been fighting in the street, one portion led by Jeanne made an audacious, a desperate charge with the bayonet upon the soldiers, forced their way through them, with the loss of only three men, and effected a secure retreat down the Rue Maubuée; the rest dashed into the house No. 30, with a determination to defend themselves to the last, and the door, after they had all entered, was strengthened within by a heap of paving-stones. Such was the determined fury of the insurgents, that one of the panels of the door having burst in, a young man who had just fallen dying in the court, crawled to the opening, in order to discharge his last pistol-shot upon the enemy, and seeing his aim successful, fell back into the arms of death, with a murmur of joy. The next moment the house was forced by the military, and resounded with furious cries and dying groans. Pursued from chamber to chamber, fighting every inch of their way, seventeen of the insurgents perished under the bayonet. One of those who had been firing from the third story, when he saw the soldiers coming up, called out to his comrades to cut down the stairs, but it was too late; the enemy was already on

the landing-place. "The barrel of powder!" he then exclaimed, "and let us blow up the house;" but the barrel had disappeared. The insurgents then got out upon the roof, and made their way through a window into the house No. 48, Rue St. Méry. Here they were discovered, for a strict search was made in all the houses adjoining the barricades, and they would infallibly have been killed, but that Captain Billet, of the 48th, with the high-minded generosity natural to the French character, saved their lives. "Make them prisoners," he nobly said to his soldiers, "but not victims."

Every one now thought the contest at an end, and already thousands of curiosity seekers were crowding towards No. 30, when, all of a sudden, from a butcher's shop looking upon the Rue St. Méry, and which had not yet been examined, there came a sharp discharge of musketry. The soldiers, who were collected at the entrance to the Rue St. Méry, taken altogether by surprise, fell back into the Rue St. Martin; the idlers took to their heels. Profiting by the confusion, five or six insurgents who had sought refuge in the butcher's shop, and from whom the firing had proceeded, rushed out, and were lost in the agitated crowd.

There now remained in the house, No. 30, only two insurgents alive. An officer of the national guard whom the republicans had taken prisoner, had escaped before the house was taken by the military, in the disguise of a woman, but the two survivors among his captors had not had time to attempt the same means of flight. Squeezed, both of them, under one bed in the apartment whence they had poured death upon their enemies, they were condemned to the torture of hearing the imprecations of the victorious soldiers mingling with the dying groans of their slaughtered comrades. They themselves more than once received the points of the bayonets which were thrust about in search of some victim overlooked. At length, feeling convinced that the military would remain yet some time in the house, which they were occupying in every part, and weary, doubtless, of maintaining an attitude which their haughty daring rendered odious to them, they made up their minds to quit their hiding-place, thoroughly resolved to sell their lives dearly if any impediment occurred to their egress. But a physician attached to the Hôtel Dieu, who had come there to fulfil his professional duties, saved them. Steeping their handkerchiefs in the pool of blood around them, he folded them around their heads, and, conducted by the physician, who claimed for them the respect due to wounded men, they passed freely through the ranks of soldiery, and effected their escape.

This victory was celebrated with transports, which were not exempt either from cruelty or from discreditable circumstances. There had been exhibited, doubtless, on the part of the national guards some striking acts of courage; Adjutant Billier, among others who were killed at the barricade St. Martin, proved that in France valour is shared by all parties; but, as is always the case, it was the men of the least bravery who stunned the city with their songs of triumph. Almost deserted, on the morning of the 6th, the palace, in the evening of the same day, was crowded with visiters. Every one of these had only just

returned from the country; every one of them was in a state of absolute despair at having missed such an opportunity of displaying his devoted loyalty; and so forth.

Next day a profound calm reigned over well nigh every part of Paris; all the shops were open; all the shopkeepers were at their business as usual. There was, however, in this city, one particular point where civil war had left fearful traces, one point to which weeping mothers were hurrying from every direction—the Morgue.

The resistance of the insurgents of St. Méry had been inconceivably determined and obstinate; so much so that many persons have imagined that government had taken measures to encourage and prolong it in order to give greater *eclat* to its victory, and to attach more closely to its cause, by the influence of fear, of the mass of the bourgeoisie. It is certain so far, that those insurgents of the barricade St. Méry had two traitors among them; but, besides that the scheme imputed to government is altogether unlikely, simply on account of its utter atrocity and infamy; how can sensible men be supposed to have admitted for one moment a project so miserably poor and futile? Surely a government can never deem it to its interest to have it understood that a hundred men, raised by their enthusiasm above the fear of death, are at any time sufficient to bring its existence into question, into peril.

However this may have been, it is certain that the ministry proceeded to make use of their victory with impatient ferocity. The very cries of indignation and despair which arose from the bosom of families, plunged into grief by the insurrection, were converted into so many encouragements to rigour. An order of arrest was issued against the chief editor of the *National*, Armand Carrel; several journals were seized; the homes of honourable citizens were brutally violated; the arrests became so numerous that, to convey the prisoners, it was necessary to call the public conveyances into requisition. And in what colours can we paint the hideous aspect presented during these hours devoted to vengeance by the courts of the prefecture of police? A prisoner had scarcely entered one of them ere some of those foul creatures whom civilization charges with the care of protecting public morals, would rush upon the unhappy wretch with savage cries, and assail him with unpunished blows. The example of all this proceeded from the authorities. An order, issued by M. Gisquet, prefect of police, enjoined all physicians and surgeons to denounce such wounded persons as claimed their assistance; but this base injunction was annulled by public contempt.

The king had taken vast credit to himself, with MM. Arago, Odilon Barrot, and Lafitte, for the projects of moderation which he announced; he had promised that the ordinary course of justice should not be interrupted. And yet, besides the three ordinances, which dissolved the Ecole Polytechnique, the Ecole Veterinaire d'Alfort, and the artillery of the Parisian national guard, the *Moniteur* published a fourth ordinance which declared the capital under martial law; a *coup d'état* proceeding from the reckless precipitation of M. Thiers.

Public opinion was not long ere it made itself heard. It was to little

purpose that the Cour Royale of Paris, at the request of the Attorney-General, Persil, declared itself incompetent to interfere in matters arising out of the troubles of the 5th and 6th of June; the councils of war, which had been established for a permanence in the capital, did little more than just make their appearance on the scene. On the appeal of a young painter, named Geoffroy, whom the council of war had condemned to death, the court of cassation decided in concurrence with the arguments of M. Odilon Barrot, and against those of M. Voisin de Gartèmpe, jun., solicitor-general, that the council of war of the 1st military division had exceeded its powers; that the rules defining its legal jurisdiction had been violated, and that by it the charter had been outraged.

An immense, a universal acclamation of applause hailed this memorable decision, before the majesty of which the government could not refuse to bow, though in so doing it acknowledged itself guilty of the same offence which Charles X. had expiated in the Revolution of July.

It was, consequently, before a jury that the prisoners of the 5th and 6th of June appeared. And the occasion brought forward some of those fine spirits, those choice natures, which in periods of tranquillity, in a state of imperfect civilization, remain for ever buried and unknown among the masses. In one of the trials arising out of the insurrection, the dignified and intrepid bearing, the simple, manly, and impressive eloquence of a tailor, named Prosper, was the theme of universal admiration.

We have seen in what manner Jeanne made good his retreat from the barricades. From that moment the police had had their eye constantly upon him, informed of his every movement by a traitor whose treacherous assistance they had purchased. But as Jeanne was in close connexion with several political societies, he was allowed for a time to remain at liberty, the more effectually to compromise his friends and himself. At length he was arrested and taken before the judges. He was one of those men who are rendered what they are by circumstances. More impassioned in his feelings than scrupulous in his conduct, too much a slave to his wants to have passed an irreproachable life, Jeanne had within him that rough material of poetry and sensibility which constitutes the heroes of the day. He had displayed the highest bravery and generous magnanimity in the barricades; and after having amazed his enemies there, he now amazed his judges. The following examination took place:

"On the 5th of June you were present at the general procession? Yes, sir.—At five o'clock were you not on the Carrefour St. Méry? Yes, with the musket I had fetched from home.—You helped to raise the barricade? Yes; two national guards had been killed close to me on the Boulevard; we had been fired upon without provocation: I ran to get my musket.—Were not you the first to give the word to fire? No; a ball wounded me and I fell; as soon as I rose I fired one shot, and only one, for the party who fired upon us ran away.—Did you not

remain all night within the barricade? Yes; and fired.—Did you not distribute cartridges? Yes; whenever they were wanted. You kept firing all the next day? All the next day.—Were you not one of those who, towards the close of the affair, fired from the windows of No. 30? Yes. When they became masters of the barricades we had no more cartridges, or we should have remained; as it was we retired forcing our way with the bayonet through the soldiers of the line."

Of the twenty-one other prisoners* who appeared before the judges on this occasion, sixteen were found not guilty, and dismissed; one of these was the girl whom we have mentioned. Not hearing, among the names of those who were acquitted with her, that of the prisoner to whom she was betrothed, and fearing a fatal result for him, she could hardly be prevailed upon to leave the court, and retired, pale, trembling, and cursing the indulgence which separated her from her lover. The five other prisoners having been interrogated, the court retired to deliberate. Never had a trial attracted a larger crowd, or excited a more powerful interest. Among other features, every one remarked with admiration and sympathy, the Spartan firmness of Jeanne's mother, who, proud of her son, was continually animating and encouraging him. At the moment when the judges were about to resume their seats, the sister of M. Rossignol rushed to the prisoners' bench and fell into her brother's arms, shrieking; "The cowards! They are taking my brother from me! To arms! Give me back my brother!" She was removed in a state of insensibility, and it was amidst the agitation produced by this scene that the judgments were pronounced, which condemned—Jeanne to transportation for life; Rossignol to eight years' solitary confinement, Goujon and Vigouroux to six years' of the same punishment; Rojon to ten years' of hard labour, without exposure, and Fourcade to five years' imprisonment.

* The names of the twenty-two prisoners were these: Leclerc, Jules Jouanne, Jeanne, Rossignol, Goujon, Jean Vigouroux, Fradelle, Falcy, Rojon, Fourcade, Metiger, Bouley, Conilleau, Dumineray, Mulette, Maris, Renouf, Coiffu, Grimbert, Gentillon, Fournier, and Louise Antoinette Alexandre.

We have before us a letter, in the handwriting of Jeanne's mother, addressed to her son during the trial; it runs thus:

"Thy mother will be present to hear thee to-day, and for the remainder of the trial; hitherto, thou hast said nothing which thou hast borrowed from any person, and thou hast done well; he who studies and makes up a speech, cannot feel the emotion which inspires, from the bottom of his heart, the person who speaks from sentiment and conviction. I give the utmost credit to the good intentions of M. P. and others; the very fear of seeing thee fail makes them doubt thy resources, but I know them thoroughly, or at any rate, I know them well enough to have faith in thy capability to meet this occasion. An unjust distrust of thyself, in this moment of crisis, would be a blemish on so great a reputation; assert the full right you had to act as you did act; make it to be known as distinctly as you can, that you were in the position of a person lawfully acting in self-defence; be simple, clear, and generous; deal with thy enemies as leniently as possible; in short, make my happiness complete, by enabling me to hear the people say, 'He was as great in defeat as he was brave in fight.' Let thy soul maintain an elevation corresponding with thy deeds. Ah! if thou couldst but thoroughly feel how proud I am to have given thee birth! Fear no weakness on my part; thy greatness of soul has the power of strengthening mine.

"Adieu! Though I am separated from thee, my heart quits thee not for a moment."

Such was the denouement of this crisis, the most extraordinary, perhaps, that is mentioned in history. What would have happened if the republic had carried the day? It is to be borne in mind, that Europe, at this epoch, had recovered from the immense stupefaction into which 1830 had plunged her; that she possessed the secret of our inevitable divisions; that she was well aware how ephemeral are our fits of ardour; and that the empire of the world could not for the future be a mere *coup de main* for us! Again, combined with the domination of a class altogether Carthaginian in its feelings and tendencies, a monarchy, itself the offspring of revolt, had in the course of two years brought into active existence many bad inspirations and turbulent passions; on the one hand a heartless selfishness, an unscrupulous cupidity, a fanatical, miserable desire to keep things in exactly the direction which suited the men of influence; on the other hand, by the side of the most laudable aspirations, the most elevated impulses, base envy raised its head, a love of disorder, for its own sake, a hatred of unjust men in power rather than of injustice itself; and under the pretence of destroying tyranny, the desire merely to replace it by other tyranny. A republican government, then, would, at one and the same time, have had society to new mould, parties to moderate, the people to satisfy and keep in order, the opulent class to place under subjection, without despoiling it, Europe to conquer, Europe on its guard, vigilant, armed. Now to meet the exigencies of such a situation, what was the strength of the republican party? The party of the decided minority, it was the object of prejudices, most of them unjust, but none the less inveterate; it allowed itself to be governed rather by sentiment than by ideas; its nominal chief, M. de Lafayette, needed, and yet dreaded, to be superseded; and as to its real practical leaders, besides that they would have had to encounter the equally strong current of rivalry from within and hatred from without, they had not as yet studied the social condition of France with sufficient application to enable them to derive from the regeneration of society the elements of their permanent influence and principles of government. Thus, in the position to which two years of the new reign had brought things, despotism, according to all appearances, was in 1832, far more probable than liberty; it seemed much easier to start as Napoleon, Emperor, than as Washington, President. But, then, has it never happened to revolutions to evolve from their own disturbed bosom, the very means required for their secure establishment? In general, people do not take sufficiently into account the ideas which societies in a state of imperfect organization have germinating in their bosom, ready to burst forth; or the great men who remain inactive within them, their greatness alike unknown to themselves and to society. How many a man, perhaps, has died a peasant or a common soldier, who, if circumstances had brought him forward, would have been greater than Cromwell! At all events, however stormy the condition into which a republic might have brought our country, it would never have reduced it to what we now see, the social, the individual character debased; Frenchmen utterly indifferent under national mis-

fortune and disgrace; the genius of the country decaying, disappearing; the nation itself dying, exhausted, corrupt, and rotten.

CHAPTER VIII.

The defeat of the republicans had inflated the hearts of their enemies to an enormous degree. When a party has conquered, it requires unusual magnanimity to refrain from an eager and ostentatious display of its triumph! In exact proportion to the agonized terror which the court had experienced, was its joy insulting and overbearing now. Under a show of fanatic loyalty and devotion, the men who had basely fled and threatened monarchy, now prostrate before its renewed life, loudly proclaimed it imperishable. At this very juncture the Duke de Reichstadt died.

In a calm, lovely day, there was seen advancing, through a perfectly silent crowd, along the streets of that capital of Austria, which once looked down abashed and terror-struck beneath the proud eagles of Napoleon, a hearse, preceded by a coach and a few horsemen. Some attendants walked on either side, bearing torches. When they arrived at the church, the court commissioner, in pursuance of a remarkable custom of the country, proceeded to enumerate the names and titles of the deceased; then knocking at the door, he solicited for the corpse admission to the temple. The princes and princesses of the house of Austria were there awaiting the body, and attended it to the vault, into which the fortune of the empire then descended for ever.

The death of the son of Napoleon occasioned no surprise among the nations. It was known that he was of a very sickly constitution; and besides, poison had been spoken of; those who think everything possible to the fear or ambition of princes, had said: *he bears too great a name to live!*

But whatever may have been the case as to these rumours, the inexhaustible aliment of popular credulity, the devoted partisans of the house of Orleans deceived themselves, if they saw in the death of the Duke de Reichstadt only the removal of a pretender to the crown. That death was but another step in the inexorable development of a fatal law, in course of execution in this country. To find a successor to Louis XIV. it was necessary to descend so far down as his great grandson. There was the death of an heir-presumptive between Louis XV. and Louis XVI. Another heir-presumptive, Louis XVII., ceased to exist, almost without its being known that he had existed. The Duke de Berri fell mortally wounded at the door of a theatre. The Duke de Bordeaux had just made the journey to Cherbourg; and now it was upon the heir-presumptive of Napoleon himself that fell the inexorable decree which God had, for half a century, been carrying into execution in this country, to punish the arrogance of dynasties, which

successively pronounced themselves immortal. I do not add to this list, out of respect to a grief still fresh in the public mind; it has been seen that the death of the Duke de Reichstadt was not to close the series.....

One of the first acts which manifested the eager determination of power to make the most of its victory, was the violent suppression of the St. Simonian religion.

Since the separation of Bazard and Enfantin, a new schism had afflicted the St. Simonian family. We have explained the ideas of Enfantin as to the mission of the *pair-priest*, in reference to marriage. These ideas were not shared by M. Olinde Rodriguez. He was quite ready to admit of divorce in certain cases, and after certain trials; but, while the union subsisted, he insisted upon its being held sacred, inviolable, and quite independent of the authority of the priest, in all that concerns the heart or the senses. Again, M. Olinde Rodriguez was by no means inclined to submit everything, in an absolute manner, to the decision of the woman who should first take her seat on the pontifical throne. He admitted that to the priestess might fitly belong the enunciation of the code of chastity, the law of the properties; but this code, this law, in his view, should at the same time, not contravene certain rigorous conditions; he required, for instance, that the child should always be in a position to name its father, and he rejected, beforehand, as altogether irreconcileable with the very essence of marriage, any principle involving the slightest profanation of the intimacy of husband and wife.

Such differences as these had a clear tendency to bring about a rupture; and the rupture very speedily took place, amid much disturbance and confusion. Olinde Rodriguez summoned the St. Simonians around him, in his character of direct inheritor of their master's doctrine, but in vain. Hereupon, the loan he had issued fell naturally into discredit, and the financial embarrassments accumulating, the family in the Rue Monsigny had to break up.

In this crisis Enfantin's imperturbable presence of mind did not forsake him. He possessed, at Menilmontant, at the top of the hill, a house with a garden; he resolved to constitute this a place of retirement, study, and labour for himself and his chosen disciples. On the 20th of April, 1832, he announced in the following terms his new determination, and the discontinuance of the *Globe*: "Dear children, the day on which I address you has been a great day for the last eighteen centuries. On this day died the divine liberator of slaves. To consecrate its anniversary, let us enter upon our sacred retirement; and let the last trace of slavery, domesticity, disappear from amongst us."

Forty disciples followed Enfantin to Menilmontant, and commenced, though in combination with a profound sentiment of hierarchical supremacy on the part of *Le Père*, the practice of a life in common. Poets, musicians, artists, engineers, civil and military, all gaily applied themselves, by turns, to the hardest and rudest labours. They repaired the house, regularly swept and kept in order the rooms, offices, and courtyard; cultivated the grounds; covered the walks with gravel, which

they procured from a pit they had themselves with much toil opened; and so on. To prove that their ideas upon the nature of marriage and the emancipation of women were not founded upon the calculations of a voluptuous selfishness, they imposed upon themselves the law of strict celibacy. Every morning and evening they refreshed their minds with the discourses of *Le Père*, or sought in the life of one of the Christian saints, read aloud by one of them to the rest, examples, precepts, encouragement. Hymns, the music to which had been composed by one of their number, M. Felicien David, served to exalt their souls while they soothed their labour. At five o'clock the horn announced dinner. The workmen then piled their tools, ranged the wheelbarrows round the garden, and took their places, after having chanted in chorus the prayer before meat. All this the public were admitted to see: a spectacle in which a sneering, jesting nation only marked the singular features, by turns simple and sublime, but which was assuredly deficient in neither broad aim nor in abstract grandeur. For, in this practice of theirs, the apostles of Menilmontant went far beyond their own theories, and were sowing around them, unconsciously, the seeds of doctrines which were destined one day to throw their own into oblivion.

It was on the 6th of June, amidst the roar of the cannon, in the Rue St. Méry, and not far from the bloody theatre whence arose the cries of the combatants—it was on this very 6th of June that, for the first time since they had entered it, the St. Simonian family threw open the doors of their retreat. At half-past one they were assembled, standing in a circle, in front of the house, while, outside a second circle, formed of those whom the inmates of Menilmontant termed the exterior family, was a small group of spectators, attracted by the curiosity of the thing. A curious ceremony, in fact, was to take place that day: the assumption of the family habit.

In adopting a distinctive costume, the St. Simonians had the double object in view, of at once making clear their originality as a sect, and, still more, of establishing some influence over a society, which they were no longer in a position to operate upon by daily publications, or by indefatigable preaching. It was, besides, an effectual test by which to prove the depth of conviction of their existing members; for it required a firm and manly courage, a belief singularly bold and determined, to appear abroad in the ensigns of an apostleship which would, doubtless, meet on its way, in every direction, with incredulity, mockery, and insult.

It having been decided, then, that the sect should wear a particular costume, M. Edmond Talabot had designed it, and superintended its preparation. Nothing could be more simple, more convenient, more elegant than this uniform: a blue close coat, opening in part, and showing a waistcoat, the opening of which was not seen; a leathern girdle, white trousers, and a red cap; these constituted the dress; the neck was bare, and they were to wear their beards long, after the fashion of the Orientals.

The ceremony of assuming this new costume was accompanied by

some strange scenes, which gave a tolerably clear idea of the second phasis of St. Simonism. The Père Enfantin, who, for three days, had absented himself, appeared at two o'clock on the 6th of June before the family, who received him with joyful emotion, with tender veneration. At sight of him the faithful, as it were, with a sudden impulse of admiration and love, began chanting in chorus,

"Hail, father, hail,
Salutation and glory to God!"

He, meantime, came forward with a slow and majestic step, his head bare, his countenance radiant. He had confided the direction of the community, during his absence, to MM. Michel Chevalier, Fournel, and Barrault. The latter having given an account to *Le Père* of their stewardship, Enfantin addressed the assembly in these words: "During my absence, I have been engaged, arranging with Bouffard and Hoart, the division of our apostleship into two branches, the regular and the secular, in the same way that the Christian church distinguishes its clergy. I have charged Bouffard and Hoart to arrange our past interests in the world which we have now quitted. This very day, I have given Bouffard full power to dispose of all that which, according to the law of the world, I possess; I will not, and may not, again sign any deed or act whatever in this world, and those who abide with me, who wear the same habit that I wear, in like manner thereby resign the power and abjure the will to sign any deed or act for the future. we will, all of us, be free as air from the shackles of the world; we will, all of us, renounce what the Christians term the devil and all his works, his pomps, and his vanities, that we may be the better prepared each day to gain our daily bread, and to render ourselves worthy of receiving, like the man of labour, WAGES."

These words clearly convey what was, at that moment, the leading idea of the inmates of Menilmontant. They who had devoted themselves to the noblest exercises of the intellect, sought to rehabilitate physical labour; to carry into practice that which they had recognised in theory—the equality of mind and body, brought together and reunited by sentiment or religion.

On the conclusion of his address, the Père Enfantin, assisted by one of his disciples, put on the apostolical habit. Then, aiding in return the disciple who had assisted him he observed, "This waistcoat is the symbol of fraternity; we cannot put it on us without the help of one of our brethren. If it is, on the one hand, attended by the inconvenience of making assistance indispensable, on the other, it has the great advantage of bringing forcibly before our minds, on each occasion, the sentiment of association." Following the example of *Le Père*, the apostles of Menilmontant then hastened to assume the new costume. Some few, indeed, declared that they did not as yet feel within themselves the necessary strength of mind, but they were the exceptions. At the moment of accomplishing this act of renunciation of the world, of his old ideas and amusements, M. Moïse Retournet thus expressed himself to

the Père Enfantin: "I told you, one day, that I saw in you the majesty of an emperor, but not, sufficiently for my weakness, the goodness of a Messiah. You then appeared to me an object of awe, of fear. This day, I deeply appreciate what gentleness, what tenderness, fills your soul: father, I am ready."

That all this should have taken place in the nineteenth century, in France, in Paris, in that city, through every corner of which the breath of Voltaire had passed, where every circumstance recalled to you the reign of sarcasm triumphant, of liberalism long dominant, may appear, to superficial thinkers, mere matter of striking and amusing contrast, but the philosopher will see in it much more than this. So long curbed and kept under to an excessive degree, the religious and democratic sentiment had reacted; and the reaction was not of a nature to be sterile of effects, though it announced itself amidst fantastical circumstances, under the form of a mysticism somewhat too unsophisticated, and with a solemnity so exaggerated as to verge on the puerile. And what renders the matter the more extraordinary, the more deserving of permanent record and remembrance, is the fact, that the disciples were nearly all of them well instructed, studious, talented, eloquent men, and peculiarly apt in detecting the ridiculous points about the society, whose more serious injustice they denounced with such force, such boldness, and often with such good sense and judgment.

At all events, the government deemed the St. Simonians too dangerous a body to enjoy its tolerance any longer. For some months past, indeed, they had been taking steps against them. And now, after having kept, for a long time, a scandalous prosecution hanging over them; after having, more than once, caused the bayonets of the military to glitter amidst their peaceful ceremonies; the government decided upon bringing them before the Tribunal of Justice. On the 27th of August, the Père Enfantin, and MM. Michel Chevalier, Barrault, Duveyrier, and Olinde Rodriguez, were summoned to appear before the Cour d'Assises. They were charged—1, with the offence provided against by article 291 of the Penal Code, which prohibits meetings consisting of more than twenty persons; 2, of the offence of outraging public morality and virtue. Wishing to give this trial the utmost possible *éclat*, Enfantin had summoned as witnesses, not only all the members of the family of Menilmontant, but also some of those who, without the limits of that select community, professed the St. Simonian doctrines. On the appointed day, the disciples of St. Simon ranged themselves in symmetrical order; M. Michel Chevalier ordered the signal of departure to be sounded on the horn, and the little colony proceeded on their march.

The high nature of the questions about to be discussed, and the talent of the accused persons, gave to this judicial contest far more importance than the majority of diplomatic or parliamentary struggles present. But it was not on this account that the public curiosity was so vividly excited; what the Parisians sought, in the spectacle they had so impatiently looked forward to since its announcement, was less its true sig-

nification than the singularity of its obvious features; they looked upon it as a comedy of a novel and very diverting sort. Accordingly, there was a great crowd to look at the St. Simonians.

When they entered the court, all eyes were fixed upon Enfantin. He wore a dress like that of the rest of the family, only of a brighter hue, and the words, LE PERE, were worked in large letters upon the breast. Two women, Mesdames Aglaè St. Hilaire, and Cecile Fournel, were immediately behind him. Standing in a firm and graceful attitude, at the end of the prisoner's bench, he gazed deliberately upon the audience, who, on their part, beheld with amazement the profound veneration manifested towards Le Père, by his children all pressing devotedly around him. The first remarkable fact which the judicial interrogatories elicited for the spectators, was the youth of the accused. M. Barrault was 33; M. Duveyrier, 29; M. Michel Chevalier, 26; and Le Père himself was but 36. Yet when the president, M. Naudin, asked him, "Do you not entitle yourself *Father of Humanity?* Do you not profess that you are *the living law?*" he replied, with the utmost coolness and self-possession, "Yes, sir." There then occurred a scene altogether novel in the annals of judicial proceedings. The first witness called, M. Moïse Retournet, being required to take the oath, turned round to Enfantin, and said, "Father, can I take the oath?" Enfantin replied in the negative, and the president ordered the witness to retire. All the other witnesses belonging to the family were successively called up, and successively, when they were required to take the oath, declared they could not do so, without the authority of the *Père Supreme.*

The leading counsel for the prosecution, M. Delapalme, then proceeded with his address. After a rapid sketch of the origin and progress of St. Simonism, he endeavoured to brand the St. Simonian rites as a sort of fetichism, made up of mischievous falsehoods and absurdities. He described Le Père Enfantin as a man in whom the passion for notoriety had become sheer extravagance. He reproached the St. Simonian association severely for the appeal which it had made to the capitalists, and for its ostentatious mendicity. He affirmed that such an association had nothing in common with a religious society; for that it had neither dogma nor worship, nor ceremonies; and confined its operation to the material world, altogether in contradiction to the distinctive characteristic of all religions. As a matter of consequence, the St. Simonians being in no degree entitled to invoke, in their favour, the principle of religious liberty, had, by collecting in assemblies of more than twenty persons, been guilty of a flagrant violation of article 291 of the Penal Code. Proceeding to the allegation of their having outraged public morality, M. Delapalme asked whether there was nothing contrary to morals, in a doctrine which glorified inconstancy; which tended, by the *rehabilitation of the flesh*, as they phrased it, to raise upon the ruins of chastity the empire of sensual pleasure; which subjected marriage to the exercise of a right, bringing directly to mind

the old *Droit de Seigneur;** which gave to the *Prêtre* the charge of regulating and developing, as well the carnal as the intellectual appetites. "But, gentlemen," continued the speaker, "these pernicious doctrines did not pass without opposition. When Le Père Enfantin first promulgated them, a woman was present, who felt her pure soul revolt against such hideous conceptions; and she, a weak, timid woman, at once rose and protested energetically against them."

M. Delapalme had scarcely concluded these words, when Madame Cecile Fournel (it was she whom the public officer had just referred to, unconscious of her presence), started up, and protested energetically against what he had said: "I am here," she exclaimed, "to abjure the part which—" "Hold your tongue!" cried the president. Madame Fournel, heedless of the injunction, was proceeding: "My understanding has since become more enlightened; I now recognise the morality of the doctrine, and—," when the president furiously called to her: "If you utter another word, I will have you turned out!" Such a menace, publicly directed by a magistrate to a woman, created, in the minds of the audience, a feeling of painful amazement; an impression which gave still greater interest to the defence, which they now awaited on the part of the accused.

M. Olinde Rodriguez, we have seen, had seceded to a certain extent; he had not followed Enfantin to Menilmontant, and had not assumed the apostolic habit. His position, therefore, in the affair, was not the same with that of the other defendants. He accordingly confined himself to the task of vindicating the memory of St. Simon, his master, from some attacks upon it which M. Delapalme had unadvisedly ventured to make, and this he did in clear, precise, telling language. MM. Michel Chevalier, Duveyrier, Barrault, and their counsel, MM. Simon, Lambert, and d'Eichthal, then successively addressed the court to this effect:

The government advocate disallowed to the St. Simonian society the religious character: he reproached them with having substituted for the worship due to the divinity, superstitious homage rendered to a man. There was in this accusation either very great ignorance or reckless injustice, for what had the Père Enfantin distinctly declared? He had distinctly and emphatically declared this: "GOD IS ALL THAT IS!" consequently, no more war between the two principles, the mind and the body, the spirit and the flesh: "NO ONE OF US IS SEPARATE FROM GOD, YET NO ONE OF US IS GOD;" consequently, no more slaves, no more outcasts, no more servile adoration of one man by another, no more despotic masterdom; EVERY ONE OF US LIVES IN THE LIFE OF GOD; WE, ALL OF US, HAVE COMMUNION IN HIM; consequently, no more antagonism between individuals and society, between interest and duty. Harmony, equality, fraternity, these were the three vast ideas comprehended in the definition given by Enfantin of the Deity; and yet the St. Simonians were charged with not being a religious society;

* An old feudal privilege, which entitled the seigneur to sleep with the bride of his vassal on the first night of the marriage.

with having about God no other notion than that of a vague confused pantheism! As to their ceremonies, the government was surely inexcusable in being ignorant of them, seeing that it had sent to Menilmontant, to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with those ceremonies, its commissaries of police, its gendarmes, its soldiers. True, the St. Simonians occupied themselves as well with temporal as with spiritual order; but then, where had M. Delapalme found authority for his assertion, that it was the property of all religions to keep apart from their influence the social and political interests of humanity? Did he mean really to affirm that the religion of the Hindoos, that of the Egyptians, that of the Guebres, that of the Hebrews, that of the Druids, that of the adorers of Odin, that of African fetichism, that of Islamism; that all these had not also comprehended morals and politics; had not regulated the relation between people and people, caste and caste, individual and individual? Catholicism itself, had it not been political when it changed the condition of women, and occupied itself in inducing societies to put an end to slavery? Christianity, in its purer and nobler days, had it not presented as its most obvious feature a series of attempts to influence the temporal world; to trench upon Cæsar? Was the learned counsel possibly ignorant of the saying of a celebrated historian: "The kingdom of France is a kingdom created by bishops." Again, what did they mean by reproaching the St. Simonians with asking for money? —Money; why, the first Christians wanted money; they who, according to the Acts of the Apostles, "put in common all they possessed; selling their lands and their goods, so that they might distribute the produce among all their number, according to the wants of each." Money! It was necessary to the deacons of the primitive church, whose special charge it was to collect the gifts of the faithful; it was necessary to the Christian religion up from Paul, up from Jesus; it was necessary to it even to the present day, witness the budget, where it figured every year. The St. Simonians, then, were religious men; they had proved this beyond a reasonable doubt, when, in the face of society, selfish, sceptical, sneering, altogether devoted to its material interests, they had, in obedience to the dictates of their faith, abandoned family, professions, long-established habits, worldly prospects, cherished objects of ambition; when, in the face of a society which looks down upon the working classes with disdain and contempt, they had voluntarily subjected themselves to labour of the hardest and least attractive description; when, finally, in assertion of what they deemed right, they had braved the ridicule of the multitude by clothing themselves in a distinctive costume, exposing their very names to insult by having them embroidered on their breasts. And then let the question be asked: who were they that thus ventured to deny to the St. Simonian family a religious character? Why, the men who, openly professing their utter indifference on the subject of religion, had placed atheism within the law; the men who had removed from sight, in the hall in which they were now assembled, the majesty of Christ crucified; who covered with a green curtain the image of their God, as though it were something not right

to be seen. But, supposing the St. Simonians not to be a religious society, what disorders could justly be alleged against it, which rendered it liable to the severity of article 291?

The St. Simonians had, from the very outset, constantly denounced war as impious, and protested against the spirit of revolt. If they had described the evils under which the people suffered, it was only for the purpose of pointing out the remedy; at the very time when the government had no other resource against the Lyons insurrection but cannon and soldiers, the St. Simonians had pointed to study and science as affording the means of curing the social evils revealed by these fatal disturbances. As to the charge of immorality, what was there immoral in requiring that the relations between husband and wife should be subjected to a new regulation, which freed them from that character of exclusion, and consequently of violence or fraud which the law of Christianity imposed upon them? Was it abolishing marriage to institute that the man and the woman most capable of directing humanity, the priest and priestess, should be invested with the right of consecrating, by their sanction, the pleasures and pains of Hymen? Was it so monstrous that in a priesthood voluntarily obeyed, the empire of beauty should be associated with the power of intellect? That same empire of beauty even now was absolute, irresistible; those obeying it implicitly in secret, who affected in public to repudiate it. Even under the influence of the Christian law, society had taken good care not to proscribe the pleasures of the flesh; people, it was perfectly well known, went much more readily to a ball than to a sermon; and the deputies themselves, that grave assembly, had just voted less than a hundred francs to the bishops, while they voted nearly a million to the opera,—to the opera, to that temple, raised to the worship of beauty! Amidst the rich perfumes which there exhale from the flowing hair of lovely dancing girls, beneath the silver shower of light which falls glittering from its gorgeous chandelier, the eye gazing with rapture on those groups of lovely women, so liberal of their charms, while the ear drinks in delicious music,—were the senses here sternly debarred from strong excitement? Did the flesh here fail of worshippers? The Christian law, then, had not been observed! And how could it have been? In proclaiming anathema against the flesh, Christianity had driven it to a revolt; to a revolt teeming with frightful disorders. What a spectacle was presented to the moralist by that very society in whose name the St. Simonians were accused of immorality! Of 29,000 children born in Paris, nearly 10,000 had been conceived in illicit embraces; the schools and colleges were deeply infected with vices, from whose defects the wretched children became old men ere they had attained adolescence; the loves of that society were polluted with a terrible poison which envenomed even the nurse's bosom; you could not move a yard in the streets without being shocked at the presence of patented libertinism; and, but the other day, in the Palais Royal, in that palace which contained the queen and her youthful family, prostitution had its impure sanctuary. The imputation upon the St. Simonians proceeded,

fitly, indeed, from a society wherein adultery was inculcated at all the theatres, sung by all the poets, embellished by all the artists, set forth with every charm of the imagination, and dignified by the sacred name of love by all the novelists. The prosecuting counsel, by way of heaping disgrace upon St. Simonism, had used, in reference to it, the term, *le droit de Seigneur*;—now in what society had the *droit de Seigneur* prevailed? In the very society which the St. Simonians sought to regenerate; that privilege had been the privilege of the rich man, and, in one way or another, the rich still contrived to retain a large portion of it. For, in existing society, how amply were the pleasures and advantages of the better classes provided for! They made, of the sons of the people, an army, to put forward to save their own lives and properties from foreign aggression, food for powder; while they used, as food wherewith to satiate their sensual appetites, the daughters of the people; unfortunates whom poverty condemned to pleasures as to a *corvée*, more galling and infamous than any forced task-work of old. Vice was everywhere screening itself behind hypocrisy; vice, daringly indecent because of its hunger; corruption poetised, corruption patented; adultery above, prostitution below.

Such was the general outline and character of the defence made by the accused, in the hearing of the 27th of August. They raised therein questions of an incalculable scope. But the society which they assailed chose to be obeyed, and not argued with. As they were speaking, the judges more than once gave open and unequivocal signs of impatience; while a contemptuous smile constantly played over the lips of the government advocate, too happy to take refuge in the affectation of disdain, from the exceeding embarrassment in which his utter inability to compete in discussion with the defendants would otherwise have involved him.

The next day, the 28th, Enfantin himself addressed the court. He expressed himself with grave deliberation, and every now and then paused and fixed his eyes, sometimes on the president and the two assistant judges, sometimes on the crown advocate, sometimes on the spectators. The court soon got angry at this proceeding, and the president asked Enfantin, sharply, whether he wanted time to retire and collect his thoughts? "I want," he calmly replied, "to see those about me, and to be seen. I am aware of the advantage of having time to collect one's thoughts apart, but I also know that this is not the only way in which to acquire inspiration; and, besides, I wish to teach M. Delapalme the influence of the flesh, the form, the senses, and for this purpose to make him feel that of the look." Then, without stopping to watch the effect produced by these words, wherein a thought of deep meaning was mixed up with a sort of buffoonery, altogether unexpected, Enfantin continued: "You regard as pernicious, immoral, silly, the idea I have put forth, namely, that the priest should be handsome; but such is our faith. The priest should be handsome, wise, and good; goodness, wisdom, and beauty, these shortly sum up our dogma. Well; the Christian church itself, which reproved and checked the

flesh, which regarded beauty as a special privileged weapon of Satan, would never have ordained as priest a deformed or mutilated man. In our own times, when in the army it is desired to form a corps, which shall worthily, nobly, represent the nation, which, by its very aspect shall inspire admiration, respect, fear; assuredly, indifferent as your society pretends to be with reference to beauty, you are far from neglecting it in that case. Is it not said, that to get into the carabineers, one must be a fine man? Why, then, may not the same be said as to priests, without wounding the ears of the attorney-general? True, the mission of the soldier is not the same with that of our priesthood: the one gives death, the other life. But I do not see that this is any argument against my proposition." The comparison was not deficient in aptitude or subtilty; but the defendant on concluding it, endeavoring anew to disconcert the tribunal by the fixedness of his gaze, the president abruptly declared the sitting suspended, saying to Enfantin, "We are not here to await the result of your contemplations." Turning round to his disciples, with unmoved composure, *Le Père* observed: "You see here another proof, another admission of their incompetence. They deny the moral power of the senses; and all the while are not able to understand that by my look alone I have caused them to lose the calmness which befits their position." On the resumption of the sitting, Enfantin announced, that since it was a speech they expected from him, he would deliver one; and he proceeded to draw a striking picture of all the disorders which the anathema, launched by Christianity against the flesh, had engendered: "You, who accuse us," he went on, "to entitle yourselves to pass judgment upon us, should offer a remedy better than ours. Now I can see none you have, except, on the one hand, the *Madelonnettes*, the *Filles Repentantes*, the *Salpétrière;* on the other, the *Force* and *St. Pélagie*. As to us, our remedies are these; the sanctification of beauty, the rehabilitation of the flesh; the direction and regulation of the physical appetites; the reorganization of property; for the misery of the working classes, and the wealth of the idle man, are the main causes of adultery and prostitution. But see, when we say that hereditary misery and hereditary idleness, the results of the existing constitution of property, which is founded on the right of birth, ought to cease, our opponents charge us with an intention of overturning the state. It is of no use for us to urge that this transformation of property can only be effected progressively, pacifically, voluntarily; that it can be effected much better than was operated the destruction of feudal rights, with every imaginable system of indemnity, and with even greater deliberation than you apply to the expropriations which you now effect for purposes of public utility; we are not listened to, we are condemned, off hand, as reckless disturbers of order. Unweariedly, we seek to show you, that this transformation is called for by all the present and future wants of society; that its actual progress is marked out, in the most palpable manner, by the creation of the code of commerce, by all the habits of industry which have sprung up on every side, encouraging the mobilisation of property,

its transference from the idle and incapable to the laborious and capable hand; we show you all this, but still you cry out, shutting your eyes: 'Your association is dangerous!' Yet sooner or later, the bad order of things must be replaced by a good; for the object and tendency of all society is not merely to *maintain*, but to *improve*, to *progress*. This is what we wish also to effect in morals. It is truly remarkable, that the very men who exercise the most absolute despotism with reference to beauty and to woman, are precisely those who the most violently accuse us of a desire to establish in the world a brutifying tyranny. They say that our priesthood will abuse its power. This objection may be raised against all authority whatever. The chief of a society, by the mere fact of his chieftainship, is invested with power; that is a principle which may be demonstrated. Now what is the guarantee men can have against this abuse of power? We know but one, namely, that power should be the acquisition of capacity, not the privilege of birth. So long as the principle of the transmission of political power and of wealth shall continue to be that of mere birth, so long shall we be entitled to say that all your systems of guarantees engender and maintain the most brutifying despotism, since they confer power fortuitously." These views, Enfantin explained by a variety of illustrations, some fantastical in the highest degree, fantastical from simplicity or design, others full of sound sense, sagacity, and acuteness. They had refused him the right of choosing two women as counsel; he complained of this, and expressed great surprise; for, said he, "who among you will dare to suggest that he is more fitted to speak and judge of morality than his sister or his mother?"

Next came an animated discussion between the attorney-general on the one side, and on the other MM. Duveyrier, Barrault, and Michel Chevalier. The latter produced a great sensation upon the assembly, when, after quoting the declaration of Robespierre: "The Convention will not permit the peaceful ministers of the various religions to be molested," he exclaimed: "Judges, gentlemen, whether or not we are peaceful men, all we ask from you is the tolerance of Robespierre!" But from the first the cause of the accused was a lost one. Enfantin, Duveyrier, Michel Chevalier, were condemned to one year's imprisonment, and a fine of a hundred francs each; Rodriguez and Barrault were merely fined fifty francs each. The family having listened to the sentence with the utmost calmness, resumed the way to Menilmontant, through the midst of an immense crowd, which extended from the Palais de Justice to the Hôtel de Ville. The majority gazed on the passing St. Simonians with mute amazement; some repeated in under tones the name of Le Père; others directed against them abusive language.

The defendants appealed to the Court of Cassation, but their appeal was rejected, and this, with the imprisonment of Enfantin, speedily gave the signal for the dispersion of the family. It was not, however, dissolved. It had availed itself of the interval between the judgment and the rejection of the appeal to send into different parts of France missionaries clothed in the apostolic garb; and the trial which it had

just been subjected to, seemed only to have augmented its ardour. Dispersed, and at a later period re-absorbed by that society which it had so boldly combated, it still continued, in some sort, its collective existence, through the mysterious bond of sentiment and ideas. This indestructible link of connexion was the result of the assembling of the St. Simonians at Menilmontant. Up to that time, although they had given their association the name of *Family*, they had constituted but a school; it was in Enfantin's house that the family began. In the Rue Monsigny, that noisy laboratory of their doctrines, they had neither had time nor repose sufficient to study each other as individuals: this they were ably thoroughly to do at Menilmontant, amidst silence and solitude. After their separation some remained in France, where they entered upon various careers; the others departed for the East, which at that time agitated to its centre by daring essays at reform, seemed to invite intellect to come and achieve high destinies.

Every one who honestly sets to work to examine what has been the action of St. Simonism upon French society, will find that this action has been far from sterile. The bourgeoisie, indeed, was too solidly fixed when the St. Simonians made their appearance, to permit of any encroachment being made upon those principles, in virtue of which its domination had been established; it accepted, therefore, and retained, of the influence of the St. Simonians, only what suited its instincts and interests, namely, a more decided tendency for the study of economies, a clearer understanding on the subject of public works, a more enlarged view of the importance of industry. As to the ideas of the St. Simonians with respect to the rehabilitation of the principle of authority, the credit of the state, the abolition of all privileges of birth, the destruction of pauperism; and in the second phasis of St. Simonism, with respect to the religious mission of power combined with the emancipation of women, the bourgeoisie could not admit these principles without pronouncing its own sentence. They accordingly repelled them with genuine vehemence, and feigned contempt; but they did not entirely perish for all that, but remained, as it were, in depôt, in certain choice minds, where they germinated and underwent fruitful modifications.

The session was now approaching. The ministry, composed of men of no authority, of mediocre abilities, could it command the chamber, could it stand before the chamber? This was an interesting question.

The victory of June had, as we have seen, elevated the ministers to an extraordinary point of exaltation. They took it for granted that their power, which had successfully withstood so rude a shock, was confirmed for a very long time to come. The king, on his part, was eagerly desirous of retaining in his council men whose incapacity and mean order of devotion rendered them the passive instruments of his will. But the language of the deputies, who were now beginning to collect in the capital, dissipated the hopes of the court; and it soon became manifest that a cabinet acting in implicit subservience to the king, would meet in the chamber a resistance not to be overcome. The

vices of the combinations upon which the constitutional régime is founded, were now made clearly manifest, and the destinies of the nation were about to be set floating between two powers, both aspiring to the sovereignty, and rendered beforehand bitterly hostile to each other by this rivalry.

The three men called by their superior talents to hold, one or other of them, the sceptre of the parliamentary majority, were at this time, MM. Thiers, Guizot, and Dupin the elder. Among these three candidates it was necessary to select one as prime minister.

The sympathies of the king were in favour of M. Dupin, who had for a long time been mixed up with his private interests, whose secret foibles he was thoroughly conversant with, and in whom he had no puritanism to encounter. It was, accordingly, to M. Dupin, that he addressed himself in the first instance. The negotiation, after being protracted for an extended period, was on the point of being satisfactorily concluded, when, all at once, it was rumoured that a scene of an exceedingly animated description had taken place between the monarch and the subject. The news turned out to be true; the parties had separated in a state of mutual displeasure; some said that M. Dupin had refused to assent to the principle of personal government, which the king insisted upon; others that upon a point of minor importance, the king took offence at an exhibition of blunt abruptness on the part of M. Dupin, a feature which that gentleman was occasionally in the habit of introducing into his deportment and language; however this may have been, the parties had separated in mutual disgust.

There remained M. Guizot and M. Thiers. But the first was unpopular to a degree, which produced inconvenience to those whose interests he most warmly defended; and as to the second, though he had displayed great talent, he had not as yet sufficient weight to warrant his being put at the head of affairs.

In this embarrassment the king cast his eyes upon M. de Broglie. The name of this personage, his large connexion, his high character, the consideration which he enjoyed, were all calculated to give consequence to a cabinet of which he should form part; and under his ægis M. Thiers might render the monarchy very useful services.

This arrangement appeared to most of the influential members of the parliamentary majority an excellent one. But the king had by no means a taste for M. de Broglie, a man of inflexible principles, firm determination, and intractable virtue, who prided himself on his persistence to the same opinions, and repelled a policy of expedients as unmanly, and who was besides of a captious and irritable temper.

Procrastination, however, was dangerous. M. de Rémusat was directed to see M. de Broglie, and to offer him a post in the cabinet, with M. Thiers for his colleague.

M. de Broglie hesitated at first, and finally declared that he would only enter the cabinet upon condition of being accompanied by M. Guizot. In vain it was represented to him that M. Guizot had exasperated public opinion; that in the existing state of the public mind, the

services of such a man would be pernicious to the monarchy; and that such was the opinion of the deputies most devoted to the throne, as, for instance, MM. Jacques Lefévre, Fulchiron, and Jacqueminot; that, if it was expedient sometimes to disdain the clamours of the press, at least it was proper to deal warily with the antipathies of the parliament. But M. de Broglie was not to be moved; it was necessary to submit to his conditions; and, on the 11th of October the *Moniteur* published the famous ordinance which summoned M. de Broglie to the office of foreign affairs; M. Thiers to that of the interior; M. Guizot to the ministry of public instruction; and M. Mumann to the Ministry of finance. Marshal Soult retained the portefeuille of war, with the title of president of the council; and M. Barthe was minister of justice.

Thus was formed that ministry of the 11th of October, which was to continue the fearful conflict begun by Casimir Périer, and the existence of which was but one protracted tempest. If we consider only the personal importance and the talent of those who composed that ministry in which were included Thiers, Broglie, and Guizot, it was unquestionably, the strongest which could have been created under the circumstances; but this very fact was a subject of annoyance to the king. Convinced, with reason, that in a country like France, in which the spirit of inquiry had made such rapid conquests; in which high station no longer commanded its former *prestige;* and where nothing else was readily obeyed but an active and vigorous authority; convinced that, in such a country, an inert royalty would, sooner or later fall into contempt, and come to be regarded but as a costly superfluity, the king desired both to reign and govern. Now, he very well knew that a close alliance between ministers so important as de Broglie, Guizot, and Thiers, would condemn himself to play a passive part: it was amongst the necessities of his position, to prevent them from forming a solid union among themselves; and the divisions which subsequently sprung up between Thiers and Guizot were the work of the court. From the very first, it laboured with remarkable dexterity to instil the venom of ambitious jealousy into the souls of those two men, who both alike became the dupes of their passions. M. Thiers had risen from a very obscure condition; and even amidst his new grandeurs, he was pursued by the fatality of certain family circumstances, which, without affecting his personal consideration, were nevertheless, capable of throwing no few obstacles in his way. M. de Talleyrand thought him all the better fitted, for this very reason, to fill the functions of prime minister under superior control. It was resolved, therefore, to turn to account, against Thiers, the difficulties of his position, and the unfavourable results of chance. He was given to understand that it was open to him to aspire to everything, and that he was worthy, by his talents, of occupying the first place in the state beneath the throne; but that, to that end, he had need of the highest of all patronages, and that he would be lost from the moment he should cease to be upheld by the royal hand.

What the court wanted was a president of the council, who would consent to sink his own importance in the most complete manner, and

who should be, nevertheless, endowed with a capacity sufficiently great, with oratorical talents sufficiently distinguished to exercise a durable influence in the parliament. Louis Philippe frequently expressed his regret at not being able to take part in the debates of the Chamber, from which he was excluded by his rank as king, and the results of which he seemed to think his words would, upon many occasions, have modified. The court, therefore, would have desired that, with the title of president of the council, M. Thiers should be, in fact nothing more than the orator of the crown. Secret manœuvres were practised with a view to this result; and, as M. Guizot was naturally upon the road to the presidency, there was no difficulty in sowing the seeds of that misunderstanding in the council which was afterwards to become conspicuous, and to render the parliamentary government utterly impossible.

No one, after all, was better calculated than M. Thiers to lead the bourgeoisie; his shrewd intellect; his subtle, but good-humoured countenance; his easy, unaffected manners; his lively chattering, and the careless grace with which he made light of his own importance when need was: all these rendered his superiority light to be borne, and all the better secured its empire. All this was of service to him amongst a class which likes leaders of easy access, and who do not stand too stiffly upon their personal merits. He had risen from a very low station, and this gave him a claim to the favour of the *parvenus*, who held in him the legitimacy of their own fortunes. And, then, what a fecundity of expedients did he display! What vivacity of intellect! What aptitude for comprehending, for explaining everything! M. Thiers was a journalist, a man of letters, and a financier; he would have made himself, had occasion offered, general of an army, and even, despite the direction his studies had taken, there was nothing he so much envied as the career of a warrior. In his History of the French Revolution, he had affected a great knowledge of strategy; and nothing would have so delighted him as to mount his charger, review troops, and curry popularity among the soldiers. Eloquent he was not, and his small figure was strikingly to his disadvantage in the tribune; but he was so lucid in his exposition of affairs; he spoke with such a heartiness of his love for his country; his pantomime was so expressive; his shrill and feeble voice acquired such a plaintiveness from fatigue, that he obtained success by means of his very defects; by the absence of all noble appearance, by diffuseness, excessive negligence, and common-place demeanour and tone. No one better than he knew the art of assuming mediocrity in an assembly. His ideas were manifestly turned towards the Empire; he would have the executive to be active and respected; he disdained it when scrupulous; as for principles, he had a hair-brained, and sometimes impertinent scorn for them; for, in politics, he recognised no other divinity than force, and this he adored in its most opposite manifestations, provided always it showed no features of rigorism. He loved it equally well as a means of tyranny and as an instrument of revolt; he had admired it in Bonaparte; he had admired it in the impetuous Danton; and he would have admired

it even in Robespierre, if in Robespierre he had not found it united with austerity: for the rest, he had no consistency in his conduct, little depth of sentiment, more restlessness than activity, more turbulence than audacity; he proved himself, at times adequate to an emergency, and he would have possessed elevation of mind, had he been gifted with more elevation of heart. In many respects, M. Thiers was a Danton in miniature; he had nevertheless, much more probity than he was given credit for, and his enemies threw out unjust accusations against him in this respect; but being a man of imagination, loving the arts with a childish passion, devoured by frivolous wants, capable of forgetting the affairs of state for the discovery of a bas-relief by Jean Goujon; impetuous in his whims, eager to snatch the enjoyments of the present moment, he gave a ready handle to calumny. Though, individually, he had no rancour or malice, as a minister he was much less averse than M. Guizot to violent measures; it is true, that he did not, like M. Guizot, make a parade of despotism; he would gladly have terrified his enemies, without feeling any desire to boast of their fears; the essential thing for him being to put in operation the system of intimidation which M. Guizot laid down in theory; for the one panted to act, the other to appear.

Sometimes, after resisting pernicious designs in the council, M. Guizot stood up in the tribune as their apologist, and uttered implacable words, words of that kind that stick fast in men's minds. It was not so with M. Thiers, who was an indefatigable corruptor of the press, and skilful tamperer with public opinion, and the successful flatterer of that portion of the bourgeoisie which piqued itself upon liberalism and national pride. At any rate, M. Thiers possessed neither love of humanity, nor an apprehension of its possible progress; guessing at nothing beyond the horizon, he made little account of the people; he admired it only in the battle-field, where it rushes upon destruction, and thought it good for nothing, but as matter to be worked upon by those insolent speculators, who, under the usurped name of statesmen, parcel out amongst them the spoils of nations.

The ministers of the 11th of October, upon assuming office, found two great acts to be accomplished: it was necessary to consolidate the new throne by the arrest of the Duchess de Berri, and to secure general peace by compelling King William to submission. Since the suppression of the Vendéan insurrection had reduced the Duchess de Berri to seek an asylum in the city of Nantes, the provinces of the West had remained silent and still, and yet the alarm of the executive had not been allayed. Deceived by false reports, the sport of the most opposite impressions, believing themselves always upon the point of being betrayed by those they had chosen for instruments, the ministers had never been able to adopt a precise and systematic policy with regard to La Vendée. The Vendéan insurrection had been combated by means neither suggested nor directed by the executive; and upon the personal responsibility of the generals charged with the pacification of the West.

This pacification having been accomplished under the command of Lieutenant-general Solignac, it was to be expected that the executive should show him some gratitude. Notwithstanding this, immediately after his victory over the Chouans, Lieutenant-general Solignac was surprised to see Lieutenant-general Bonnet arrive in Nantes, invested with a command superior to his own; the very man under whose orders he had once already refused to serve: and this was done at a moment when the last trace of disturbance was disappearing in La Vendée, and when there remained little more to do but to bury the dead and to try the prisoners. This was, for a veteran distinguished in the wars of the Empire—for a man eminent for his recent services—an insult not to be glossed over by smooth conventional forms and hypocritical eulogiums. General Solignac thought he could recognise in this fact the hand of Marshal Soult, his bitter enemy. He protested; wrote a vehement letter to the minister of war, and addressed his complaints directly to the throne; and these complaints had the more weight, inasmuch as the general could insist upon the offensive precautions with which his command had been surrounded. For whilst he was making war upon the Vendéans, several of the authorities under him were corresponding with an aid-de-camp of Louis Philippe, M. de Rumigny, who had been sent into Morbihan, where he exercised, in the name of the court, secret influence, such as was more directly exercised at Nantes by the counter-police of M. Carlier. Such had been the policy of the minister as regards La Vendée, a policy destitute of ability, decision, frankness, and good faith.

After all, General Bonnet did not long retain the post assigned him, and was himself superseded by Lieutenant-general d'Erlon.

It was under the military government of the latter, and a few days before the formation of the ministry of the 11th of October, that the trial took place, before the Court of Assize at Blois, of Caqueray fils, Sortant, Condé, Cresson, and other Chouans, to the number of twenty-eight. The majority were acquitted; some of them were condemned to detention. The moderation of this sentence was remarkable in the sequel of a civil war, which had aroused such violent passions; but besides that the accused had been very eloquently defended by M. Janvier, a man of great talent, and of a most generous character, the depositions had thrown a strong light upon the situation of La Vendée, and upon the nature of the rising. Amidst the many exaggerations and falsehoods spread by party spirit, it was not without surprise and emotion that one of the witnesses, a captain of the 41st, was heard stating the truth respecting those he had fought against, as well as those he had served. This gallant and honourable officer was named Galleran; he declared that public opinion had been misled by the statements of the journals, and the reports of the government agents; that a great deal had been said about purely imaginary victories, and that public indignation had been excited on account of facts falsely represented; that the Vendéan peasants were, in general, good, honest people, animated with genuine patriotism, and republicans, if not in their political

notions, at least in their moral character, their habits, and their domestic life; that the alleged distributions of money made to the Chouans amounted only to sums of from seventeen to twenty sous bestowed upon the most needy; that the only system to be employed, with respect to such men and such a country, was a system of moderation and equity. But to these declarations the witness added others, by which the bands were formally accused of brigandage. "The bands," he said, "manifested their presence only by vexations of every kind; if they entered the farmer's dwelling, it was musket in hand, and they called for what they wanted, laying about them with the butts of their muskets. They adroitly circulated the report that the line was with them, and had orders not to arrest them. In this way they had acquired such an influence through terror, that the ill-treated farmers dared not open their mouths; and the fathers or children of individuals who had been cruelly assassinated, dared not give intimation to justice. In general, the bands did no mischief to the soldiers. One of my soldiers was taken in a battue: 'Are you not,' said the Chouans to him, 'one of those who sent bullets among us this morning?' 'Yes,' replied the soldier, 'I did my duty;' and they let him go. It was not the same with the gendarmes and the national guards; the bands gave them no quarter."

The trial of the twenty-two Vendéans was followed by that of M. Berryer; but it was only to furnish him with an occasion for a conspicuous triumph. When he appeared before the tribunal, the jurors and spectators rose spontaneously. Several avocats seated themselves beside the traverser; the president having remarked to them that that was not their place, one of them, M. Vallon, replied, "the traverser's bench is so honoured to-day that we thought to do ourselves honour by seating ourselves upon it." A few noble and stirring words were enough on M. Berryer's part to refute the accusation, which the law officers of the crown speedily abandoned. It was indeed very strange that the very man should have been arrested as instigator of the civil war, who had with so much energy, persuasive power and eloquence, resisted the design in the very presence of the Duchess de Berri.

Secluded at Nantes, in the house of the Demoiselles Duguigny, Marie Caroline, amidst all her sufferings and dangers, still cherished lofty hopes. From her asylum, guarded with the most vigilant and discreet fidelity, she kept up an active correspondence with some of her partisans, and held herself in readiness to take advantage of events. Among the letters she wrote during her stay at Nantes, there is one that deserves to be quoted; it was addressed to the Queen of the French. Here it is:

"Whatever consequences may result for me, from the position in which I have placed myself, whilst fulfilling my duties as a mother, I will never speak to you, Madam, of my own interests; but brave men have become involved in danger for my son's sake, and I cannot forbear from attempting whatever may be done with honour, in order to save them.

"I, therefore, entreat my aunt, whose goodness of heart and religious sentiments are known to me, to exert all her credit in their behalf. The bearer of this letter

will furnish details respecting their situation; he will state, that the judges given them are men against whom they have fought.

"Notwithstanding the actual difference in our positions, a volcano is also under your feet, Madam, as you know. I knew your alarm, your very natural alarm, at a period when I was in safety, and I was not insensible to it. God alone knows what He destines for us, and perhaps, you will one day thank me for having had confidence in your goodness, and for having given you an opportunity of exerting it in behalf of my unfortunate friends. Rely on my gratitude. I wish you happiness, Madam, for I think too highly of you to believe it possible that you can be happy in your present situation. "MARIE CAROLINE."

This letter, so affecting and so dignified, was carried to St. Cloud and delivered, unsealed, to M. de Montalivet, who acquainted the queen with its arrival. The officer waited for the reply at the foot of the staircase; the letter was returned to him and he was told that the queen could not receive it. Certain it is, at least, that she could not reply to it. Unhappy queen! condemned for ever to the torture of stifling the voice of her heart, and for whom the most terrible of all anathemas was embodied in an affectionate prayer, in the earnest wish of a relation, of a friend!

Five months had nearly elapsed since the entry of the Duchess de Berri into Nantes, and the place of her retirement was still a secret, whether it was that she had contrived, by dint of prudence, to baffle all the efforts of her enemies, or that the government had been purposely lax in its researches, for the Duchess de Berri as a prisoner would have been a source of embarrassment and danger; her impunity, in fact, would have made Louis Philippe an object of contempt to the nations; her death would have devoted him to the execration of kings; to restore the princess to liberty would have been to send her back to plots and civil war; to bring her to trial would have been to put in force the principle of equality before the law, a principle fatal to monarchies. Moreover, who would sit in judgment, in a country which was by all means to be monarchical, upon the mother of a child who had become king by the abdication of his grandfather? The peerage? Undoubtedly it would have recoiled in terror from such a responsibility. A jury? A few men taken at random might in that case, merely by exhibiting justice disarmed before the royalty of yesterday, convict the royalty of the day of usurpation and felony! An appeal to the principle of the sovereignty of the people was impossible under the circumstances, without undermining the throne. To punish the crime of revolt in the person of the Duchess de Berri could not be done without calling to mind how it was that the most fundamental of the laws of the monarchy had been trampled on, namely, the inviolability of Charles X.

These were considerations of deep importance, and such as would necessarily prevail as long as foreign war was not imminent; but soon the moment seemed to be at hand when all Europe was to be in flames. William, with increasing pride was braving the decisions of the Conference; was filling the north with the din of his military preparations, and from the citadel of Antwerp, occupied by his soldiers, was threatening to reduce the second city of Belgium to ashes. At such a moment the presence of the Duchess de Berri became really serious

and formidable. There seemed every reason to anticipate, that at the first-known shot fired upon the frontiers, the royalists of the south, and those of La Vendée, would rise a second time in arms; that in front there would be war; anarchy in the rear; that the names of the Prince of Orange and of Henry V. would be blended together in the same wishes, the same cries, and that the dynasty of Louis Philippe, crushed between two efforts at restoration, would be stifled in the cradle. Thenceforth to get possession of the person of the Duchess de Berri became the most imperious necessity of the moment; but a traitor was necessary in order to enable the government to get at the mother of Henry V. Such a man could only be found, in the noble land of France, in the person of a Jew and a renegade. Admitted into the confidence of the Pope for having renounced his God, and into that of the Duchess de Berri for having had the art to conceal the blackness of his heart, this wretch had offered his services to M. de Montalivet long before the ministry of the 11th of October was formed. M. de Montalivet left it to the new ministry of the interior to turn the hypocrisy of Deutz to account. It was known that the Duchess de Berri was at Nantes. Deutz took upon him to discover the princess's asylum, and the more surely to profit by the services of this man, the post of prefect of the Loire-Inferieure was conferred upon M. Maurice Duval, the same whose administration had proved such a cruel affliction to Grenoble.

Deutz* was far from possessing the influence he afterwards boasted of with the mother of the Duc de Bordeaux, but he had accompanied Mesdames de Bourmont from London to Italy; he had seen the princess on her way through Massa to Rome; he had seen her again after her journey to Rome, and, thanks to the recommendations of the Pope, he had been employed to convey important despatches to the Queen of Spain, and to Don Miguel. In this way he had been naturally initiated into important secrets, the betrayal of which cost his perfidious and dastard soul but little. It is true that, upon his quitting Massa in the month of April, M. de Choulot had obliged him to stop about a league from the town, in a valley planted with olives, and had there made him take a solemn and fearful oath.† But what avail oaths? Honour renders them superfluous, baseness violates them. Deutz was betraying the legitimatist's party by a correspondence of five months' standing, when he was sent with all mystery to Nantes by M. Thiers. As he was looked upon with suspicion, the commissary of police, Joly, was sent along with him, the same who under the Restoration had arrested Louvel.

* The narrative which follows contains certain details, respecting the arrest of the Duchess de Berri, different from those that have been already published, but they are derived from an authentic source. Our narrative is founded on notes furnished to General Dermoncourt, subsequently to the publication of his book, entitled *La Vendée et Madame*. These notes, which rectify some errors into which M. Dermoncourt fell, he has been so obliging as himself to transmit to us.

† This is related by Deutz himself, in a pamphlet which he published upon the subject of his treachery; and upon this point we may believe him, since he accuses himself. In other respects, his pamphlet is full of audacious falsehoods.

Upon arriving in Nantes, Deutz presented himself to some influential legitimatists. He spoke of urgent despatches which he had to communicate, and presently besought the favour of an immediate admission to Madame, his only object being to discover her asylum; but certain alarming rumours had already spread among the legitimatist party with respect to this Jew, and besides it was to be feared that the police, who watched narrowly the proceedings of all strangers, should follow the Jew's steps and so reach Marie Caroline. Deutz redoubled his entreaties, and not in vain. Upon the 30th of October the Duchess de Berri said to the brother of the Demoiselles Duguigny, "To-morrow, at six o'clock, you will proceed to the Hôtel de France; ask for M. Gonzague; address him thus, 'you are come from Spain, sir;' here is half of a card cut in two; M. Gonzague has the other half; you will recognise him by this sign, and bring him to me." The next day accordingly, at the hour appointed, M. Duguigny proceeded to the Hôtel de France, recognised Deutz by means of the divided card, and offered to be his guide. As they were proceeding together along the Rue Jean-Jacques, and on the way leading from the Port Maillard to the Rue Haute-du-Château, Deutz appeared uneasy, and wanted to know exactly in what house he was about to be received. "In a house," said M. Duguigny, "which Madame enters only to give you audience, and which she will immediately afterwards quit;" a little way from the house, Duguigny remarked to Deutz that Marie Boissy, one of Madame's two servants, was not very discreet, although her fidelity was unquestionable, and that, consequently, it would be necessary for him to be upon his guard before her. When the servant opened the door for them, Deutz immediately asked, "Is that the one you told me of?" And when Duguigny replied in the affirmative, he said, "And the other, is she discreet?" Being introduced by his guide, Deutz was received in a room in which were the two Demoiselles Duguigny, Mademoiselle Stylite de Kersabiac, and M. Guibourg. Duguigny affected to ask, if Madame was arrived; and he was answered that it was thought she was, for a noise had been heard in the next room. At that moment M. de Mesnard entered. Deutz not recognising him, though he had seen him in Italy, became confused, started back, and cried out, in a tone of dread, "Why, what's this? Where am I?" The wretch, no doubt, remembered the oath he had pledged to M. Choulot. The Duchess de Berri at length appeared, and, addressing Deutz, she asked affectionately after his health; Deutz could only reply with a bow, and then, without having uttered a single word, he followed the Duchess de Berri and M. de Mesnard into the garret, which he afterwards described to the police under the name of the reception-room. The interview continued till half-past eight in the evening. Deutz contrived to find pretexts for asking for a second interview, for he thought that the Duchess de Berri was not in her own house, and he became confirmed in this opinion when he saw the princess take up her shawl and her bonnet as if to go away. At this moment, M. Duguigny having presented himself to receive Madame's orders, "If you have," he said to Deutz,

"any message to send to her royal highness, I will take charge of it. You will find me at No. 2, Place de la Préfecture, upon the third story; but, first of all, for fear of surprise, let us endeavour to become thoroughly acquainted with each other's persons." Deutz was disconcerted when the other looked him steadily in the face; he made a convulsive movement and stammered out, "Did you observe how agitated I was when I came in here? It was quite extraordinary." The duchess then pointing to M. Duguigny, said to Deutz, "That is a good Breton; a man of absolute and unbounded devotedness."

Deutz being obliged to solicit a fresh interview had recourse to a nun in whom the Duchess de Berri had much confidence, and whose credulity he contrived to abuse by infamous falsehoods. This second interview was fixed for the 6th of November. Upon that day, in order to give still more value to his perfidy, Deutz called upon Marshal Bourmont, told him that he was to see the duchess that evening at the house of Mademoiselles Duguigny, and strongly urged him to be present. The police might have arrested the marshal during the visit of Deutz, but this would have endangered the success of the much more important arrest, and this was the reason why Deutz wished to entice the marshal to the Duchess de Berri's. M. de Bourmont, however, was fortunate enough to escape this trap; in the evening he quitted Nantes, overwhelmed with grief, suffering under high fever, and supported upon the arm of a friend. Meanwhile the fatal hour was approaching for the Duchess de Berri, for, upon this occasion, all necessary measures had been taken. Troops, under the command of General Dermoncourt, had invested the quarter. Deutz was introduced to the presence of the Duchess de Berri, his benefactress; the villain's face was calm; his words breathed only devotedness and respect. Meanwhile a young man enters and hands the princess a letter, informing her that she is betrayed; thereupon she turns to Deutz, and communicates to him the news she has received, looking at him with a smile of inquiry; he, mastering his confusion, replies with the most vehement protestations of gratitude and fidelity; but no sooner had he withdrawn, than bayonets glittered in every direction, and commissaries of police rushed into the house, with pistols in their hands. The Duchess de Berri, informed of the approach of the troops, had barely time to take refuge, with Mademoiselle Stylite de Kersabiec and MM. de Mesnard and Guibourg, in a little hiding-place, formed by the angle of the wall, at the end of the duchess's chamber, and the entrance to which was concealed by an iron plate at the back of the chimney. The commissaries of police, and M. Maurice Duval at their head, finding no one in the house but the two Demoiselles Duguigny, Madame de Charette and Madlle. Celeste de Kersabiec, who all four displayed perfect coolness, set about making the most minute search. *Sapeurs* and masons were called in; the various articles of furniture were opened or broken; the walls were struck with axes, hammers, and crowbars. Night had fallen, and the work of demolition was still going on. In the narrow space in which they were confined, the

duchess and her companions had only a small opening to breathe through, to which they were obliged, in turns, to apply their mouths. A fire, lighted in the chimney, converted their hiding-place into a hot oven, and there was a moment when the walls of the narrow enclosure were so violently shaken, that those who were cooped up within it, dreaded it would become their tomb. It was then decided by the persons engaged in the search, that the house should be occupied by soldiery until the princess was discovered, and this decision being heard by those in the hiding-place drove them to despair. They had been suffering the agony of confinement for sixteen hours, when two gendarmes, who occupied the chamber, lighted a great fire with peat and newspapers. The prisoners could bear this no longer; Mademoiselle Stylite de Kersabiec cried out, "We are coming out, take away the fire," and M. Guibourg kicked the iron plate which had now become red hot; the fire was instantly brushed away by the gendarmes, and the Duchess de Berri came forth, pale, sinking, and overcome with fatigue and emotion. General Dermoncourt was sent for, and he came in with the Deputy Procureur du Roi, M. Baudot, and some officers. Upon seeing the general, the Duchess de Berri said, as he himself has related, "General, I confide myself to your honour." "Madam," replied General Dermoncourt, "you are under the safeguard of French honour," and acting in conformity with his words, the general treated his prisoner with all the deference due to a woman, and, above all, to a woman in misfortune. When free and in arms, the mother of the Duc de Bordeaux had found in General Dermoncourt an active and formidable enemy; vanquished and captive, she found him but an enemy full of courtesy and generosity. As for M. Maurice Duval, who, in the war of La Vendée, had not had occasion, like General Dermoncourt, to expose his own person, he made himself remarkable, upon this occasion, only for a brutal display of rudeness.

Deutz was, for several hours, kept in view by M. Lenormand, central commissary of police; the traitor was in a deplorable state; he beat his head against the wall, tore out his hair, and begged for weapons to destroy himself.

On the 8th of November, 1832, the Duchess de Berri embarked at the embouchure of the Loire, with M. de Mesnard and Mlle. de Kersabiec, in a little war brig, having on board Captain Leblanc, and commanded by M. Mollien. The signal was given, and she who had entered France as regent, now carried away all her effects tied up in a pocket handkerchief. The daughter-in-law of Charles X., and niece of the Queen of the French, was carried prisoner to the citadel of Blaye, whence, under the reign of a Bourbon, was to issue the dishonour of the family. Among the facts relating to the drama of Nantes there are some very curious ones, which we have, nevertheless, thought it right to omit, because they have already been narrated in various works.*

* See *La Vendée et Madame*, by General Dermoncourt; *Mémoires de la Duchesse de Berri*, by M. Nettement; *Biographie de la Duchesse de Berri*, by Germain Sarrut and St. Edme; *Madame, Nantes*, &c., by M. Guibourg.

But there is a very important fact connected with the arrest of the Duchess de Berri which has hitherto remained unknown. It is worth relating somewhat in detail, and to this end we must begin rather far back. The Bourse of Paris had been the scene of a violent and memorable struggle in 1831. M. Ouvrard was a potent speculator, who never seemed dismayed or confused by the tempests his schemes stirred up, even when they threatened to overwhelm him. Ouvrard would fain have played havoc with the Bourse, from a sort of poetic instinct, and pretty much as conquerors delight to cut and carve the world for the sport's sake—for the renown of the thing and the intense excitement. Clearly foreseeing what shocks the three days of July would occasion amongst all nations, he had begun immediately after 1830 to speculate enormously for a fall in the funds. Already violently shaken by the successive revolutions which were then turning up the soil of old Europe, public credit in France appeared in a very tottering condition, and French stock continually offered for sale by Ouvrard, sank lower and lower in price. Upon the 6th of April, 1831, the French funds reached their lowest state of depression; the three per-cents. were quoted at 47, 50; the five per-cents. at 76, 50; and several *agents de change* who had speculated for the rise disappeared. Meanwhile a loan of 120,000,000 had been announced, and it was to be adjudged on the 19th of April. Now Ouvrard, who had been the soul, or the leader of most of the operations for a fall, appeared to be the complete master of the Bourse. Besides, the imminence of war paralysed the efforts, both of the bankers, who were interested in a rise of the funds, and of ministers, who had need of credit, and of the receivers-general, whose accounts seemed likely to be thrown into a very disastrous condition if the depreciation continued a little longer. It was necessary, therefore, at all costs, to put a stop to this movement; to raise the funds, and to cut short the operations of the speculators for a fall. The bankers concerted together; the minister of finance summoned the receivers-general to him, and it was determined that recourse should be had to the plan of demanding stock in all time bargains for French *rentes*. To realize the means of making these demands, it was agreed, we are assured, that the house of Rothschild upon the one hand, and the receivers-general upon the other, should issue paper to the amount of 120,000,000; that the Bank of France should discount that paper: and that, with the capital thus furnished, the house of Rothschild and the receivers-general should take up stock, demanded upon the close of time bargains, in the Bourse, and should carry that stock again to the bank, which should thereupon advance them fresh funds to continue their operations. It is certain that, upon the 9th, 11th, and 12th of April, a considerable quantity of stock was taken up at the Bourse, viz., upwards of 900,000 francs worth in the three per cents., and more than 500,000 francs of five per cents. It was a real *coup de théâtre*. The funds rose with extraordinary rapidity from 48 and 80 to 58 and 89, so that the speculators who had staked upon the fall were either forced to stop, as well as the *agents de change*, who had joined in their operations, or broke down com-

pletely. The thing was quite simple. The call for stock obliged the sellers for the account to deliver these *rentes* without delay to the purchasers, who came to them, with cash in hand; but the sellers, being unable to fulfil the condition thus imposed upon them, otherwise than by hurried purchases, a rise became inevitable. Such was the effect of the scheme that, in the course of the month of April, the three per cents. rose from 47 to 62 or 63, and the five per cents. from 75 to 90; and yet, the apprehensions of an European war were still so urgent that no offer to take the loan of 120,000,000, at 84 francs, the minimum fixed by the ministers, had yet been made; and the subscription to the national loan had produced a very inconsiderable sum compared with what was wanted.

M. Ouvrard's defeat was total; but he was not the man to renounce his bold speculations. In 1832, his activity was again called forth by the Duchess de Berri's enterprise. A restoration in France demanded a great display of financial resources. M. Ouvrard, who was in Holland, proposed to King William and Marie Caroline a scheme for a loan founded on the following arrangements.

An English Tory banking-house, a rival of the Rothschilds, was to issue in the name of Henry V. three per cents. worth six millions, annual interest. The three per cents. being then at 60, the loan would have produced 120,000,000 cash. This capital was to have been employed in purchasing, from the several powers of Europe, the amount, in five per cents., sufficient to pay the six millions of three per cents. Now, the three per cents. being at 90, a capital of 108,000,000 would be enough to purchase 6 millions in five per cent. stock, so that of the 120,000,000 produced by the loan, 12,000,000 would remain at the disposal of Henry V. The operation, therefore, offered two advantages; first, the profit of 12,000,000; secondly, a solemn guarantee secured to the lenders, since it reposed not upon the credit of a single power, but upon that of all the powers together. This being laid down, two suppositions offered themselves; either the three per cents. issued in the name of Henry V. would maintain their price, or they would fall. In the former case, the credit of the pretender would have been established, and the 12,000,000 profit might be turned to whatever use should seem most advantageous to the success of the cause. In the latter case, it would have been absolutely necessary, it is true, to employ the money in hand in raising the price of the three per cents. by well-contrived purchases; but here shone forth the extreme ingenuity of the scheme; for what would the fall of the three per cents. have proved? It would have proved that Europe was secure from fresh commotions; that the enterprises of legitimacy were not of a nature to threaten the repose of nations with a speedy reaction. Now, these would have been manifest reasons for a rise in the five per cents. purchased by Henry V.; thus, the stock issued could not fall without causing a rise in the stock purchased, whence it followed that, by selling the latter very dear, in order to buy in the former very cheap, the treasury of the legitimatist party would, even under the less favourable

supposition, realize enormous profits. This was effecting upon a large scale the operation which the stock-jobbers perform upon a small one under the name of *arbitrage*. A vast plan was built upon this financial project. The King of Holland was not ignorant how important for him would be a diversion in Vendée, and he gladly gave his aid to every scheme calculated to bring back Belgium into his hands. Now, an agent had been sent to the Prince of Orange in the month of June, to announce to him that, if he recommenced hostilities, the King of Sardinia was determined, whether supported or not by Austria, to declare against France; but nothing had resulted from this overture, in consequence of the timid policy of the King of Prussia, who told the King of Holland that he would abandon him, if he took the first step in war. Subsequently, the state of things in Europe had become still more complicated; secret divisions had arisen in the Conference of London; Russia, Prussia, and Austria, appeared disposed to separate from the policy pursued by the cabinets of the Tuileries and of St. James's. The course of the legitimatist negotiations was resumed. The exiled royal family was to have quitted England, and to have taken refuge in the dominions of the King of Holland. Venloo was to have been assigned, as a residence, to Henry V.; there was reason to reckon upon the co-operation of some generals half detached from the cause of Louis Philippe. It was known that, upon a signal agreed upon, a lieutenant-general would make his division pass under the white flag. The partition of Belgium between Holland and France was to have been announced as one of the advantages resulting from the triumph of legitimacy; lastly, the confederates promised themselves a great deal from the realisation of the loan, of which we have described the mechanism. But all these brilliant hopes began to wane during the latter period of the abode of the Duchess de Berri in Nantes: they were totally destroyed by her arrest.

The king had, for the moment, secured the safety of his dynasty: he was not aware that a great danger impended over his life. The boastful and cruel delight displayed after the events of June; the vanquished handed over to the tender mercies of the *sergeants de ville;* the prisons crowded with suspected persons; Paris placed unconstitutionally and violently under the jurisdiction of councils of war; the infamous edict of 1666 suddenly revived, and physicians called upon to descend to the part of informers; the recent attack made upon the right of association by the dispersion of the club of the *Amis du Peuple;* —all this exasperated the enemies of the government to the highest degree. Up to this time, insurrection had been the only object of the most fanatical; but insurrection failing them, the feeling of their own impotence hurried them into the excess of audacity, and they concentrated, upon a single head, all the hatred with which they were animated. Assuredly, there can be no error more profound, none more pernicious, than to believe in the possibility of the successful issue of murder, even if it be effected, and to accord to a single man the honour of supposing that, upon his single life, hangs the welfare of the people:

the destinies of a nation do not depend upon so small a thing. When evil exists, it is in the nature of things, and there only it should be sought out. If a man represent that evil, by sweeping away that man, the personification is not destroyed—it is renewed. Cæsar, assassinated, sprang to more terrible life in the person of Octavius; but how should such ideas have been universally admitted in a country in which all were taught to honour the courage of Harmodius and Aristogiton; in which the memory of Brutus was the object of classical reverence; in which the crime of the month of *nivose*, attempted by some great persons for their own interests, had been blamed only for not having succeeded; in which every one was suffered to call the whole body of society before the tribunal of his own reason, and in which the doctrine of individualism had made such rapid progress, that it thrust itself into everything; into morals, by the atheism of the law and the confusion of the creeds; into politics, by the extraordinary subdivision of parties; into education, by the anarchy of the educational system; into industry, by competition; into government, by the encouragements that had been lavished, for half a century, upon insurrection? Liberalism had professed, for fifteen years, this false and pernicious theory, that government should have nothing to do with the moral control of the subject: the consequences were not slow to show themselves. Under the sway of atheistic laws, and of a morality abandoned to all the caprices of controversy, each man had come to accept no other judge of the legitimacy of his acts than his own self.

Such, then, was the state of society, when, for the first time since 1830, some young men, blinded by passion, began to entertain vague criminal projects. The triumphant promenade of Louis Philippe, upon the 6th of June, which had been cried up as an act of courage, appeared to them only a bravado. They asked themselves, should they not immolate a great victim to the manes of those whose corpses had lain upon the flags of the Morgue. Ere long, the rumour ran that conspirators had, on many occasions, been posted upon the road from Paris to Neuilly, and that chance, or the active surveillance observed upon the road, had alone prevented them from striking the blow.

It was under the impression of these ominous rumours, that the king was to prepare to open the session of 1833. On the 19th of November, the day fixed for the king's opening the house, the whole space between the Tuileries and the Palais Bourbon was covered with troops. Two carriages, the one containing the queen and her daughters, the other the ministers, proceeded towards the Chamber; next came the cortége, which advanced slowly between two lines of national guards and soldiers. The king was on horseback at the head of the escort; he reached the Pont Royal, when a shot was suddenly heard within a few paces of him; he started, and hastily stooped down over the pommel of his saddle, as if he had been wounded; then turning, with a scared and bewildered countenance, towards the spot from which the shot had been heard, he uttered some words, which were drowned in a long murmur of surprise and dismay; he had strength enough, however, to raise his hat in the

air, and salute the crowd, and to reassure his escort, which had gathered around him. Consternation was general. Was not this first attempt the signal, or the prelude, to a still more terrible aggression? The cavalcade appeared, for a moment, disposed to turn back; it proceeded, however, upon its way after two or three minutes' hesitation, during which General Pajòl and Colonel Raffé, and other superior officers, hastily collected erroneous, but reassuring information. The shot had been fired so near the troops lining the road, that as no one had been struck, an opinion at first prevailed that the alarm had been caused by the accidental discharge of a soldier's piece. This opinion being for a while believed by the crowd and by the public force, contributed, no doubt, to the escape of the criminal and his accomplices, if he had any.

But the truth soon came out. A young woman, elegantly dressed, had fainted, and, under the feet of the crowd that immediately formed around her, was found a recently discharged pistol. Soon afterwards, at a short distance from the spot in the middle of the roadway, which had been entered by the crowd after the cavalcade had passed by, there was found a second pistol, exactly similar to the first, but charged and primed: it was put into the hands of the police. The young woman having recovered, related, in tones of extreme terror, that a young man had placed himself before her; that he had drawn a pistol from his pocket, and that, to take the better aim at the king, he had rested his weapon upon a soldier's shoulder. She stated that she had then made an effort to seize the young man's arm, but that he had pushed her back with a violent blow on the chest, and that the suddenness of that movement had disconcerted his aim. Mademoiselle Bourry—that was her name—described the criminal on the spot, and furnished the most precise details. She was then taken to the Tuileries, where, after undergoing a fresh examination, she was presented to high personages, who loaded her with felicitations and caresses; her position was inquired into, which was found to be humble enough; and it appeared that she had come from Bergues to Paris to solicit the reversion of a post-office appointment. She was not the less surrounded with all sorts of delicate attentions. The inn where she had stopped was not thought worthy to receive a female who had become, to such a degree, important in the state. The court journals spoke of Mademoiselle Bourry only in terms of marked respect, and affected to call her exclusively "the young person who saved the king's life."

The king, meanwhile, had arrived at the Palais Bourbon, whither the news of the danger he had incurred had not preceded him; accordingly, there was nothing unusual in the reception given by the deputies to the monarch. Some shouted, others remained silent and unmoved, according to their various opinions or sentiments. Louis Philippe read, with emotion, the cause of which was still unknown to the great part of the assembly, the speech prepared for him by the ministers: its tone was threatening. The government congratulated itself therein, upon its double victory over the factions; declared that it would overwhelm them; that it would crush them: spoke in very vague terms respecting the

peace of Europe, and in very decisive terms respecting the impossibility of diminishing the public burdens. No doubt such language as this would have been very coldly received, if the news had not spread, before the sittings were closed, that Louis Philippe had had a narrow escape from death. Immediately, the deputies, of all shades of opinion, agreed in one common feeling of reprobation, and in the evening they proceeded in great numbers to the Royal Palace: some, because they were really filled with indignation and grief; others, because they did not wish to lose this special opportunity for flattery. "Well," said the king to M. Dupin, "so they fired upon me!" "Sire," replied M. Dupin, "they fired upon themselves," a profound saying, but one that calumniated a whole party.

In truth, this criminal attempt was not the work of any party; and the republicans repudiated the responsibility of it with lofty and sincere energy. What of that? There was an immediate repetition of that dishonest, undignified, and shameful system of polemics, to which the assassination of the Duc de Berri had given occasion under the Restoration. From the fanaticism of a few men, the courtiers argued that of a political opinion, the logic of which was thus condemned as tending to murder. Under the Restoration, the court papers had said "Louvel's dagger is a liberal idea." Under Louis Philippe, there were men who said "The king's life has been put in danger by a republican idea:" for falsehood is the everlasting weapon of parties.

After all, in this quarrel, injustice was likewise displayed on the part of the opposition journals: some of them replied to odious insinuations by suppositions of no probability, and the police was gravely accused of having got up a pretended assassination, for the purpose of reviving the extinguished enthusiasm in favour of monarchy.

Be this as it may, the judicial inquiry was actively followed up; the police, who had not been able to arrest anybody upon the Pont Royal, made numerous arrests in private houses. It is asserted, as a fact, that several warrants had been prepared upon the preceding day in anticipation of the disturbances expected from the fermentations of the popular societies.

On the 14th of November, five days before the opening of the Chambers by the king, two individuals belonging to the *Société des Droits de l'Homme, Collet et Cantineau* went to the prefecture of police, and gave information of a pretended plot formed by the citizens Bergeron, Billard, and Girou. The two informers requested to be placed under arrest, in order to secure them from all suspicion and all vengeance, as well as to give the police a pledge of their sincerity. Billard, the only person whom they had clearly pointed out, the only one whose dwelling they could specify, was instantly arrested. Girou did not fall into the hands of the police until the day after the attempted assassination, and Bergeron not till five days after this, although it had been established, in the course of the judicial inquiry, that the latter had not ceased to perform his duty in the institution with which he was connected as a tutor. Whilst Bergeron was on his way from his dwell-

ing to the prefecture of police, a post carriage, escorted by gendarmerie, was conveying Doctor Benoist, an avowed republican, from Chauny to the capital. A denunciation attributed to the jealousy of another physician, had pointed out M. Benoist as having proceeded to Paris on the evening of the opening of the chambers, and left it hastily on the following day. It happened by a strange coincidence, that M. Benoist was the intimate friend of Bergeron, and it was proved that they had passed a part of the day of the 19th together.

Girou, another of the accused, was confronted with Mademoiselle Bourry, who, without positively recognising him, thought he had some resemblance with the criminal. Soon afterwards, this young lady and the other witnesses were confronted with the four suspected persons, Bergeron, Benoist, Girou, and Lambert. The latter, a working man, possessing much influence from his intelligence and his courage, was restored to liberty, because none of the descriptions given were applicable to him. The same thing was done by Girou some time afterwards. As far as could be determined, amidst numerous contradictions and uncertainties, the heaviest charges lay against Bergeron, but these charges were not beyond the scope of doubt; there was no affirmative testimony, no formal recognition.

Bergeron, whose age was hardly twenty-one, was a man of calm and self-possessed exaltation of mind; of gentle manners, and of good-natured, though firm and resolute character. His demeanour before the judge was neither arrogant nor timid. He made no secret of his ardent republicanism, avowed his participation in the conflict of the 5th and 6th of June, and declared his readiness again to take up a musket if he saw any chance of success in a fresh insurrection. The magistrate who conducted the inquiry, having asked him, "Did you say that the king deserved to be shot?" Bergeron calmly replied, "I don't recollect that I ever said so, but I think so."

This daring frankness seemed to give more weight to the formal denials with which he met the charges against him. Being questioned as to how he had spent his time upon the 19th, he alleged an alibi at the time that the crime was committed, and his assertion was borne out by numerous testimonies.

The inquiry was drawing to a close; the law officers were in the utmost uncertainty; the prisoner's discharge seemed inevitable, when an unexpected incident gave strength to the accusation against him. A woman of doubtful character suddenly pointed out to the law officers a college companion of Bergeron's, named Janety, who she said could give valuable information. Janety asserted, that being on the 19th upon the Quai Voltaire, with MM. Planet and Benoist, he had met Bergeron, and heard him say that he had just fired at Louis Philippe; that he had shown great coolness, and escaped being arrested by his presence of mind. But Planet, Benoist, and several other persons, denied the principal circumstances related by Janety. Some of his relations, among them his own brother, affirmed that he was naturally disposed to exaggeration and lying. Bergeron and Benoist were nevertheless committed

for trial before the court of assizes; the former as principal, the latter as accomplice in the affair of the Pont Royal.

The trial having subsequently begun under the presidency of M. Duboys d'Angers, whose partiality, involuntary no doubt, was remarked by the journals, one hundred and thirty witnesses were examined. Among them figured Mademoiselle Bourry, who after having been the heroine of the drama, had sunk down to the part of a mere supernumerary. As long as there had been any hope of obtaining any information from her, which would support a prosecution, all sorts of honours and applauses had been lavished upon her; but from the moment her conscientious, unvarying, and disinterested statements could be appealed to in favour of the traversers, the immense service which she had very probably rendered the king, was forgotten, and nothing was thought of but her importunate candour. The witnesses, jealously desirous of obtaining an importance in which she had forestalled them, agreed in answer to the leading questions of the solicitor-general and the president, in contesting a part of the glory she arrogated to herself; there were some who even went so far as to deny her presence upon the scene of event. Bergeron baffled this manœuvre by remarking, that Mademoiselle Bourry had been the first to describe the assassin, and that most of the depositions made subsequently to hers, tallied with her description of the man; whence the conclusion followed, either that she had stated the exact truth, or that she must have possessed a strange power of divination. The accusation was given up as regarded Benoist, and sustained with extreme pertinacity against Bergeron by the procureur-général, M. Persil, and his deputy, M. Franck-Carré. But the traverser and M. Joly, his able advocate, met it with as much success as energy, nor was it long even before they assumed the offensive. After eight days stormy debates, which ended upon Bergeron's part by a very noble and lofty profession of the republican faith, the jury pronounced a verdict of acquittal. Joyous shouts burst forth, and were prolonged upon the Quai de l'Horloge, which was covered by an impatient crowd, and lined by numerous soldiers.

Armand Carrel, who had closely watched the course of the trial, gave the following account of his impressions in the *National:*

"Young Bergeron delivered, with great feeling, a short defence, nobly written, and expressive of his firm convictions; a defence which will prove to those who know mankind, that he is no common man. Such has been the result of almost all the political prosecutions directed against the republican opinions; they have done the executive no other service, than to put in bold relief characters of a strong stamp and hopeful talents. Such is the young traverser, whose acquittal the jury this day pronounced."

What Armand Carrel here said with respect to Bergeron's trial was no less applicable to one that had taken place previously, and which had made no less noise. Towards the close of the year, several members of the *Société des Amis du Peuple* had been summoned before the court of assizes of the Seine, for having taken part *a year previously* in meetings, consisting of more than twenty persons. The accusation was

grounded upon Art. 291, and the point was about to be decided, whether the right of association should be maintained or abolished in a country which was called free.

After a brilliant harangue from M. Rittiez, M. Godefroi Cavaignac addressed the court. He began by defending with simple, but vigorous eloquence, the right of association; then addressing those who affected to see in the idea of a republic only that of disorganization and anarchy, he exclaimed,

"We are, you say, the enemies alike of society and of the government, but to this I have already replied; what we hate in society, are its vices; we are the real friends of social order, for we wish that it should be corrected, and we believe that it is susceptible of being so. You, who say that it is good, flatter it; you, who say that it will always remain vicious, calumniate it. Furthermore, I may upon this occasion, once again demand, where is that organization which we intend to destroy? Religion, science, labour,—what is there constituted and settled in existing society?"

"Religion? Ask a priest, M. de Lammennais. Science? Ask Raspail. What scientific organization is there in a country that is destitute of popular instruction?"

"As for labour, inquire of all those who are devoted to it, if it be organized. Remember Lyons; examine all that is said, all that is done for want of laws to organize labour. Strange calumny! We are disorganizers in a society in which organization is wanting, and in which we desire that it may be at last established!"

"Is it in religion? We are for the absolute liberty of conscience; we are for having no priests who, under any pretence whatever, should govern the affairs of the world; neither do we adopt a faith which refers everything to heaven; which reduces equality to equality in the eyes of God; to that posthumous equality which paganism proclaimed as well as catholicism."

"Religion, as we understand it, comprises the sacred rights of humanity. We deem it not enough to hold up a scare-crow to crime after death, to offer the wretched a consolation upon the other side of the grave. Morality and well-being, that is to say, equality, must be established in this world. The title of man must avail to obtain for all those who bear it, a common religious respect for their rights, a pious sympathy for their wants. The religion which we profess is that which will change horrid prisons into penitentiaries, and which will abolish the penalty of death in the name of human inviolability."

"For science, we demand that it be organized so as to facilitate labour, to multiply production, wealth, and comfort, to diffuse instruction, and to defend mankind against the scourges that befall it. We demand that it be organized, so that when a man like Broussais shall present himself as candidate, he may be elected, and that he may have as electors men who will not thrust him aside; for well-organized election is in its turn pre-eminently a law of organization. We say as

much for letters and for arts: we give them, we say, social utility, glory, liberty, public examination, election.

"As for labour, we demand that it be no longer made subordinate to the interests of the greedy and the idle; we demand that the working man be no longer made the helpless drudge of the capitalist; that the labour of his hands be not his sole source of gain; that he find in the establishment of public banks, in the diffusion of instruction both general and special to his calling, in the sage administration of justice and the equitable adjustment of taxation, in the multiplication of the means of intercommunication, and in the power of association itself, the means of lightening his tasks, of emancipating his capabilities, and of recompensing his industry and courage. We demand above all that labour shall constitute the first of all claims to the exercise of political rights, for societies subsist by labour and not by property.

"At this word I pause, messieurs. I feel it needful still further to pursue my explanations; for we are accused of doctrines hostile to proprietors; and I must add that, in French society, amidst the general existing want of organization and life which I have pointed out, property presents itself under an aspect of strength and organization. Our first revolution established it on new bases, imperfect indeed, but founded on a useful principle, that of division.

"That division it effected solely by limiting the right of inheritance, by enacting the equal partition of patrimonies and prohibiting entails. This was not the only means it might have employed; for instance, it ought further to have extended the right of inheritance; that is to say, that the principle of the division of property would have received increased force and completeness, if there had been levied on every inheritance of a certain value, a sort of duty, which should be thrown into a common fund to be divided among the pauper class.

"Let no one cry out against this scheme; for the fisc does precisely the same thing in levying duties on every succession to property. Only it does so for its own profit, and we should prefer seeing this advantage gathered by the productive hands of the working men.

"But be this as it may, there is might and organization on the side of property in France. The principle of division has been introduced, and it has further multiplied the proprietory class, already enlarged by the sale of national estates; and this recent parcelling out of property among many hands has given it collectively a constitution at once vital and perfectible.

"As for us we have never assailed it; the sentiment of property is one of those that are natural to man; but it is precisely for that reason, precisely because man longs to possess, and because we must not slight or overlook this instinctive tendency, that we would have it satisfied in the greatest possible number of men, instead of being gratified only in a few exceptional instances.

"There would be no more great fortunes; there would be no more excessive poverty. Politically and morally this would be a blessing. It is alleged that the accumulation of capital is necessary for certain

purposes of production. But there will always be a sufficiently large capitalist—the budget. Besides, what will compensate for the subdivision of capital? Once more, association.

"We do not contest the right of property; only we estimate above it the right which society possesses of regulating it for the greatest common good. We cannot admit the right of doing what one will with one's own to the extent of abusing it to the detriment of the social state. Does not the government itself submit to the chambers a law providing for the forced abstraction of private property, on the ground of public utility, thus calling on the law to guard the interests of the community against the abusive hindrances caused by the individual right of property?

"What we do contend against, is the monopoly of political rights; and do not suppose that we do so solely to claim them in favour of capacities. According to our views, whoever is useful is capable; every service infers a right; to every labour belongs, in justice, a profit and a guarantee; for it is to labour especially that the profit is due and the guarantee necessary.

"Why then should property alone have political rights? And then, will not those rights themselves be a property? Can nothing be possessed but land or houses? Will not instruction, that first element of labour and industry which society is bound to afford every one of its members, will not the title of citizen, realized by the guarantees, the assistance, and the protection society owes to all, will not these too be likewise property!"

These explanations given by Godefroi Cavaignac indicate pretty nearly how far went and where stopped the opinions of most republicans towards the close of the year 1832. The traverser concluded his address in these terms:

"You have no right to hinder us from founding our commune on the soil we till. The law, you will say? But here it speaks the language of force; and this language we do not comprehend. 'You cite a law to me,' said a protestant to an inquisitor, 'which prohibits us from meeting together; how can you expect me to fulfil such a law? I do not understand it.'

"No, we do not understand it; and when we revert from the present to the past, all this appears to us as a dream. It was but yesterday I looked over the *Moniteur*, and there I found recorded those famous days, those grand labours, those gigantic wars, the whole vast enterprise of the French people for the achievement of its rights. I followed that luminous track with which the genius of liberty has marked the last forty years, and the events which have shaken the earth from pole to pole, leaving nothing erect but the fortune of nations. I saw that genius caring for every people, making their cause its own, and selecting France as their sustainer; arming her, inspiring her, breathing into her heart an incredible energy, and renewing in her veins all the blood she had prodigally expended.

"I beheld our triumphs, then our reverses; reverses still worthy of

us; showing all the arms of Europe stretched out for our overthrow; then, under the Bourbons, I beheld liberty furnishing bloody sacrifices to tyranny; and, last of all, the days of July, which added the right of the stronger to the sacred right of the people.

"I might, perhaps, count the tale of so many victories and disasters, of so many mighty labours; I might gather up those lessons which France has given to the world: but what shall I find as the result of those lessons, of those efforts? Nothing but men like those who now govern us; nothing but laws like those you are now called on to apply.

"That we should not, at this day, messieurs, have got beyond the 291st article would be an incomprehensible, a desperate enigma—were there not citizens to break through it and juries to acquit them for the deed."

M. Godefroi Cavaignac had not relied too boldly on the sentiments of the jurors he addressed. The defence having been completed by some grave and energetic words on the part of MM. Plocque, Desjardins, Carré, Gaussuron and Despréaux, the proceedings were declared to be closed, and M. Fenet, the foreman of the jury, read the following verdict:

Has there been association of more than twenty persons? Yes.—Was that association periodical? Yes.—Was it authorized by the government? No.—Are the traversers guilty? No.

Thus the jury declared innocent that same fact which the court of cassation had pronounced to be criminal, when it rejected the appeal of the St. Simonians! Thus the 291st article, confirmed by a magistracy emanating from the government, had been virtually abolished by a magistracy emanating from the people! And, that there might remain no shadow of doubt as to the principle on which the jurors had given their verdict, they took care to declare through their foreman, that "in their consciences they had deemed not guilty the fact of association in numbers exceeding twenty persons." Notwithstanding this solemn protest, the president of the court of assize, whilst pronouncing the acquittal of the traversers, declared the *Société des Amis du Peuple* dissolved. This was pushing anarchy to its utmost limit; it was plunging justice into chaos.

Whilst the republicans were taking advantage of the very prosecution instituted against them, to propound and discuss the most profound problems of political and social order, the two chambers were filled with the din of idle and profitless recriminations.

The government had a brilliant and obstinate foeman at the Palais du Luxembourg, in the person of the Marquis de Dreux Brézé. But as he never spoke save in the name of the Restoration, and was the orator of a vanquished power, his words did not awaken many echoes out of doors.

The peerage, besides having long lost all credit, the contests that might arise within it but feebly engaged the attention of the public. The chamber of deputies was, therefore, the chief scene of battle be-

tween the ministry and the opposition on the subject of the speech from the throne.

The executive had had recourse, for its own defence, to measures of flagrant brutality: it had abused the right of prosecuting the press; it had violated the abode of citizens, on many occasions, with cruel recklessness; by its intemperate display of strength, and by the protection it afforded to the violence of its subaltern agents, it had flung challenges to the spirit of revolt, of a nature to change disorder into riot, and riot into insurrection; victor in the open forum, it had put on the powers of the dictator, in order to wreak its vengeance, when the arm of the law would have been sufficient to vindicate its just rights. It was upon the ground of these complicated acts subversive of liberty, that the opposition assailed the ministry, through the mouths of MM. Thouvenel, de Sade, Havin, and Eusèbe Salverte.

The friends of government replied—some with abusive vehemence, like M. Roul, others, like Duvergier de Hauranne, with the calmness of rational conviction, that a system of half measures would inevitably have proved the ruin of the state, amidst so many raging passions, and such a turmoil of clashing factions; that it was holding out encouragements to revolt to refuse ministers the means of crushing it; and that it had needed to the full all the energy displayed up to that time, to put down that audacity of party which, failing in insurrection, had recourse to assassination; that the opposition belied its own principles, when, after calling for the application of martial law to the provinces of the west, it took it amiss that martial law should be proclaimed in the capital, when labouring, like the west, under all the dangers, all the horrors of civil war. Thus, acting on the offensive, the ministerial party reproached the opposition with having instigated to anarchy by the publication of its famous *compte rendu*. Why did it not rather give useful and moderate counsels to that government, whose path it had bestrewed with obstacles? Why did it not teach ministers, in terms more precise and clear, that precious art of good government, of which it seemed to boast itself the sole possessor? "What would you have done in our place?" cried M. Thiers to his adversaries. "How would you have surmounted so many difficulties, conjured so many perils? Come, let us hear your plans; initiate us into the mysteries of your wisdom!"

Odilon Barrot had no difficulty in showing how little account was to be made of such appeals. But when he dilated, in bitter tones and with indignant air, on the maintenance of the double vote in the election of the Chamber, the stand made against public opinion in behalf of an hereditary peerage, the opposition to the diminution of the electoral qualification, and the sort of proscription of capacity perpetrated by the electoral law; when he loudly stigmatised the ways of the new government, borrowed from its predecessor, which a tempest had overwhelmed; when he affirmed that the royalty desired in July, was not a royalty relying on interests of family, of caste, of aristocracy, and living under the patronage of the foreigner; when, in fine, he accused ministers of having only been able to continue the course of the Resto-

ration, then, indeed, M. Odilon Barrot unwittingly pronounced sentence on the very principle of monarchy. For no royalty can subsist upon its own resources. Established upon the most exorbitant of all privileges, it must have by its side a privileged body to defend it. You destroy it if you isolate it; you render it superfluous unless you give it, as in England, an aristocracy to represent. Every royalty which is not a symbol, is necessarily a tyranny, for this very simple reason, that a power which does not derive the rationale of its existence from the medium in which it subsists, can only maintain itself by main force. The opposition consequently required an impossibility, when it demanded, to use M. Odilon Barrot's expression, "a royalty which should be in harmony with that sentiment of equality which pervaded French society." Never had political doctrines rested upon more contradictory data, upon a more monstrous Utopia; but such was the inconceivable blindness of all the honest liberals! Wholly possessed of monarchical sentiments, and always filled with the apprehension that permanence of the scaffold would succeed to the abolition of the hereditary throne, they said, "Let us preserve the monarchical régime;" then, hurried away by the torrent of revolutionary ideas, and irresistibly swayed by the principles of equality, they added, "Let there be in that monarchical régime neither unjust distinctions, nor shameful fictions, nor privileges." This was, in point of fact, to demand that the monarchy should exist independently of the sole conditions which could render it possible.

The ministerial party, without having right on its side, had, at least, over its adversaries of the dynastic *gauche*, the advantage of being consistent in its errors; accordingly, its victory was complete. In the first sittings of the chamber, M. Dupin aîné, had defeated M. Laffitte in the contest for the presidency, and M. Bérenger had obtained more votes than M. Dupont de l'Eure, for the vice-presidency. The adhesion given to the speech from the throne by the address, such as it was passed, rendered the triumph of the ministry incontestable. That address was drawn up in such a way, as not even to show any trace of the timid doubts which the chamber of Peers had expressed upon the subject of the *state of siege*. It is true, that the Chamber of Deputies expressed its wish that the policy pursued by ministers should hold a middle course, equally aloof from the reminiscences of the Restoration and from the doctrines of the Republic; a strange chimera, still pursued by the constitutionalists of our day. If men will have monarchy, they must have it with all that constitutes it, they must have it entire. To proclaim it indispensable, and at the same time to refuse to grant it the power to act, and even the means of dazzling by its splendour, is of all imprudences the most dangerous and the least pardonable; for a power proclaimed *indispensable*, is sure to desire whatever is not granted it; and whatever it desires, it endeavours, sooner or later, to seize, whether by corruption or violence.

CHAPTER IX.

RENT and convulsed within, abroad, France was become the sport of diplomacy. The Conference of London, aided by M. de Talleyrand, was following up against us the work of jealousy and hatred, which for two years had absorbed all its activity. In order to resume the thread of these pernicious intrigues, it is necessary to go somewhat further back in the course of events.

The King of the French, upon opening the session of the 23d of June, 1831, had announced to the chambers in a tone of satisfied pride, that the Conference of London consented to the demolition of the fortresses erected in pursuance of the treaty of 1815, in the kingdom of the Netherlands, to humiliate France, and keep her in check. This was a lucky piece of news; the ministers took occasion, in consequence, to vaunt the excellence of their policy; the court journals exulted in this reparation afforded to our honour, and the nation might indulge in a moment of pride; it was not acquainted with the real nature of things. Sir Robert Peel having put a question to the English ministry upon the 28th of June, 1831, touching the Belgian fortresses, Lord Palmerston replied to him in these words: "The negotiation for intervention will take place only between the four powers and Belgium; *France is excluded from it.*" Thus France was to be rudely excluded from a treaty which affected her own honour; thus she had been admitted into the Amphictyonic council of sovereigns, as long as the matter in hand had been to favour the views of the great European monarchies, and now that her dearest interest, her wounded pride was in question, she was repulsed; and M. de Talleyrand, in the name of the French government, submitted to endure this outrage, the most atrocious of all.

Lord Palmerston had spoken the truth. On the 14th of December, 1831, the Plenipotentiaries of Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, signed a definitive convention, the first article of which ran thus: "In consequence of the changes which the independence and neutrality of Belgium have introduced into the military situation of that country, as well as into the means it may command for its defence, the high contracting parties agree to cause to be demolished those of the fortresses erected, repaired, or extended in Belgium since 1815, wholly or partially at the expense of the courts of Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, the maintenance of which would henceforth only constitute a useless incumbrance. In accordance with this principle, all the fortifications of Menin, Ath, Mons, Philippeville, and Marienburg, shall be demolished within the periods determined by the articles hereinafter following."*

So, then, this demolition was determined—first, because it rid the

* This convention does not bear the signature of M. de Talleyrand, who had consented to our exclusion: the names appended to it are those of Palmerston, Esterhazy, Wessemberg, Bulow, Liéven, Mastuszewicz, and Goblet.

powers of an incumbrance, admitted to be henceforth useless; secondly, because the character of *an independent and neutral power*, attributed to Belgium, was evidently sufficient security for Europe combined against us; and that no doubt whatever should remain as to the purport of this convention, the English ministers took care, in parliament, to add to the insult of the text the insult of a commentary. Never, assuredly, even under Louis XV., had the policy of the French government been less French. It is true that, subsequently, the eldest daughter of King Louis Philippe married King Leopold.

Meanwhile, the disputes between Holland and Belgium continued to be the chief subject that engaged the attention of the Conference; it was well aware that, upon the result of that long quarrel, was to depend the peace of Europe.

The reader remembers the treaty of the twenty-four articles; it had resolved the commercial and financial questions in favour of Belgium, and the territorial question in favour of Holland. The fact is, that treaty was not aimed either against Holland or against Belgium—it was aimed against France. The European monarchies, unable to erase from history the revolutions of July and of September, had sought to revive, under another form, the notions which, in 1815, had led to the formation of the kingdom of the Netherlands; and it was for the purpose of setting up against us a double barrier upon the north, that, after having proclaimed the neutrality of Belgium, they granted the King of Holland, not only a part of Luxemburg and the left bank of the Scheldt, but also a part of Limburg and Maëstricht; in a word, a strong footing along the Meuse.

Upon this occasion, France was not excluded from the deliberations of the Conference; she found herself, therefore, of course subjected to the humiliation of guaranteeing, conjointly with the four great powers, the execution of a treaty, the object of which was to keep her in leading strings.*

She was bound to this by the treaty of the 15th of November, 1831, which ratified the twenty-four articles, by placing them under the guarantee of the five subscribing powers, and which prescribed that the treaty should be carried into effect within two months.

The treaty of the twenty-four articles gave rise to the most impassioned debates in the Chamber of Representatives of Belgium; it was accepted, nevertheless, as men accept the law of the stronger. The

* The more we reflect upon the insolence of this arrangement, the more we are amazed that it obtained the approbation and consent of our ministers, and the signature of our ambassador. It is manifest that what we have said of the mediocrity of M. de Talleyrand rests upon the most positive proofs, for these proofs are official documents. We defy M. de Talleyrand's defenders to cite a single one of the protocols of the Conference of London which was not drawn up in a spirit manifestly hostile to France, and, consequently to the ideas of civilization which France represents. If, then, any man refuses to see in this series of protocols an unanswerable evidence of the incapacity of him who submitted to, or accepted them, it must be admitted that M. de Talleyrand was guilty towards his country of one of those treasons which are rendered improbable, if not by the excess of their baseness, at least by the excess of their effrontery.

ratification, on the part of the Belgians, was, therefore, pure and simple. So, likewise, were the ratifications on the part of France and England; but the Dutch plenipotentiaries in London, by express order of King William, protested against the dictatorial decisions of the Conference.

In their note of the 14th of December, 1831, the Dutch plenipotentiaries, Falck and Van Zuylen Van Nyevelt began by reproaching the Conference with having set itself in opposition to the protocol of Aix-la-Chapelle.* This protocol had declared, "That in case a congress, either of sovereigns or of plenipotentiaries, should have for its object matters specially connected with the other interests of Europe, that congress should only take place under the express understanding that the sovereigns should participate in it directly, or by their plenipotentiaries." Now, what had the Conference done? It had, in the first place, admitted the ambassador of the King of Holland to take part in the common deliberations; then, after some meetings, suddenly changing its system, it had excluded the representatives of Holland, and confined itself merely to receiving written communications from them. Was this the sort of participation intended by the protocol of Aix-la-Chapelle? The Dutch plenipotentiaries then denounced, as a flagrant wrong to the independence of their sovereign, and as a violation of the law of nations, certain clauses of the treaty, which tended to nothing less than giving strangers the right of inspection over a river of Holland; giving the right of fishing to foreigners, and confirming to the Dutch, as if it were a matter of doubt, the right of navigating their own rivers, &c. In short, the signers of the protest claimed the whole course of the Scheldt, from Antwerp downwards; deprecated the participation of the Belgians in the intermediate waters, between the Scheldt and the Rhine, and declared that they acceded to the participation of the debts only upon the condition of a capitalization; and they appealed from the treaty of the twenty-four articles to that of the 27th of January, 1831, which had fixed the basis of separation. Viewing the matter in accordance with the rules and laws of diplomacy, nothing was more reasonable, nothing better grounded than this protest of Holland. The Conference replied to it with undignified sophisms. As for the protocol of Aix-la-Chapelle, it pretended that it contained nothing relative to the *form* of the deliberations; a truly pitiful subtlety! For the protocol in question, by attributing to the sovereigns concerned the right of participating in the congresses, directly or by their plenipotentiaries, had evidently intended to leave no interest without security. The Conference added, that the twenty-four articles contained only the development of the bases of separation; and here again the Conference violated the truth, because the treaty of the twenty-four articles, for instance, portioned out Luxemburg between Belgium and Holland, upon the stipulation of a territorial indemnity being granted to the latter, whilst, in the treaty of the *basis of separation*, it was expressly said, article second, "Belgium shall be formed of all the rest of the territories which had received the denomination of the kingdom of the Netherlands, in the

* Dated Nov. 15, 1818.

treaty of 1831, excepting the grand duchy of Luxemburg, which being possessed by a different title by the princes of the house of Nassau, makes, and shall continue to make, part of the Germanic Confederation." It is true that, as the two countries possessed isolated portions, each in the other's territory, the fourth article had provided that arrangements might be made to secure to each a continuous extent of frontier; but when it was found that these arrangements, the scope of which had not been fully foreseen in the first instance, led to a total remodification of the basis adopted, what signified that hypocritical word *development*, with which the Conference met the remonstrances of King William?

Be that as it may, the energetic resistance of that prince had, for its first result, to throw Russia, Prussia, and Austria, into a long fit of doubt and vacillation. Up to that time, these three powers had acted in concert with England, because, upon their part, as well as upon that of England, the secret motive in all these arrangements was a motive hostile to France; but, in order to gratify this common hatred, in order to raise up sufficient obstacles against us upon the North, it had been necessary to sacrifice, partially, the interests of the King of Holland, and to sacrifice them in the name of the revolutionary principle. Now, on this point, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, necessarily began to separate from Great Britain. For the latter power, the question was a very simple one; it consisted simply in keeping France in check. For the former powers, on the contrary, the question was more complicated; it consisted in curbing France, without, at the same time, too fully sanctioning the revolutionary principle, by permitting that the sequel of the days of September should depress, beyond measure, that Dutch royalty which the treaties of 1815 had engendered, which the principle of legitimacy protected, and which made part of the inviolable family of European monarchies.

The protests of King William had, therefore, for the cabinets of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin, a signification and importance which they could not have in the eyes of the cabinet of St. James's. Thence, the delay in the exchange of the ratifications upon the part of the King of Prussia and of the Emperors of Russia and Austria. True to the spirit of the Holy Alliance, those three sovereigns would have wished that King William would permit them, by his voluntary acquiescence in the treaty of the twenty-four articles, to put themselves upon their guard against France, while they should be spared the necessity of violating, openly and outrageously, the laws of monarchical freemasonry.

In this dilemma, the Emperor of Russia determined to send Count Alexis Orloff to the Hague, for the purpose of obtaining the desired acquiescence from the King of Holland.

Count Orloff, finding his urgent applications refused, quitted the Hague, and announced to Europe, in an official declaration, that the Emperor of Russia did not intend to take part in the employment of coercive means for constraining the King of the Low Countries, by

force of arms, to subscribe to the twenty-four articles, but that he considered those articles as comprising the sole basis upon which could be effected the separation of Belgium from Holland (saving the amendments admissible in a final treaty between the two countries). Count Orloff furthermore declared, in the name of his master, that in case the neutrality of Belgium should be menaced, by force of arms, by Holland, the Emperor of Russia reserved to himself the right of concerting, with his allies, for the re-establishment of that neutrality, and the maintenance of general peace.

Austria and Prussia having adhered to this declaration, their plenipotentiaries exchanged ratifications upon the 18th of April, and the plenipotentiaries of Russia upon the 4th of May. The drama was approaching its denouement; it was not yet arrived at it. The Prussian and Austrian ratifications were, in fact, given only under a reservation of the rights of the Germanic Confederation, relatively to the cession and exchange of a part of the grand duchy of Luxemburg; and as for Russia, its ratification was but partial; it contained these words—"Saving the modifications to be made in articles nine, twelve, and thirteen, in a definitive arrangement between Holland and Belgium."

Belgium had counted upon a pure and simple ratification upon the part of Russia, and the Belgian plenipotentiary had been by no means authorized to accept the partial ratification; this was, nevertheless, done by M. Van de Weyer, who therein exceeded his powers, and forced upon his country the alternative, either of submitting to ratifications under reserve, which seemed to throw open the whole question, or to reconstruct them at the risk of breaking with Austria, Prussia, and Russia, and of imprudently tampering with the nationality of Belgium.

Great, therefore, was the indignation in Brussels, and loud were the cries upon all sides against the diplomacy which so long condemned Belgium to a ruinous state of provisional existence, and against the Belgian ministry, which had plunged the future prospects of the country into these perplexities, and against the French government, which had done nothing but crawl meanly at the heels of the Conference. There was but too just cause for the anger of the Belgians; placed between the fluctuations of diplomacy, between dishonour and ruin, they already beheld their industry paralysed, their commerce dried up at the source, their credit lost, their nationality floating at the pleasure of every caprice, at the breath of every chance. The Orangists, furthermore, took advantage of the disorders arising from so many uncertainties, to tempt weak minds to calumniate the revolution, and to cast upon the principle of revolt the responsibility of the growing evils of the country. The kidnapping of M. Thorn, a member of the Belgian senate, by an audacious gang, and his incarceration in the prison of Luxemburg, added fresh fuel to the universal excitement. One cry rose from all points of Belgium: There must be an end of this! But diplomacy could show nothing to match the scandal of its usurpations, except its impotence, and it held anarchy suspended over that Europe whose destinies it pretended to regulate. To the perplexities resulting

from the reservations made by Russia were superadded by those latent in the protocol of the 4th of May, which declared, upon the one hand, that the state of territorial possession was irrevocably fixed; upon the other hand, that there existed difficulties affording grounds for fresh negotiations. The treaty of the 15th of November, 1831, was not definitive, either in what concerned the partition of the debt, or with respect to the commercial advantages accorded to Belgium. This was declared by a separate act. In a note, dated May 11th, the Belgian minister expressed himself in these terms: "If the King of Belgium could show a disposition to open negotiations upon points admitting of them, this could only be after the treaty should have begun to be carried into effect upon all points not subject to controversy. This commencement would consist, at least, in the evacuation of the Belgian territory; until then his majesty will take no part in any new negotiation." The Belgian plenipotentiary, Van de Weyer, was ordered to lay this note before the Conference; he did not do so. This was the second time he failed in the duties of his station. Strange suspicions began to be conceived; nevertheless, he was not deprived of his title of plenipotentiary; but General Goblet was associated with him, and set out for London.

Under the existing state of things Belgium simply demanded that the principle of preliminary evacuation should be laid down. The Conference consented to this at first, and it decided by a note of the 11th of June, that the reciprocal evacuation should be effected upon the 11th of July. Then, seeing that the Dutch plenipotentiaries persisted in the attitude they had assumed, it virtually annulled its decision, and declared upon the 11th of July that the evacuation should take place fifteen days after the exchange of the ratifications of the new convention, which was in effect annulling the limit previously fixed. It was upon this that Holland, without explicitly making known the ultimate aim of its pretensions, offered to open a direct negotiation with Belgium. She expected in this way to have appearances in her favour, being very well convinced that Belgium would not be so ready as the Conference to give up the condition of the preliminary evacuation.

Let us consider then what were the situations of the respective parties in this great medley of barefaced intrigues.

The territorial question having been settled in a manner hostile to France, the Conference maintained its decision upon this point, but it gave it up the two other points, that of the river navigation and that of the debt, and it consented that upon these two heads Holland and Belgium should settle their differences between them. Now Holland demanded that the direct negotiations should be opened previously to the evacuation; Belgium required that they should not be opened until after it. This was the grand difficulty.

It was very evident after all that Holland was not in earnest in the offer it made to negotiate directly with Belgium; it expected this reply upon the part of the Belgians—"Evacuate our territory: until then we reject all proposals for arrangement;" in that case it would again stand advantageously in the eyes of the Conference, which, in its pro-

positions of the 11th of July, had made so little account of the principle of the preliminary evacuation.

The Belgian diplomatists perceived the snare and opposed artifice to artifice. Van de Weyer and Goblet drew up in concert with Lord Palmerston, propositions which they communicated to the Conference, and they resolved to offer Holland to treat upon this basis, which they perfectly well knew would not be accepted by William. Thus the whole of this diplomatic war consisted in efforts made, by each of the two parties, to cast upon the other the odium of a refusal; for to such a frivolous interchange of deceptions, such a cross fire of shameful tricks is the genius of the statesman reduced under monarchies.

Be this as it may, the policy of Belgium had assumed a new aspect since the principle of the preliminary evacuation was apparently abandoned. M. de Meulenaere, Belgian minister of foreign affairs, retired from a sense of decency not from conviction, and General Goblet was called upon to terminate, as first minister in Brussels, what he had begun as plenipotentiary in London. Accordingly, on the 20th of September, 1832, Van de Weyer signified to the Conference that he was ready to enter into direct negotiation with Holland, and that he was furnished with full powers to that end.

Her own proposal being thus accepted, Holland drew back as had been expected; the Dutch plenipotentiary, Van Zuylen Van Nyevelt, addressed a vehement manifesto to the Conference, demanding the signature of the treaty of separation upon the ground of the notes which Holland had presented on the 30th of June and the 25th of July; which notes did but embody, with slight modifications, the obstinate pretensions of King William.

Belgian diplomacy had obtained its object, which was to set the Conference against Holland. A written, and a verbal interrogatory, to which the Conference subjected the Dutch plenipotentiary, completed the proof that the Cabinet of the Hague rejected the twenty-four articles collectively, and would not even accept those territorial arrangements which were so highly commended to European diplomacy by the anti-French motive that had dictated them.

Thereupon there remained nothing more for the great powers but to take coercive measures against Holland. But what was to be the nature of those measures? The plenipotentiaries of Austria, Prussia, and Russia expressed the wish that the state of things should be submitted to their own courts, which should be requested once more to employ their influence with the king of the Netherlands towards bringing about a reconciliation. Afterwards, reflecting that the distances between Vienna, St. Petersburg, and London would cause too long delays, the same plenipotentiaries proposed that the final decision should be left to the cabinet of Berlin. In reality, Austria, Prussia, and Russia adopted only with much reluctance the employment of coercive measures, and declared, that in any case they could only co-operate in a pecuniary way; but means of this nature did not appear sufficient either to the French or to the British plenipotentiary. The protocol of the 1st of October, 1832,

was drawn up for the purpose of recording these dissensions, and the Conference concluded its labours. It had begun by usurpation, it ended with anarchy.*

Russia, Prussia, and Austria had positively refused to take part in military measures against the King of Holland, but if they did not consent to make war upon him, on the other hand, neither did they pledge themselves to support him, and thus they left the field open to France and England.

Now these two latter powers had not waited for the note of the 1st of October to menace William with their preparations. The Duke of Orleans had gone to Brussels to come to an understanding with King Leopold respecting the possible entry of the French troops into Belgium. A French fleet was mustering at Cherbourg, an English fleet at Spithead, and, by the end of September, 50,000 French, under the command of Marshal Gérard, were upon the frontiers of the north, ready to cross them at the first signal. Belgium on her part had lost patience. General Goblet demanded the execution, by force of arms, of the treaty of the twenty-four articles, in two notes, one of which was communicated to France on the 6th of October, and the other to England on the 8th of the same month.

It was whilst these things were in progress that the ministry, of the 11th of October, entered upon office as we have already related. We have stated that this ministry desired to mark its accession to office by two grand results; the arrest of the Duchess de Berri, and the capture of the citadel of Antwerp, which was occupied by the troops of King William.

The treaty of the twenty-four articles having been specially aimed against France, it was, certainly, no business of hers to go and force it upon the King of Holland, sword in hand. To demand of France that she should uphold, at the cost of her gold, at the cost of the blood of her children, the whole bulk of the measures concerted against herself, was to prepare for Europe the most woful spectacle ever presented to it. But the essential thing for our ministry was to dazzle men's minds; to give to their new-born power the éclat of a grand enterprise. In reality, the true scope of the treaty of the twenty-four articles was hardly known to anybody in France; the ministry had, therefore, reason to hope that an expedition into Belgium would please the warlike humour of the French nation, and that the expedition would be looked upon only as an aid given to the revolutionary principle, as a proof of fortitude and determination upon the part of the executive. Now there is no doubt that these calculations were perfectly just, for as the proceedings of the cabinet were enveloped in mystery, and as the acts of the Conference were a dead letter to the bulk of the people, public opinion, in France, took fire at random, and the attacks of the opposition fell wide of the mark.

* The signature of M. Mareuil appears instead of that of M. de Talleyrand at the foot of the protocol of the 1st of October. The reason is, that M. de Talleyrand was, at that period, at Paris, where his presence was to be influential upon the formation of the ministry of the 11th of October.

Upon the other hand it must be admitted that France had some interest in proving that peace had not enervated her courage; that she was in a condition to revive the recollections of her heroic days, if need were; that, in a word, she had not ceased to be a people of warriors. Thus, although shameful and insensate in a diplomatic point of view, the projected expedition presented, in a military point of view, a sufficiently notable advantage.

So sure did this advantage appear to the ministers of the 11th of October, that, for a moment, they doubted the consent of the English. Talleyrand was come back from London; he was asked, would the cabinet of St. James's permit the expedition against the citadel of Antwerp in case France should pledge herself not to occupy the Belgian territory longer than was necessary. Talleyrand made this singular and not very becoming reply, "If the convention were signed Louis Philippe, the English would not accede to it; they will do so if it be signed De Broglie."

The ministers did not think it right to wait for the diplomatic authorisation of the cabinet of St. James's, and it was decided that the expedition should take place with or without the consent of the English. But the king could not dissemble his dissatisfaction at this news; to offend England was a thing he could not make up his mind to do, for his whole policy consisted in the art of nice conciliations and concessions; he tried, therefore, to make his ministers forego the measure they had determined on, whereupon they offered their resignations. The king appeared to give way, and this explains the movement of the troops which took place at this period, when as yet no protocol authorised the French in the name of diplomacy to advance to the frontiers.

But the important thing was not so much to approach them, as to cross them, and the court failed not to multiply obstacles as to the latter point; for the cabinet of St. James's wished for nothing better than to procrastinate, hoping that the French, if they undertook the siege of Antwerp, at an advanced season, would be forced to raise it disgracefully. Such were the perfidious schemes which lurked beneath that, so much vaunted, English alliance; nor was this unknown at the Tuileries, where the fact had been learned that the Duke of Wellington had gone so far as to say in several private circles, "Marshal Gérard will fare before the citadel of Antwerp, as I did before Burgos."

Accordingly, nothing could exceed the impatience of Marshal Gérard; but it was in vain that he bitterly complained, from his head-quarters of Valenciennes, of a delay which could not be prolonged without rendering the French army the scoff of Europe, and exposing the country to the most cruel reverses. In vain he wrote to the minister of war, that the camp resounded with murmurs; that the officers were furious at their inaction; that the soldiers, who at first had refused furloughs, were now beginning to ask for them again, and that in fine, the good of the service was put in jeopardy by the strong and daily growing conviction that there would be no fighting. Still the order to march was

delayed; for, was it not necessary to obtain the permission of the English? And during all this while, debts were accumulating upon the treasury, because the expectation of war entailed almost as considerable expenses as war itself. The troops having approached the extreme frontiers, were huddled together amongst the cantonments of the artillery and the cavalry, which occupied much space; and a portion of the *corps de réserve*, which Marshal Gérard had sent into the department du Nord, was already suffering from the inconveniences that result from the agglomeration of masses of men, such as augmented prices of provisions. The weather, besides, was become inclement. The cholera was raging in the country, and the health of the soldier demanded indulgences. The several corps eagerly demanded bounty money, which it was necessary to grant them throughout the whole extent of the sixteenth military division.

A longer delay would, therefore, have been at once absurd and ruinous. Marshal Gérard, not less a good citizen than a good captain, could not account for so much backwardness. He thought that since war was declared against Holland, it ought to be made against it promptly, and in a straightforward fashion. In his opinion, it would be better to attack Bréda and Bois le Duc, than to stop at the siege of the citadel of Antwerp and of Fort Lillo. He said with reason, that if the powers which signed the treaty of the 15th of November, were sincere in wishing it to be executed, they could not object to the taking of vigorous and decisive measures to that end. Such were the views also of General Saint-Cyr Nugues, and General Haxo, officers of distinguished merit, who longed to engage in bold enterprises, and who would fain have traced out a plan of invading Holland, where they would have been very glad to recommence the career of Pichegru.

But such were not the views of the court of the Tuileries. Prompted by motives which we shall explain farther on, it intended first, that the French should lay siege to the citadel of Antwerp without the co-operation of the Belgians; secondly, that in case our army had to repulse an attack on the part of the Dutch, it should abstain from pursuing them into their own territory. Marshal Gérard was a man of too high spirit and too good sense to submit to conditions of this kind. In several letters nobly conceived, he laid before the king the disadvantages of the part intended to be imposed on the French army. The only reply he received was an order to repair to Paris, where it was hoped that a conversation of two hours would do more to advance business than a long correspondence. Marshal Gérard, therefore, quitted his head-quarters at Valenciennes, and set out for the capital. It was his firm determination to resign the command of the army, if in case of an attack on the part of the Dutch, he was condemned to halt respectfully on the limits of their territory. D'Argout and Thiers were sent to him to overcome his determination; but the dexterity and persuasive eloquence of the latter failed to overcome the stubborn will of the marshal, strengthened as it was, by the loftiness of his sentiments. The council having assembled the next day, the ministers could not make up their minds

either to accept Marshal Gérard's resignation, or to disregard the injunctions of diplomacy; it was, therefore, decided that no change should be made in the diplomatic arrangements, and that Marshal Gérard should act according to circumstances, under the liability of having his acts subsequently disavowed. The marshal returned to head-quarters master of his own purposes. By a convention concluded in London on the 22d of October, between Prince Talleyrand and Lord Palmerston, it was arranged, "that the two powers, France and England, should proceed to the execution of the treaty of the 15th of November, conformably with their engagements; that the territorial evacuation should form a commencement of the entire execution; that the governments of Belgium and of Holland should be required reciprocally to effect that evacuation by the 12th of November; that force should be employed against whichever of those governments should not have given its consent by the 2d of November; that, in case of Holland's refusal especially, an embargo should be placed upon the Dutch vessels, and that on the 15th of November, the French army should enter Belgium, and lay siege to the citadel of Antwerp."

The King of Holland, as was expected, gave a refusal to the summons of the two powers; and on the 4th of November this refusal was known at Valenciennes. The army then was about to cross the frontier! The delight of the soldiers was immense. Marshal Gérard gave orders to General Neigre to hasten the transport of the besieging materials, and that vessels should be freighted at Douai, Lille, and Valenciennes, with the heavy artillery and its appendages. General Haxo sent an officer in disguise to Antwerp, with orders to make an exact recognizance of the citadel; in fine, preparations were urgently made upon all sides, and the army awaited with eager anticipation the hour when it should enter Belgium.

But unexpected difficulties were to arise out of the siege of the citadel of Antwerp. Louis Philippe was particularly desirous of having the Belgians excluded from all co-operation in the siege; diplomacy exacted this, and for the following reasons.

England was unwilling that the French and the Belgians should fight together under allied banners, lest the Belgians should be brought back by affection and gratitude to the wish it had previously felt of becoming French. England knew that if the Belgians were forced to look on inactively at the taking of the citadel of Antwerp by a French army, they would never forgive us for this humiliation. Thus the cabinet of St. James's found means to render us odious by the very excess of our generosity, and it raised up irreconcilable enemies against us from among those whom we were going to aid.

As for the cabinets of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin, their motives were different, though marked with a no less manifest character of distrust and hostility towards us. Russia, Austria, and Prussia could not conceal from themselves, that in a quarrel between Holland and Belgium, the latter represented the revolutionary principle, since its revived nationality dated from the days of September. Now to suffer

that the French and the Belgians should wield the sword together against the King of Holland, would have been to announce distinctly to the world, that the revolutionary principle had the upper hand, that the moral authority of the revolution of July weighed more in the diplomatic scale than the principle of right divine, more than the treaties of Vienna. A military alliance between the French and the Belgians would have been a mortal blow to the Holy Alliance; it would have been the revolution of 1830, seconding, with its might and its majesty, the shock given in September to the treaties of 1815; and this was precisely what Austria, Russia, and Prussia did not desire. They imposed upon the cabinet of the Tuileries the obligation of fighting by the side of the Belgians, upon their soil, and yet without them, in order that it might be clearly manifested, that if our army took the field, it was not on behalf of a Belgian or a French, that is to say, a revolutionary interest, but on the contrary, on behalf of the diplomatic and anti-French interest! To force our army to appear, and to be in reality, nothing but the *gens d'armerie* of the Conference, such was the sole intention of the humiliating inaction to which diplomacy condemned the Belgians in what was yet their own quarrel, and one in which we had no right to figure but as their allies and friends. However crafty such a plan may have been, one can understand its having been conceived by the enemies of France; but that the French government should have done all in its power towards the success of schemes so openly aimed against our interest and our honour, is what posterity doubtless will find it difficult to believe. We, ourselves, but for the painful disclosures furnished to us by a long and pertinacious investigation, we, ourselves, could never have judged such infamies possible, and it is certain that France would not have submitted to them but for the darkness in which diplomacy shrouded the shame of its stratagems.

We must add, that nothing was better suited to compromise the success of the intended siege, than the inaction imposed upon the Belgians; for, in order to reinforce the garrison of the citadel of Antwerp in good time, and to place it in a condition to hold out long and ably against the French, the Dutch had nothing more to do than to cut the embankment of the Scheldt, near Fort Sainte-Marie, and that of Blockersdick. It was not unknown that such was their intention, and that in order to accomplish it, they had prepared vessels, in which they had embarked pioneering implements; and it was probable that this attempt on the embankments would be made upon the first intimation received of the march of the French. General Evain, Belgian minister at war, had taken his measures accordingly; the question, therefore, came to this, were the Belgians to be compelled quietly to suffer their embankments to be broken down, and was the enemy, to whom the French were about to give battle, to be allowed to secure advantages from which he might be so easily cut off, if the Belgians were left free to act? Besides, what was to be done, if, as there was reason to expect, Belgium would revolt against the discreditable part it was thought to impose upon her? By what right was she to be forbidden to defend her own property, and

to resume at her own risk and peril her usurped territory? And in case she should refuse to submit to conditions truly degrading, was she to be reduced to obedience by force of arms? Were the French, whom she hailed as allies, to change towards her and become her enemies and oppressors? And what would be the consequence if, upon the Dutch fleet and flotilla, seconding with their fire that of the Fortress of Antwerp, General Chassé, commandant of the citadel, should begin to bombard the town? By what insolent and criminal abuse of strength were the Belgians to be hindered from defending themselves when attacked? Were the French to go the length of saying to men, with swords in their hands, "They are ravaging your cities; they are spreading terror amongst your mothers and your wives; they are carrying death into your tottering houses; never mind, all that is our affair alone!"

Yet such were the odious and ridiculous consequences which might spring from the determination to exclude the Belgians from all our military operations; but so diplomacy ordained, and the cabinet of the Tuileries would not brave or displease it upon any account whatever.

Be this as it may, when the news of what was intended was known in Belgium, the French government became there the object of more violent execration than the foreign cabinets. Indignation was every where expressed against a support in which the pride of the nascent nationality beheld only an outrageous insult. The inhabitants, who the preceding year had cheerfully offered to harbour the French troops, drew up petition after petition, demanding that they should be exempted from the burden which the maintenance of the officers would entail upon them; and the remonstrances upon this subject became so numerous, so pressing, and so imperious, that the Belgian minister at war soon found it necessary to accede to them. Nevertheless, stipulations had been made him and M. Laneuville, commissary-general of the French army, the terms of which were precise and formal. No matter; the ill-will of the inhabitants displayed itself with so much impetuosity, so much rancour, that it was necessary to swallow the insult to the very last. To escape from the dilemma, and to secure the means of subsistence to the French officers, M. Laneuville had to propose to Marshal Soult that he should grant supplementary allowances to the officers, as had been done under similar circumstances in the expeditions to Spain, the Morea, Algiers, and Ancona; and all this was but the prelude to the obstacles which were to be thrown in the way of the French by the resentment of the Belgian people. King Leopold himself felt a secret vexation at the enforced impotence of his army, and the dangers to which the schemes of diplomacy exposed his still insecure popularity. As for his ministers, their responsibility being more direct, their vexation was more bitter. In various letters written, some to General Saint Cyr Nugues, chef d'état-major of the French army, some to General Haxo, the Belgian minister at war, expressed himself very distinctly as to the impossibility of leaving the Belgian army unemployed. Leopold held nearly similar language in his private correspondence with Louis Philippe, and the problem became more and more insoluble.

The French government at last resolved upon some concessions. It was agreed that the Belgians should occupy the city of Antwerp, with a division of 6000 men, and that to them should be exclusively confided the guard and defence of all the batteries established upon the right bank; but this was not enough for the Belgian government, which could not consent to the French taking upon themselves the sole investiture of the citadel.

At half-past ten, on the 13th of November, an extraordinary courier brought Marshal Gérard an order on the part of Marshal Soult, to present himself in all haste before Leopold, and conclude with that prince the military convention which was to precede the entry of the French into Belgium. Two days after this they passed the frontier, and on the 17th of November, at one o'clock, the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours passed through Brussels at the head of the 20th regiment of light infantry, and of the first regiment of lancers. According to Article 2 of the convention passed between the Belgian government and Marshal Gérard, the Belgian posts established in the city of Antwerp, fronting the citadel, were to be entirely relieved by our troops. Marshal Gérard learned, however, just as he was setting out for Malines, that there was some intention of not executing Article 2. He immediately repaired to King Leopold, represented to him how very vexatious under the circumstances were the impediments created, promised him to deal circumspectly with the legitimate scruples of the Belgian army, and, at last, after long exertion, he obtained the king's consent, that General Desprez, chef d'état-major of the Belgian army, should set out the next day to Antwerp, and there make all arrangements for the relieving of the posts. But before the end of that same day, Leopold had already changed his mind; his ministers set their faces in the most decided manner against the entry of the French army into the city of Antwerp, and offered their resignation in case their feelings on the subject were disregarded. The first article of the convention prohibited the French army from occupying any fortress in Belgium, and although the second and third articles were expressed in very clear terms, Leopold's ministers availed themselves of the first article, not very honestly interpreted, to elude the general tenor of the measures agreed upon. Menaced in the chamber by the representatives of a formidable party, perhaps they only sought to give a popular colour to their fall: but in the critical position of Belgium, it was no easy matter to form a new cabinet, and Leopold was in a state of the most distressing anxiety, pressed as he was by Marshal Gérard on the one side, and by his ministers on the other.

Thus, thanks to the tortuous anti-French policy adopted by the cabinet of the Tuileries, obstacles multiplied at every step, and the success of the expedition seemed every moment on the point of being compromised. In this extremity, Marshal Gérard, upon leaving Brussels, sent his aide-de-camp, M. de Sercey, to Paris, to take instructions from Marshal Soult, and to know whether in case the Belgians obstinately persisted in their refusal, their posts were to be taken from them by force;

for to such an incredible pitch of violence were the French in danger of being driven by M. de Talleyrand and the cabinet of the Tuileries. Certain it is, that in spite of the observations of M. de Latour-Maubourg, a prohibition against the entry of the French into the city of Antwerp was formally made by the Belgian minister, and officially announced to General Saint Cyr Nugues by General Evain. What was to be done? Marshal Gérard received for answer from Paris, that he was to act with vigour if need were! Happily Fortune spared us this iniquity. Leopold's ministers had, in the interval, somewhat abated their pretensions. General Desprez had proposed arrangements to Marshal Gérard, and after a very animated conference, Colonel Buzen, superior commandant of Antwerp, had signed a military convention with General Saint Cyr Nugues, importing, first, that the French should occupy the lunette of Montebello, which was indispensable to them for the siege; and secondly, that they might introduce into the city, for the purpose of occupying the first line of brigades before the esplanade of the citadel, 500 men, who were to be relieved every twenty-four hours.

Such were our first relations with our allies, who, from that moment became our secret and implacable enemies. The views of England were accomplished. It was not long before the French army sorely felt the results of the disastrous policy of the Tuileries. One would have said that the Belgians made it their special business to frustrate the expedition. On arriving upon the ground near Antwerp, Marshal Gérard perceived that not one of General Evain's promises had been fulfilled; not a magazine was established; no munitions of any kind were forthcoming. With great difficulty could the first necessary wants of the army be supplied. The inhabitants concealed their produce, either for the purpose of annoying the French army, or because they were paid only in bills, which they deemed of no value. Men and horses were in danger of perishing with famine. Marshal Gérard found himself constrained to extend the Achard division, the brigade of the prince and that of General Lawestine, to retain the Jamin division and the Simoneau brigade by Malines and Contik, and to send the Sébastiani division to St. Nicholas, which fortunately offered some resources. This was a state of things that could no longer be endured. Upon the report of the commissary-general of the army, Marshal Gérard wrote to the governor of the province of Antwerp, that the clauses stipulated on the 18th of October, had not been executed by the Belgian government, and that this failure upon its part might produce frightful consequences; that the groundless distrust of the inhabitants put the army and the province in peril; that in this state of things, the best thing to be done, was to make each commune bring in provisions to certain places which should be pointed out, and that such provisions should be paid for in cash at the prices fixed by the clauses of the 18th of October. The proposed measure had all the success that could be desired, but it had needed but a very little more to place the French under the alternative either of suffering the most horrible famine, or treating the province as a conquered country.

We have dwelt at some length upon these details hitherto unknown, because they proved that if the policy of the cabinet of the Tuileries lacked dignity and grandeur, it was wanting at the same time in ability and foresight: for the secret hostility of the Belgians; the obstacles which they delighted to create around us; the extremities to which they did not hesitate to drive us, all this was upon their part, the result of a just resentment; all this sprang from the iniquitous and offensive exclusion imposed upon them by our government in the name and to the advantage of the enemies of France.

At eight in the evening of the 29th of October, the trenches were opened before the citadel of Antwerp. The operations, carried on with that intelligent vivacity which characterizes the French soldier, had the happiest results, and it was not till the next day that the besieged had cognisance of our works. At early dawn Marshal Gérard sent Colonel Auvray, sous-chef de l'état-major général of the army, to General Chassé with orders to deliver the following summons to the commandant of the citadel.

"To General Chassé, commanding the citadel of Antwerp.

"M. LE GENERAL,—I am arrived before the Citadel of Antwerp at the head of the French army, with orders from my government to demand the execution of the treaty of the 15th of November, 1831, which guarantees to his majesty the King of the Belgians the possession of that fortress, as well as of the forts depending upon it, on both banks of the Scheldt. I hope to find you disposed to recognise the justice of this demand. If, contrary to my expectation, it prove otherwise, I am ordered to make known to you that I must employ the means at my disposal to take possession of the citadel of Antwerp.

"The operations of the siege will be directed against the outer fronts of the citadel; I have, therefore, a right to hope, conformably with the laws of war, and the usages constantly observed, that you will abstain from every kind of hostility against the city. I cause a part of it to be occupied, with the sole view of preventing what might expose it to the fire of your artillery. A bombardment would be an act of useless barbarity, and a calamity to the commerce of all nations.

"If, notwithstanding these considerations, you fire upon the city, France and England will exact indemnities equivalent to the damages caused by the fire of the citadel and of the forts, as well as by that of the vessels of war. It is impossible but that you must yourself foresee, that in this case you would be personally responsible for the violation of an usage respected by all civilized nations, and for the evils resulting therefrom.

"I await your reply, and trust that you will find it expedient to enter immediately into negotiations with me for delivering up to me the citadel of Antwerp and the forts depending upon it.

"Receive, &c."

General Chassé having replied that he was resolved to defend himself, the siege began. The ardour and the gaiety of the soldiers were extreme; but it was not the enemy alone we had to fight, but the season; and the English had calculated shrewdly. It was necessary to form the trenches upon a naturally very moist soil, which was further drenched by the rains. In some places the soldiers sank two feet in the mud. This state of things rendered considerable preparatory works necessary. General Neigre had 300 beams bought at Antwerp, which with a great number of fascines were intended to render the trenches more accessible; and at length, after incredible efforts, all the batteries were pronounced in a serviceable condition on the night of the 2d of September, excepting only Nos. 7 and 8 upon the left wing. The pieces

intended for these last two batteries, could not be planted upon them till the following night. Again, the besiegers were obliged, instead of taking the usual route by the trench, to cross it, to quit the parallel, and to bring in the guns by the open country, passing under the fire of the citadel. The adoption of such a course was extremely perilous, nevertheless it was crowned with complete success, and the admirable works executed under the direction of General Neigre for the complete equipment of the batteries, proved that nothing was too much to expect from the intelligence and activity of the French artillerymen.

At eleven o'clock on the 4th of December, the besiegers opened their fire upon the citadel with eighty-two guns, which were soon increased in number to 104, the half of which threw shells.

The Dutch had feebly defended the approaches to the citadel, but on the 4th of December their fire became much brisker than upon the preceding days; and then began, on their part, that obstinate resistance which was to honour their defeat and our triumph. On the night of the 5th they removed their guns from that portion of their works which faced the city and the bastion of Toledo and the Kiel lunette, and their fire became more and more slaughterous.

On the other hand, General Chassé kept the threat of bombardment continually suspended over Antwerp. Accordingly, that city presented a most lamentable spectacle; everywhere cannon, barricades, the image of war; everywhere terror. The inhabitants daily expected to see their city reduced to ashes; and those whose apprehensions did not force them to make a hasty retreat, concealed their money, their furniture, and their most precious effects in cellars. To prevent the calamities that appeared imminent, Marshal Gérard appealed, in his letters to General Chassé, by turns to the laws of war, the rights of humanity, and the examples furnished by history. Since he consented to attack the citadel only on the side of the open country, had he not a right to insist upon it that the citadel should spare the town? But General Chassé demanded that the French should abstain from employing even the Fort of Montebello in their operations. Now to submit to such a condition as this, would have been madly to compromise the success of the siege; so that the threat still subsisted, though the Dutch never dared to execute it. Could they have done so without violating the laws of war? Of one thing there is no doubt, that two or three bomb-shots cast into Antwerp, would have been enough to bring down the scaffolding of artifices so laboriously erected by diplomacy; for in that case a longer inaction upon the part of the Belgians would have become impossible, and their efforts combined with ours would have given the conflict a character quite opposite to that which the schemes of diplomacy had sought to impose upon it. This simple remark may enable the reader to appreciate at their just value the statesmen of the Conference, and their accomplice M. de Talleyrand.

Be this as it may, Marshal Gérard, being compelled to confine himself to the exterior attack, felt that it was indispensable to isolate the citadel by closing the Scheldt. General Sébastiani occupied the em-

bankments upon the left side of the Lower Scheldt, and General Achard those on the right bank. The French garrisoned Fort St. Marie, and prepared to put Fort St. Philippe in a condition to command the course of the river. The Dutch fleet advanced to interrupt the operations of the besiegers, and, after some useless parleys, began a cannonade, which was without effect, our posts being covered by the embankments. On the 8th of December, a Dutch frigate and corvette, and twelve gun-boats, appeared off Fort Frederick, which was occupied by a detachment of the 22d. The captain was immediately summoned to evacuate the fort, and, upon his refusal, the Dutch prepared to land under cover of a very brisk fire; but these attempts were valiantly repulsed by four companies of the 22d. Fort Philippe was soon put in a state of service; two mortars were placed permanently upon Fort la Croix, which was constantly annoyed by the fire of the fleet; and Marshal Gérard took all proper measures to isolate the citadel, and hinder the rupture of the embankments.

At the same time, our posts upon the left and right banks of the river were approaching the Forts Liefkenshoëk and Lillo. But these points having been placed in a perfect state of defence, and being, besides, surrounded at a distance by inundations, which could only be passed by a defile, it was impossible to think either of besieging or surprising them.

Meanwhile the attacks directed by the French against the body of the citadel, were carried on with marvellous ardour. Unfortunately, the full moon, while it brought drier weather, gave too much light by night for works carried on within range of musketry; not to mention, that the garrison vigorously defended itself, and poured upon the French workers a hail of bullets, shells, common bombs, and small bombs, called *Coëhorns*. But the fire of the French batteries was directed with so much steadiness and precision, that the Dutch were compelled to take shelter in their casemates. Ere long the communications from one bastion to another, were carried on only under ground; and, with the exception of the men absolutely necessary to work the batteries, no one was seen moving about in the interior of the citadel.

On the 13th of December the siege was already very far advanced. The progress of the engineering works in front of the St. Laurent lunette, had allowed of a raft being formed upon the ditch on the left face, and of mining operations being begun upon the escarpment near the saillant. The work which had been delayed during the first two nights, by the extreme hardness of the masonry, had been steadily resumed, and was approaching its conclusion; the fire of our batteries and that of the musketry were perseveringly kept up ever since morning, so as to occupy the attention of the enemy, and the maréchal de camp, Georges, who was in the trenches with the 65th regiment of infantry, received orders to lead the attack that evening. The engineers had constructed three new rafts, to be joined with the first one; and in order to form a bridge, over which our soldiers should pass to the breach at the moment of the explosion of the mine, the rest of the ditch

had been filled up with fascines loaded with stones. These works required extreme nicety of detail; they were not completed till far on in the night, and there was some reason to fear that, after having entered the lunette, we should not have time to obtain a firm footing there under cover of the darkness. The enterprise, however, conducted by General Haxo, had all the success which might be expected from that able officer. Upon the 14th, at five o'clock in the morning, the mine blew up, opening a very practicable breach to the French. An order to go up to the top and reconnoitre it was given to Lieutenant-Colonel Vaillant, and the *garde du genie* Négrier. In accordance with their report, three picked companies of the 65th put themselves in motion; the 2d grenadiers, commanded by Lieutenant Duverger, and the 3d light company commanded by Captain Courant, advanced in silence upon the rafts and the ruins of the rampart; whilst twenty-five grenadiers, led by Carles, of the 61st, the adjutant of the trenches, passed round the lunette on the right front, and proceeded with ladders to the gorge, to escalade or cross the barrier. At the same time another light company, Captain Montigny's, debouched by the right, in order likewise to attack the lunette at the gorge, and to cut off all retreat from the garrison. The soldiers were enjoined not to fire; they marched with fixed bayonets, climbed the breach, and rushed with the utmost intrepidity upon the Dutch garrison, which, thus surprised and surrounded, laid down its arms after a short resistance. Some Dutch soldiers succeeded in escaping; others were killed or wounded; sixty were made prisoners.

This first piece of ill success did not break down the courage of the besieged; but the besieging army had never ceased to regard its own triumph as inevitable. Still the difficulties to be overcome were considerable and various; the works were incommoded by an almost continual rain, which fell so heavily upon the night of the 17th, that the trenches were almost rivers of mud. To these expected difficulties were added others, which the French could hardly have foreseen. Thirty mortars offered by Prince Leopold, with artillerymen to work them, and 5000 shells which General Evain had proposed to send to Berchem—this was the whole amount which the besieging army owed to the good-will of the Belgian government. Now, the most serious embarrassment of the army was the want of victuals—above all, of forage. Marshal Gérard's uneasiness on this subject was very intense. He sent an urgent letter to King Leopold, entreating him to order the Belgian commissary to deliver to the French at a stipulated price 120,000 rations, which he had in his magazines. M. de Laneville and General Sainte Cyr Nugues wrote to General Evain to the same effect. The only reply of the latter was to express the wish, that the result of the contracts to be entered into by the commissary-general should be waited for. Tenders, in fact, were sent in, but nothing was done, so high were the prices demanded by the contractors. Need we say more? King Leopold urgently demanded that a part of our cavalry stationed at the advanced posts, should be recalled beyond the Rouppel.

This was as much as to ask that our corps of observation should be weakened in the face of the Dutch army; the immobility of which, there was reason to suspect, was a mask to dangerous designs; and yet, upon the order of Marshal Soult, King Leopold's wishes were complied with. General Gentil St. Alphonse, who was at Grammont, was ordered to lead back his division of cuirassiers to France before the end of the campaign. It was not but that Leopold was most kindly disposed towards the army, but around him growled the implacable resentments excited in the minds of the Belgians, by that policy of the cabinet of the Tuileries, which had been full of tyranny and insult towards them. The French, no doubt, received some private testimonies of good-will; at Antwerp, for instance, M. de Retz, an old soldier, who had fought under our flag, generously offered to give up his house to our wounded. But it is not the less true, that we had against us in Belgium, at one and the same time, both those we had gone to fight and those we had gone to second.

It must be added, that Marshal Soult, minister of war, did not hesitate, upon more than one occasion, to throw inexcusable impediments in the way of our generals. In his desire to ward off all the attacks directed against him, and to reply to the errors propagated by the public press, he complained without ground, sometimes of the brevity of the reports, sometimes of the slowness of the operations; or else, lending an ear to lying tales, he showed a readiness deeply to wound the feelings of men whose honour and gallantry were unquestionable. Thus he sent General Gourgand before the walls of Antwerp, to ascertain whether General Neigre had made the necessary provision of powder. General Neigre's correspondence left no doubt upon this subject, and it was proved that the stock in hand was much more than sufficient. General Neigre, justly provoked, at first offered to throw up his command; but upon the representations of the commander-in-chief, he remained at the post of honour, which he had so well occupied since the commencement of the siege.

Amidst so many obstacles and annoyances, General Gérard displayed admirable fortitude and consummate prudence. The works were advancing rapidly, and the fire of the French, directed with extreme precision, had converted the interior of the citadel into an immense mass of rubbish. General Chassé, who was seriously ill, had hardly shown himself to the garrison; it was General Favange who did all the work of the siege. But the moment arrived when the besieged were forced to give way. The sufferings of the garrison had for some days reached the highest pitch. The French having laid dry the ditches of the citadel, the Dutch could no longer procure the necessary supply of water. Their two remaining wells were destroyed by the bombs of the besiegers. There was not a building but was in ruins. The casemated hospital appeared in danger of falling, and crushing all the wounded beneath it. Lastly, the garrison, crowded together in the posterns, felt its strength utterly exhausted. Such was the situation of the Dutch troops, as described by General Chassé himself, when the

French began to storm. They had made an enormous breach upon the left front of bastion No. 2, which had filled up nearly half the fosse. The descent into the fosse was effected; and to render it possible to storm, nothing more was requisite than to explode the mine. Judging from the impetuosity and courage displayed up to that time by the French, that their attack would be furious and irresistible, General Chassé sent two superior officers to treat, in his name, with the commander-in-chief of the French army. After a warm altercation, a capitulation was agreed on for the evacuation of the citadel of Antwerp, and the forts depending upon it; and the chef d'escadron Lafontaine carried this capitulation to Paris. The second article was in these terms: "The garrison shall be considered prisoners of war, but shall be reconducted to the frontiers, where their arms shall be restored to them as soon as his majesty the King of Holland shall have ordered the surrender of the forts of Lillo and Liefkenshoëk."

The same day upon which the citadel of Antwerp fell into the hands of the French, the Doel embankment, occupied by General Tiburce Sébastiani's division, was threatened by the garrison of the fort of Liefkenshoëk and by the Dutch squadron. Whilst this squadron, descending the river, took up its position opposite the embankment, barges, filled with men and artillery, proceeded from Liefkenshoëk, and disembarked the troops upon the embankment near the point where it joins that one by which the inundation is controlled. The Dutch were 2000 in number. At the first sound of the musketry, the French, who were not more than 600 paces off, rushed to the point attacked, being led by General Sébastiani in person, charged the enemy at the point of the bayonet, overthrew them, and hurried to the embankment, the drums beating the charge. The Dutch, shaken by this vigorous attack, got back in disorder to their vessels. In vain were they protected by the fire of a numerous squadron; some fell under the bayonets of our soldiers; others threw themselves into the water and perished; the more fortunate got back into the fort, the approaches to which were defended by a fire of grape. In this rapid engagement, which secured our position at Doel, and in which General Tiburce Sébastiani distinguished himself by his presence of mind and his gallantry, the French had but sixty men killed or wounded. They had displayed the utmost enthusiasm, and the cry of all was "Forward! forward!" The delight of the inhabitants of the village was extreme; they thronged round our soldiers, embracing them, and offering them bread and brandy.

The last episode in this campaign deserves to be related. Between the citadel of Antwerp and the Tête-de-Flandres, there was a flotilla and several gun-boats, which formed the communication between the two portions of the Dutch garrison. In proposing the capitulation upon the morning of the 23d, General Chassé had styled himself *commandant of the citadel of Antwerp, of the Tête-de-Flandres, and of the Netherland squadron stationed upon the Scheldt before that place.* Now his draft of the capitulation contained an article stating that the

flotilla should be at liberty to descend the river and retire. This article was rejected in the French draft, and the French insisted on the surrender of the flotilla; but the claims of the victors upon this point became the subject of very animated discussion in the council of war of the besieged. Captain Koopman, commandant of the Dutch marine, demanded that the word *flotilla* should be struck out of the capitulation, and declared that he recognised no authority which could force him to surrender; he was determined to escape from the enemy or perish. In fact, that same night he burned part of his vessels, and attempted with the rest to escape the vigilance of the French; but his efforts failed. One vessel succeeded in passing, but was taken at St. Philippe; the others were obliged to go up the stream towards the citadel, and were scuttled. The crews of the Dutch marine were shut up in the Tête-de-Flandres; when the capitulation was executed in the citadel, they declared their submission to it; but Marshal Gérard intimated to Captain Koopman that he could not claim the benefit of a capitulation which he himself had disregarded. The seamen were, therefore, left upon the left bank without arms or baggage; the officers were disarmed, and Captain Koopman found himself treated as a prisoner at discretion.

As for General Chassé and the soldiers, their lot, by the terms of the capitulation, was to depend upon the course William would take with respect to the forts of Liefkenshoëk and Lillo. This point did not remain long uncertain. Captain Passy and M. de Tallenay, sent by Marshal Gérard to the King of Holland, were unable to cross the frontier; the local authorities formally refusing them permission. The Dutch officer who accompanied them proceeded alone to the Hague. But William kept himself upon his guard against every discouragement; he testified his satisfaction at the energetic resistance of General Chassé, and he flatly refused to deliver up to the French the forts depending upon the citadel.

This refusal condemned the garrison to remain prisoners. An offer was made to General Chassé and his soldiers, to send them back to Holland, and to restore them their arms upon the frontier, if they would engage not to serve against France and her allies until the arrangements yet to be made between Belgium and Holland should be concluded. General Chassé replied, in his own name and that of his comrades in arms, that he was not authorised to enter into such an engagement.

Such was this siege, memorable amongst all those mentioned in history. The French soldiers, though belonging for the most part to a generation not yet tried in war, were deserving of all praise for their zeal, discipline, and intrepidity. Generals, officers, and soldiers, did their duty—more than their duty; and Marshal Gérard, upon whom the success of the enterprise more particularly rested, being potently seconded by Generals Sainte Cyr Nugues, Haxo, and Neigre, rendered his country an inestimable service.

The Duc d'Orléans, as we have seen, had accompanied the army, and he behaved with great gallantry. Marshalt Soult, acting upon a

very injudicious instigation, demanded that the heir presumptive of the throne should be withdrawn from the perilous service of the trenches, and sent upon reconnoitring duty. Marshal Gérard opposed this, thinking it ill became a prince to fly from danger; and for this the Duc d'Orléans manifested much gratitude to him. Thus, no one in the army had come short of his part, and thenceforth it stood demonstrated in the eyes of Europe, that the irruption of vulgar mercantilism had not wholly effaced the distinctive characters of our old nationality. It stood demonstrated that the wars of the empire had not drained dry the sources of that generous blood which had flowed at so many various epochs for oppressed nations. For it is the everlasting glory of the French people, that, amidst all the fluctuations of human affairs, it has ever represented the principle of high-souled disinterestedness. That the formidable mission it took upon itself towards the close of the eighteenth century, should have left a long-enduring impression of dread on the mind of Europe, may very well be conceived; and yet it was not for herself alone that France acted, when, wrathful and sublime, she began to shake thrones and preach universal liberty with an energy that nothing could resist, neither the league of all monarchies, nor England exhausting against us her opulence and her hate, nor the most fiery passions let loose over the whole face of the globe, nor, lastly, the terrible necessity of providing for the common safety by smiting and subduing.

This is what should never have been forgotten by those who accused us, after the revolution of July, of cherishing a pernicious spirit of conquest; this is what rendered odiously hypocritical those diplomatic jealousies, of which the cabinet of the Tuileries was not ashamed to endure the gross contumely during the campaign of Antwerp. For if the siege of the citadel of Antwerp was a glorious event in a military point of view, diplomatically considered, it was but a cruel mystification. It had, in truth, no other effect than that of employing ourselves in aiding the triumph of our enemies; it erected an insurmountable barrier between us and the Belgian people; it lost, through the conditions imposed on us by diplomacy, the character of a revolutionary campaign, which it was so important it should retain; in fine, being accomplished under the eyes of Prussian soldiers, ranged motionless along the Meuse, it converted the soldiers of France into the instruments of a merely dynastic interest, and of ideas connected by a manifest affiliation with the treaties of 1815.

The Conference had reason to be satisfied! Let us sum up its history.

Belgium had made a violent effort to separate from Holland. This was more than a manifestation of the revolutionary spirit; it was a weakening of the securities which the European monarchies had taken against France, when they formed the kingdom of the Netherlands in 1815. They, therefore, leagued together once more, urged by the immense terror with which we inspired them; and it was in London their plenipotentiaries met, as though England merited that preference by the

depth of her rancour.* And, O monstrous! in that league France had her representative, and that representative M. de Talleyrand! The deliberations began. To re-establish the kingdom of the Netherlands could not have been done without openly insulting the revolution of July, and it had too deeply moved the hearts of men to allow of its being thus defied with impunity. Diplomacy, therefore, bent all its thoughts to opening a yawning chasm between France and Belgium. The latter of these two nations seemed insuperably attracted to the former by community of manners, identity of language, conformity of interests, by religion and remembrances; the Conference made haste to declare Belgium a neutral and independent nation. Belgium showed her amity towards France to the extent of demanding to be ruled by a French prince: the Conference exacted from Louis Philippe that he should refuse the crown offered to his son; and to the end that France might find in those Belgians, whose sympathies she possessed, only impotent allies, it took care to attach conditions to the separation of Belgium from Holland (by the protocols of January 20th and 27th, 1831,) which were of a nature to ruin Belgium. But the state of feeling in Brussels soon became unfavourable, and almost hostile to us, because the Duc de Nemours' refusal of the crown was, for the Belgians, both an affront and a misfortune. England then proposed Leopold. He was approved of by the French government, and accepted by Belgium; and the Conference recompensed the Belgians for this evidence of their incipient hatred towards us, by substituting for the protocols of the 20th and 27th of January (the same having, nevertheless, been declared irrevocable) the treaty of eighteen articles, which was of a nature to ruin Holland. William, now in his turn oppressed, vehemently reproached his brethren of the Holy Alliance with the support they afforded to the revolutionary principle inaugurated by the events of September. He did more; he drew the sword, surprised and beat down Belgium, and presented himself to the eyes of Europe as the sole supporter of the cause of kings. Thereupon, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, claimed in the Congress of London, in favour of the monarchical principle, a part of that influence which England had until then exerted wholly under the dictates of her abhorrence of France. The treaty of twenty-four articles was, in consequence, substituted for the treaty of eighteen articles. Now, the disputes between Holland and Belgium had reference to three points, one of which was the demarcation of their respective territories, and the other two were certain rights of navigation, and the apportionment of the joint debt. The navigation and the debt questions were such as simply and solely concerned Belgium and Holland: the Conference, after long debate, told the two parties to settle their quarrel by direct negotiation between themselves, thus admitting its own incompetence. But it took good care not to do the same with

* There is in England, we are aware, a party that professes for our nation a sincere esteem and honourable sympathy. That party is dear to us, and cannot be affected by our attacks. Unfortunately, England has hitherto been represented only by the Tories or the Whigs, the systematic enemies of France and of all peoples.

respect to the territorial question, on which it peremptorily forbade all controversy, and this because the treaty of twenty-four articles had settled the question in a manner most pointedly and intentionally injurious to France.

Had the French people been a people of adventurers, without faith or law, deserving to be put under the ban of mankind, the other nations would have done an act of cosmopolitism and patriotism in leaguing together against it; an act for which they would have been entitled to praise. Europe is rapidly advancing to a condition under which all the causes that interest men collectively must come before a supreme, an amphyctionic tribunal: nothing is more desirable, and nothing would be more august. But whence had the Conference of London derived its right? From the power of the sword. What did its members represent? A worn-out civilization, the offspring of the grossest errors and the most barbarous prejudices. And what was it that Conference sought to uphold? A work of general spoliation, the system of the treaties of Vienna. And against whom was it arrayed? Against the people pre-eminent above all others for its generous self-abandonment, pre-eminent for leading the march of civilization upon untrodden paths. Therefore, one of the most flagrant crimes it falls to the lot of the historian to record was that usurped dominion over the affairs of Europe perpetrated by the Conference in the years 1831 and 1832. The friends of mankind, to whatever country they belong, ought to know that the principle of cosmopolitism cannot but gain by the consolidation and aggrandizement of that French nationality which is so essentially communicative and disinterested. Well was this known to the European monarchies that took part in the Conference. They eagerly longed to rob us of our strength, because the strength of France is of vital importance to the liberty of the world.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

The citadel of Blaye stands on the left bank of the Gironde, overlooking a wretched and melancholy-looking town. Some streets, formed by rows of barracks, an exercise ground, and artillery and engineering magazines compose the interior of the citadel. Its summit is crowned by an old castle, built, as tradition tells, by Roland, and in which his body was deposited after the defeat of Roncesvalles. Round it runs a terrace only ten or twelve feet wide, and on a level with the *revêtement*. From this sort of parapet, the greater part of which is clothed with sand, and which is divided at intervals by embrasures crossed by planks, the eye ranges over a vast extent of country. On the west is the river, which at this spot wears the melancholy grandeur of the sea; on the north, east, and south, there are vine-clad hills, country houses, mills, and factories. The citadel is a chilly place to dwell in; the prevailing winds are dangerous; it is a spot where persons of weak lungs die fast.

This was the place to which the government sent the Duchess de Berri, and every measure was taken for keeping her prisoner there for a long time. The fortress was put in a state of defence as though an enemy were encamped before its gates. The cannons mounted on their carriages and pointed, were provided with every requisite for immediate service. The only two gates, the Dauphine and the Royale, were rendered inaccessible; and the corvette, *la Capricieuse*, was anchored not far from the citadel, in the waters of the Gironde, and formed, with two pinnaces, a line of defence on the river side. In every direction were to be seen vigilant sentinels, in every direction was to be heard the clatter of arms. The garrison, consisting of more than nine hundred men, was ordered to keep within its barracks, and every detail of the service was performed with as much strictness and rigour as in a besieged town. Each morning at six o'clock, a cannon-shot fired from the citadel, and repeated from the corvette, gave the signal for opening the gates; the drums then beat the *reveillé*, and at intervals throughout the day, a similar warlike sound announced the recurrence of the various military duties. At six o'clock in the evening, another cannon-shot was fired, and the gates were closed till the next morning. The house in which the princess was detained, was

surrounded by a double range of palisadoes, ten or twelve feet high; the apertures of the chimneys were covered with a close grating; the windows of all the rooms were provided with strong iron bars; and the princess and the voluntary companions of her captivity were forbidden to look through those bars, to inhale for a moment the air of evening, after the hour for retirement had arrived.

Thus subjected to a constraint, which the vivacity of her temperament rendered doubly irksome, plunged into a prison where she could no longer enjoy the excitement of active operations, Marie Caroline felt that her courage was less than her misfortunes. Her utter isolation from her party; the fixed, unmoving countenances of her guards, the warlike aspect of all around her new abode, an aspect which forbade her to hope; the clamours of the soldiery, by turns jovial and menacing; and amid the silence of the night, the watchful *qui vive?* of the sentinels: all this depressed, overwhelmed her.

M. de Mesnard and Mademoiselle Stylite de Kersabiec had in the first instance presented themselves for the purpose of sharing the rigours of her captivity; but claimed, almost immediately afterwards, by the Courts of Montbrison and Nantes, these faithful adherents were obliged to let their duties devolve on M. de Brissac and Madame d'Hautefort, who, though highly esteemed by the princess, were not so deeply in her confidence that she could open to them all her graver and more secret thoughts; they could not, therefore, guide her by their counsels, but they contributed to soothe her heart.

Her afflictions, indeed, were not altogether without alleviation, at least in the earlier period of her imprisonment. Colonel Chousserie possessed a lofty and generous soul; and he tempered as much as possible the severity of her position. Besides, the state had not as yet ascertained the exact extent of her offences; and from her own party she received in person the most gratifying proofs of fidelity. From Geneva, M. de Chateaubriand thus addressed her:

"MADAM,—You will deem it inconsiderate, obtrusive, that at such a moment as this, I intreat you to grant me a favour, but it is the high ambition of my life; I would earnestly solicit to be numbered among your defenders. I have no personal title to the great favour I solicit of you in your new grandeur; but I venture to implore it in memory of a prince, of whom you deigned to name me historian, and in the name of my family's blood. It was my brother's glorious destiny to die, with his illustrious grandfather, M. de Malesherbes, the defender of Louis XVI., the same day, the same hour, for the same cause, and upon the same scaffold.

"CHATEAUBRIAND."

Very shortly after her arrest, and previous to her quitting Nantes, the Duchess de Berri had received other testimonies of devotion, from more obscure quarters, indeed, but not less touching. The Demoiselles Duguigny having requested as an especial favour to spend one day with her who had received an asylum in their house, Charlotte Moreau added to their letter the following lines: "If Madame would condescend to grant it to a poor *femme de chambre*, who has served her with all her heart, I solicit the same favour as my mistresses."

But the period was at hand when the Duchess de Berri was to lose

everything, even the attached fidelity of her most zealous partisans. And their secession was perfectly justified; for it took place upon the divulgation of a terrible secret; a divulgation, the shame of which was not too severe an expiation of the crime which the Duchess de Berri had committed, when, regarding the people as her patrimony, she came into France to let loose all the horrors of civil war.

Meantime, the court was intoxicated with joy. It seemed to be altogether forgotten there, that the Duchess de Berri was the queen's niece, and that, in the time of her prosperity, the mother of the Duke de Bordeaux had always lavished upon the children of Louis Philippe marks of the tenderest affection. But the bonds of blood are very fragile, with him who gains, by breaking them, all that the pride of man can realize in the exercise of sovereign authority; the Orléans family went to the opera, the evening of the day on which they heard of their relative's arrest.

Yet the satisfaction which they took so little pains to disguise, was poisoned by a vivid feeling of disquiet. For the revolutionary party eagerly demanded that the prisoner should be brought to trial. Now, if she were acquitted, Louis Philippe stood branded in the face of all nations, as an usurper; if, on the contrary, she were condemned to a punishment proportioned to the weight of her offence, Louis Philippe would have to choose between the alternative of despotically annulling the sentence, or of drawing down upon himself, if he permitted it to take its course, the eternal malediction of all the crowned heads. Had he felt his position more secure, on the point of legitimacy, he would not have been afraid to encounter the former of these risks; had he been more independent of the sovereigns, he would not have feared the latter. But as he could not venture to risk his right upon the will of the people, nor to shake off the patronage of the great courts; everything harassed and impeded him: a defeat would have been utter destruction; victory was the source of terrible embarrassment.

And no one was more sensible of this embarrassment than M. Thiers, the person more especially responsible for the results. He had certainly displayed, in the arrest of the princess, an extraordinary degree of resolution.* He had dashed forward unhesitatingly, up to the period

* The first communication between M. Thiers and Deutz, took place under the following circumstances:

M. Thiers one day received a letter, wherein a stranger begged him to repair in the evening to the Champs-Elysées, promising to make him a communication of the very highest importance. M. Thiers sent for the chief of police, showed him the letter, and requested his opinion. The latter thought that the proposed meeting was a trap, and that he had better not attend it. But, under the powerful influence of an instinct which impelled him to accept the adventure, M. Thiers took no heed to the advice which he had called for, and at the appointed hour proceeded to the Champs-Elysées, with a brace of pistols ready in his coat pockets. At the spot indicated in the letter, he perceived a man standing, who seemed agitated with fear and doubt. He approached, and accosted this man: it was Deutz. A conference was opened, which ended in a base crime. The next night, by an arrangement of the police, Deutz was secretly introduced into the office of the minister of the interior. "You can make a good thing of this," said M. Thiers. The Jew shook with agitation at the idea; his limbs trembled under him, and his countenance changed. The price of the treachery was settled without difficulty.

when, having become the instigator of a wretched knave, he had exhausted his tool's base knavery. But he felt clearly that it would never do to allow his prisoner to incur the risk of a capital condemnation. Before the arrest of the duchess, when Deutz, writing from Nantes, proposed to deliver up M. de Bourmont into the hands of government, M. Thiers repelled the disgraceful offer, in order to save the government the very inconvenient possibility of having to shoot a marshal of France.*

But some decision must be come to. For the blood which had been poured out in the West, cried aloud for vengeance; formidable clamours arose from the bosom of the families which had been plunged into mourning by civil war; and the conquerors of the month of July, the sincere liberals, the republicans, concurred in demanding with determined voices, that a great example should be made, that justice should be done. For their part, the legitimatists made the country re-echo with their shouts of monarchical enthusiasm, all the louder to cover their real depression. The *Gazette de France* and the *Quotidienne* sent forth, day after day, addresses glorifying the courage of the mother of Henry V., and protests against the base treachery of which she had been made the victim; a great number of gentlemen made known the project they had formed of making up, by subscription, a civil list for her; and last, but not least, M. de Chateaubriand, in the pamphlet which became so celebrated, ventured to exclaim: "Madame, your son is my king!" These words flew rapidly from mouth to mouth, amongst the royalist party, and hundreds of young men, the sons of noblemen, made a procession through Paris, to wait upon and do honour to their author. For some time past, petitions relative to the Duchess de Berri had been pouring into the Chamber. On the 5th of January, the ministers were called upon there, to explain their intentions. The crowded assembly was full of excitement, and of various passions. On one side, the ministers were charged with entertaining the criminal idea of frustrating the justice of the country; on the other the right of punishing, a corollary from that of reigning, was altogether denied them. M. Sapey, who had been charged with the drawing up a report on the petitions on this subject, presented one, which left it to the ministers to take, with regard to the prisoner, what steps they should deem most advisable, leaving them responsible to the Chamber and the country for the soundness of their judgment.

M. de Broglie appeared at the tribune in support of this view. He

* However, M. Thiers was not destined to remain much longer troubled, as minister of the interior, with the affairs of the Duchess de Berri. There existed between him and M. d'Argout, minister of commerce and public works, a most entire misunderstanding. Possessed by a mania for business, M. d'Argout had added to his functions, the direction of the communes and of the national guards, which rendered the minister of the interior precisely what, under the Empire, the minister of police was. M. Thiers made great complaints of this: "I will not be the Fouché of this régime," said he. After long discussions, it was arranged that M. d'Argout should have the ministry of the interior, with the direction of the national guard and the communes, and that M. Thiers should take the public works. It was, consequently, M. d'Argout who had the especial charge of the affair of Blaye.

maintained that the elder Bourbons had placed themselves out of the pale of ordinary law; that the government had no other rules to act upon, in reference to the Duchess de Berri, than those of the laws of war; that the princess ought to be detained as a person whom it was dangerous to the country to leave at liberty; that every sound reason of state required this; that the tranquillity of the citizens would otherwise be periled; that the principle of equality before the law was not applicable to this case, the Duchess de Berri not being a Frenchwoman by birth, and being such no longer by alliance. At these words violent exclamations arose from the benches on the right. M. de Broglie continued: "After all, this principle, tutelary as it may be, is not more sacred or inviolable than many others which you have set aside. It is not more so, for example, than the principle of royal irresponsibility, which you set aside when you deposed Charles X." Passing on to the disorders which they would risk in summoning the Duchess de Berri before judges designated by chance: "Do you think," he exclaimed, "that the whole force of which the government can dispose will suffice to protect, as the case may be, the heads of the judges or those of the accused? You have seen the trial of the ministers, you have seen for ten whole days the entire city of Paris under arms, the capital of the kingdom in the attitude, in the terrible suspense, of a town in a state of siege: well, you have seen nothing. You have seen the disturbances of the month of June: well, you have seen nothing."

Several orators of the left presented themselves to reply to M. de Broglie. M. de Ludre intimated that he would vote for referring the petitions to the keeper of the seals, if this proviso were added: "In order to have the laws of the kingdom carried into effect." M. de Bricqueville reminded the Chamber that, at the time of its proposition for the banishment of the elder branch, the government declared the penal code applicable to such of the exiled family as should attempt to introduce civil war; and expressed his astonishment that the same persons should now be so eager to deviate from the ordinary principles of law who, but the other day, were so determined in their resolution to have those principles adhered to under all circumstances. "You talk," cried M. Cerbet, "of the danger there would be in submitting the Duchess de Berri to the ordinary tribunals: is your government, then, so ill established that it cannot undergo such a test?"

On this occasion M. Berryer ranged himself resolutely on the side of the ministers, the more effectually to strike at the dynasty of which they were the blind, passive instruments. In common with them, he asserted that, to bring the Duchess de Berri before the judges, would be a fault and a perilous fault; in common with them, he affirmed that she lived in a sphere which the sword of ordinary law could not reach. Reasoning upon monarchical principles, the mother of a legitimate king, being engaged by no duty of necessary submission to a prince whom insurrection had placed upon the throne, the Duchess de Berri was, with reference to Louis Philippe, in a position, not of revolt but of war. The matter in hand was a defeat, not a judicial offence; a

question of policy, not of justice; and it was, consequently, altogether left to the executive power to do that which it should think proper, should think itself strong enough to venture upon.

M. Thiers saw at once the dangerous meaning and intent of this alliance, and immediately endeavoured to turn the eyes of the assembly in another direction. Persuaded that it was to the cowardice of the Chamber he must appeal, in order to achieve success for his views, he set his imagination to work, and drew a picture of complicated and tremendous horror; he depicted the judges trembling on the bench; the accusers dumbfounded; the accused triumphant in the impossibility which her enemies would experience of adducing material and decisive proofs against her; the passions excited in contending ways, and ready to come into fierce collision; the scenes attending the trial of the ministers renewed with aggravated terrors, and the government compelled to station 80,000 or 100,000 men in echelons on the road from Blaye to Paris.

Terrified at this evocation, in ghastly array, of vain phantoms, the Chamber relinquished to the ministers the charge of deciding, at their own responsibility, it is true, but also at their own caprice, upon the fate of the Duchess de Berri.

Thus, from the very urn, whence laws receive their birth, issued arbitrary rule, and all its insolent temerity; legality, so warmly advocated by Casimir Périer, gave way to *reasons of state*, the hypocritical pretence under which despotism veils itself; the interests of a temporary and variable policy superseded the rights of justice, which are eternal and immutable; juries, which had been so ostentatiously proclaimed a sacred institution, were now denounced as a power open to corruption, to legal chicanery, to fear; the principle of equality before the law, which, without reservation, formed so leading a feature of the charter, was soon confined to a sort of inviolability, which had not been respected in the slightest degree when the object in hand was the obtaining possession of the crown, but which was carefully respected now that the object which ought to have been kept in view was the vindication of outraged society; in fine, by a monstrous contradiction, a government, which represented itself as based upon the affections and sympathies of the people, absolutely declared itself too weak to run the risk of a trial, and seemed to think that an army would not suffice to bring safely to Paris a woman twice conquered and a prisoner. Such an avowal was sheer insanity.

The legitimatists were perfectly enraptured; and while the republican party gave way to transports of passion against the government, the loyalists, raising their heads once more, viewed the speeches of MM. Thiers and de Broglie with malignant satisfaction, and styled the sittings of the 5th of January, *séance aux aveux:* "So the legitimatist party was not dead, as had been so often said and repeated; for here was the ministers themselves stating that in order to keep it down, not fewer than a hundred thousand soldiers would be necessary!" And they addressed jeering felicitations to M. de Broglie upon the service he had

just rendered to the cause of sound doctrines, reproaching him merely with his want of consistency, and comparing the power which thus lived on the past, which it insulted all the while, to the vulture which lives on the prey which it disfigures.

The ministerial party had fallen into a sore dilemma; it defended itself with the utmost embarrassment, and its confusion, giving it the appearance of still greater weakness, served to increase tenfold the audacity of its adversaries.

Such was the condition of things, when suddenly strange rumours were whispered about. A mysterious love affair, an inexcusable act of imprudence, was attributed to the Duchess de Berri; and it was said that certain consequences, which could not be concealed, were inevitable. Indignantly repelled by the legitimatists, as a mere impure calumny, this rumour was diligently propagated by those whose morbid curiosity it pleased, or who made use of it to serve their own unworthy purposes. But the place where of all others it was most willingly received, though conveyed and communicated from one to another in ambiguous terms, was the palace. The courtiers knew perfectly well that their ready acquiescence in the rumour would be accepted as a favourable proof of devotion to the reigning dynasty, and they believed one and all. The queen having suffered some remarks on the levity of her niece to escape from her, in a tone partly severe, partly expressive of affectionate interest in the offender, the courtiers aptly gave to these hints the harsh interpretation which they felt persuaded the king wished to have conveyed abroad. He himself, whether from policy, or from real indifference, permitted a free course to the license of remark around him upon this subject, though the scandal fell upon his own family. And not only did he tolerate the rumours circulating about the palace, as to the presumed dishonour of his niece, but he even added his own conjectures, and illustrated the topic by all the piquant details, which his memory supplied, of the intrigues of the old court.

Suspicion became daily stronger; and a circumstance occurred which was calculated to confirm it. On the night of the 16th of January, the prisoner was seized with vomiting; a telegraphic despatch instantly conveyed the intelligence to the Tuileries. The Duchess de Berri, since her arrival at Blaye, had been attended by no other physician than M. Gintrac, a man of the highest honour and talent, whom she greatly esteemed, and in whom she had full confidence. The government, then, might have well been content to leave the medical care of Marie Caroline in the hands of M. Gintrac, and the more especially so as the princess had distinctly refused to receive Dr. Barthez, who had been ordered by government to wait upon her professionally. Ministers thought otherwise; and to shield themselves from responsibility, as well as, most probably, to clear up a mystery, an explanation of which might be so beneficial to their implacable policy, they determined upon sending two physicians to Blaye, with instructions to inquire into all the circumstances affecting the health of the prisoner, and to report upon the most effective mode of removing any complaint with which

she might be troubled. The two physicians selected in accordance with this determination, started for Blaye on the night of the 21st of January: they were MM. Orfila and Auvity. In announcing their departure, the ministerial press, intimated with coarse significance, that they had been despatched to solve *un cas de medecine legale.*

The emotion produced in the public mind, was profound. The legitimatists affected the greatest apprehensions for the safety of the princess. Under the Restoration, M. Auvity had been the medical attendant upon Marie Caroline; and it was therefore quite natural that he should be appointed by ministers to visit her; but that which gave an opening to sinister suppositions, was the selection they had made of M. Orfila, a man skilled in the art of detecting the traces of poison. "Let any fatal intelligence come from Blaye!" exclaimed a journal devoted to the mother of the Duc de Bordeaux, "and by our faith, we swear that the government shall not have reason to ask where are the royalists! Life shall be paid for life!" In point of fact, however, there was no sincerity whatever in these fears and these menaces. The king and his ministers had in the preservation of the princess's life while in prison, an interest which it was as unjust as absurd to disallow. Indeed, to suppose them indifferent to the matter, was a mere gratuitous and clumsy calumny. But such is the logic of party passions; offended in the person of her whom they had placed upon a visionary throne raised by their own illusions, the royalist party returned the partisans of the new dynasty outrage for outrage, meeting absurd accusations, with cruel imputations!

On the 24th January, MM. Orfila and Auvity arrived at Blaye; on the 25th they were admitted into the presence of the princess, at the same time with MM. Gintrac and Barthez; and on the same day these four gentlemen signed a report, setting forth the result of their visit and its inquiries. It stated that the princess, born of consumptive parents, manifested symptoms of the hereditary malady; that she was subject to inflammatory affections; that often, after walking on the ramparts, she had suffered from a short, dry cough, the character of which was somewhat alarming; that her state of health required serious precautions to be taken; and that more especially she ought to abstain rigidly from going out, except in the middle of the day, and then to keep in sheltered places, the citadel being so much exposed to the cold, and to the thick fogs frequently arising from the river.

Had this report been inserted in the *Moniteur*, it would have effectually falsified the discreditable rumours which for some time past had been put in circulation; and in showing a longer residence at Blaye to be attended with danger to the princess, would have compelled the government either to liberate her, or to remove her to a more salubrious prison. The ministers at once saw this, and forthwith thrust away the report among the archives of the ministry of the interior; they had made up their minds that the Duchess de Berri was pregnant, and they were determined not for one moment to risk the benefit of a discovery which would overwhelm the legitimatist party with confusion.

And the court must have been indeed powerfully acted upon by the temptation held out in this most disgraceful prospect; for rather than give it up, it chose to run the hazard of a contingency, which, with the construction inevitably put upon it by party hatred, always unjust, even towards the best of men and of measures, might become the groundwork of the most fearful charge against it. But such infatuation is common to all governments, and all men impatient for full success. The court was playing the game of a desperate gamester: it had staked the chance of profiting by a scandal against that of being overwhelmed beneath the weight of an infamous calumny.

It was accordingly at this time in a constant state of anxiety, watching with greedy eye each successive bulletin from Blaye, and sending order after order that the princess should be treated with all possible indulgence and consideration, careful as it now was of a life which its selfish policy now rendered doubly precious to it. But despite all this really anxious solicitude, the legitimatists grew more and more furious, asserting that the citadel of Blaye had been assigned to the mother of Henry V. at once as a prison and as a tomb. It became necessary to meet these accusations, daily repeated as they were; and the ministry accordingly obtained from MM. Orfila and Auvity, a new report which, quite differing from the former, went to prove the salubrity of the fortress of Blaye. The first report had been signed by MM. Orfila, Auvity, Gintrac, Barthez; the second bore the signatures only of MM. Orfila and Auvity. The first had been kept altogether in the background, silent and unheard of; the second was published far and wide, trumpeted aloud throughout the whole country, throughout Europe.

But success did not crown these despicable artifices of an executive which, being attacked without good faith, defended itself without honesty. Proud of the power imputed to them in the *séance aux aveux*, by the infatuated declarations of MM. de Broglie and Thiers, the royalists carried their heads high, and were more menacing in their demeanour, more arrogant in their language, than when the Duchess de Berri was leading the insurgent bands to battle. The *Corsaire*, a satirical journal belonging to the republican party, having one day alluded to the suspicions indulged in by public malice, the editor, M. Eugène Brifault, was called out by a royalist and wounded. Another attack was followed by another challenge upon the part of the writers in the *Revenant*, to which the *Corsaire* on this occasion replied by an energetic appeal to the respect due to the liberty of the press. Now to have recourse to measures of intimidation against the republican party was a proof how little that party was understood. Composed of men full of courage, impetuosity, and daring, the strength of that party consisted precisely in its ardour in braving death. No sooner did it find itself threatened than its indignation burst forth with tremendous vehemence. The *National* and the *Tribune*, which until then had spoken only with chivalrous generosity of the unfortunate and captive Duchess de Berri, now hurled a formal and haughty defial at the legitimatists. With that lofty disdain which

characterized him, Armand Carrel wrote, "It seems that the moment is come for testing the famous Carlo-republican alliance; be it so. Let messieurs, the *cavaliere serventi*, say how many they are; let us see each other once face to face, and then let there be an end of the matter. We will not call in the *juste-milieu* men to help us." A declaration of the same kind appeared in the *Tribune*. Instantly the popular societies, the schools, and all were in motion. The offices of the two republican newspapers were filled with impassioned crowds. Every one demanded permission to enrol his name; every one claimed for himself the honour of the first fight. A list of twelve names had been deposited by the legitimatists at the offices of the *National* and the *Tribune*, and from that list Armand Carrel had selected the name of M. Roux Laborie; but in matters of single combat the republicans admitted no representative, and they all insisted that the engagement should have a character more in conformity with the intensity of their anger. Accordingly, they deposited at the offices both of the *National* and the *Tribune* twelve names in opposition to the twelve that had been furnished to them, and declared that they determined to have, not a collective engagement, not a listed field, which would have been impracticable, but a combat divided into twelve rencontres, at different hours and at different places. After several negotiations and a long correspondence, the legitimatists refused to subscribe to these conditions. The following letter addressed to the *Revenant*, by MM. Godefroi Cavaignac, Marrast, and Garderin, will give an idea of this singular conflict, in which the spirit of the middle ages seemed to be revived.

"We send you a first list of twelve persons. We demand, not twelve simultaneous duels, but twelve successive duels, at times and places on which we shall easily agree. No excuses; no pretexts, which would not save you from the disgrace of cowardice, nor, above all, from the consequences which ensue from it. Henceforth there is war, man to man, between your party and ours; no truce till one of the two shall have given way to the other."

From the acrimony of this language, it may be conceived what must have been the surprise of the republican party when its opponents dared to threaten it. The men of intelligence among the royalists felt that a great blunder had been committed, and they exerted all their energies to stifle this deplorable quarrel. In pursuance of a decision come to at a meeting of their leading men, the legitimatists declared that they could not consent to generalise the dispute. Tardy prudence, and insufficient to the end proposed! On the 2d of February, MM. Armand Carrel and Roux Laborie met upon the ground. The fight took place with swords, and lasted three minutes. Carrel had already twice wounded his adversary in the arm; but in making a lunge, he met the point of the sword, and received a deep wound in the abdomen. The news spread like lightning, and immediately became the subject of every conversation. Nothing was talked of in the schools, the journals, at the Bourse, in the theatres, but the courage of Armand Carrel, his devotedness, and the danger impending over his life. M. Dupin, M. Chateaubriand himself, called to ask how he did. M. Thiers, whose colleague he had been in other times, sent his secretary. The people

of the house refused to admit him. "Let him come in," said Carrel; and, addressing the visiter, he said, "I have a favour to ask of M. Thiers; it is my earnest desire that M. Roux Laborie be not incommoded."

But, as was to be expected, a cry of execration against the executive, mingled with the interest which was everywhere manifested for the magnanimous writer. So then, said the sincere liberals, here is the fruit of the affirmations of M. Thiers and the Duc de Broglie; let the blood that has been shed lie at their door. But for the importance bestowed upon a vanquished woman, but for the moral force with which they have invested her by placing her above the laws, but for the ludicrous confession they have made of their dread of the legitimatist party, never would that party have ventured to display such an excess of hardihood. The partisans of the ministry appeared evidently humiliated by these reproaches, for the insult offered to the revolution of July was flagrant, and could not be denied. As for the republicans, they continued to meet tumultuously; but vengeance was with them a sentiment full of grandeur and generosity. The men of the people, in the vehemence of their indignation, beset the office of the *Gazette de France* with the intention of breaking up its presses. They were restrained by a republican, M. Ferdinand Flocon, who harangued the furious multitude, and made them ashamed of their violence. However, it was determined in the office of the *Tribune* to publish the following manifesto, the effect of which was to put an end to the legitimatist meetings that, till then, had been held in various points of the capital. A vehement and strange manifesto it was, in which the spirit of the times is curiously displayed, and which shows how much incapacity there was then in the executive, how much impotence in the laws, how much pride in all parties, and anarchy in the general state of things.

"MESSIEURS—You do not choose that the people should speak ill of the Duchess de Berri; you say that she is a woman, an unfortunate and captive woman; a mother, deprived of her children; you say that regard is due to the female sex, to weakness and misfortune. You set yourselves up as her champions.

"And we, having taken part in the revolution of July, we declare that we will not suffer you any longer to insult it in your journals.

"We did think that the care of its defence might still be left to those who have profited by it. We think so no longer. The revolution of July is a principle. The men who have usurped it, permit you to attack it. The revolution of July is oppressed and persecuted every day in the persons of those who effected it; the prisons are filled with its friends and representatives; the registers of the gaols are scribbled all over with the names of the defenders of liberty. If, then, you claim the privilege of the unfortunate and the oppressed, that privilege belongs to us as much and more than to you.

"For us, we were upon the ground on the day of the fight. We looked for you and did not find you, and now you show yourselves. You dare to forbid us to speak of your dame.

"Well, then, our dame is liberty; our dame is the revolution of July, and we forbid you to speak of her good or bad.

"You have held meetings in the capital, the avowed object of which was to manifest your sympathy for a cause which the nation repudiates. The capital, amazed at your audacity, has vainly awaited the repression of so much effrontery by legal means. We forbid you to hold similar meetings for the future.

"And, since the executive approves of you, for it tolerates you, we declare to you, that upon the very first occasion on which you shall have had the insolence to announce a public meeting of legitimatists, we will do what the executive ought to have done long ago, we will disperse you by force.

(Signed) "P. C. C. FERDINAND FLOCON."

The government could no longer remain neutral; it interfered through the police. The leaders were put under surveillance; some arrests were made. MM. de Calvimont, Albert Berthier, and Théodore Anne, who were to fight MM. Marrast, d'Hervas, and Achille Grégoire, were obliged to yield to the measures taken by the executive to prevent the meeting. This, however, would not have been enough to stop the mischief, if the legitimatists had not perceived that they had taken a bad course. The *Gazette de France*, the *Courier de l'Europe*, and the *Quotidienne*, legitimatist organs, pointedly expressed, in the name of their party, their regret at what had passed. Armand Carrel, whose life had been thought in danger, was soon restored to the journal which he conducted with so much *éclat*. At last the republicans returned to the use of less offensive language, and to a calmer bearing as regarded the royalists. But as their resentments had not yet been wholly allayed, they signed, very numerously, a petition demanding that the Duchess de Berri should be brought to trial; and such of them as had long abstained from wearing the insignia of the revolution of 1830, which, they said, had been profaned, now made a point of never appearing in public but with the ribbon of July in their button-holes.

The ministry, meanwhile, was silently preparing means for turning to good account the advantageous position afforded to it by the Duchess de Berri. The governor of the citadel of Blaye had opposed the introduction of the police into the fort. As a soldier, he wished to command over his soldiers. This loftiness of character gave offence. M. Chousserie, because he was a man of honour, ceased to appear sufficiently devoted. General Bugeaud was appointed to supersede him. He was a man endowed with high qualities as a soldier, possessed of sound information upon certain subjects, remarkable for a sort of grotesque common sense; whimsical rather than ill-natured, susceptible even of good feeling by fits, but irascible, blunt, destitute of tact, scorning the *suaviter in modo*, and filled with a subaltern's zeal, the meanness of which he hardly contrived to relieve by his arrogance, his bluntness, and his blustering airs. The arrival of such a man was a thunderstroke to the prisoner; she readily guessed what he was in reality, notwithstanding all the courtesies to which he laboured sincerely to bend his stubborn nature, and she was afraid of him.

The commissary of police, Joly, was also sent to the citadel; he was lodged in the enclosure under the apartment occupied by the princess. There were afterwards discovered, sunk in the ceiling of the room assigned to this commissary of police, two funnels covered with plaster and terminating upon a very thin plate of metal placed a little in front of the room in which it was customary with the Duchess de Berri, Madame d'Hautefort, and M. de Brissac to meet. Was this a contrivance for the purpose of espionage? Certain it is that the government speedily obtained the most precise information, but it wanted the means of making use of it, and those means were furnished it by the prisoner herself. On the 22d of February, 1833, she placed in the hands of General Bugeaud the following declaration: "Urged by circumstances

and by the measures ordered by the government, though I had the strongest reasons to keep my marriage secret, I think it a duty to myself and to my children to declare that I was secretly married during my residence in Italy.—MARIE CAROLINE."

Now, here is what the princess wrote to M. de Mesnard upon the subject of the above declaration.

"I feel as if it would kill me to tell you what follows, but it must be done. Vexatious annoyances; the order to leave me alone with spies; the certainty that I cannot get out till September, could alone have determined me to declare my secret marriage."

How, indeed, could it be supposed that the Duchess de Berri should, of her own accord, determine to sign a document which stripped her of her title of regent and of her dignity as a mother? A document, the publication of which degraded the cause of legitimacy, covered the royalists with confusion, and made the issue of a civil war turn upon the hazards of a secret amour. Marie Caroline, therefore, only yielded, according to the terms of the declaration, "to the measures ordained by the government." After all, resignation was a thing impossible to her ardent temperament, and she had not sufficient fortitude to sacrifice herself to her party by rising superior to her misfortune. Perhaps no more might have been necessary than to let some hope of liberty gleam upon her. Certain it is that she did not consult upon this occasion either Madame d'Hautefort or M. de Brissac, as if she had been afraid that they would hinder her from rushing upon destruction.

The declaration was made upon the 22d. On the 26th the queen could read it in the *Moniteur*. Thus, Marie Caroline saw the details of her private life exposed to the insulting commentaries of the multitude, under the government of those she most loved of all her kindred; thus, she had counted in vain upon that common regard for the family honour, which prevails even in humble life.

But this disclosure of a woman's weakness was not only shameful, it was also impolitic: for the momentary advantage the ministry could derive from the discredit cast upon the legitimatist party, was far from recompensing the lasting injury they inflicted upon the monarchical principle, by the disgrace entailed upon a royal house.

Accordingly, the result disappointed the expectations of the executive. In the eyes of all honest men, the disgrace of the fault confessed was almost covered from view by the infamy of the publicity given to it. The republicans, behaving with as much generosity to the captive princess as they had shown themselves formidable to her party, inveighed solely against the violation of the sacred ties of blood committed by the executive. As for the legitimatists, they denied the authenticity of the declaration, and asserted that the Duchess de Berri had been basely calumniated before the face of Europe. The ministers must, then, have felt to what miserable necessities they had condemned themselves. Accused of fraud and imposture, no means of exculpating themselves remained, but by proving, by authentic evidence, the pregnancy of the Duchess de Berri; and how was that proof to be obtained,

without descending to the vilest and most tyrannical persecution? They might, it is true, suffer the prisoner to be delivered in Blaye; they might have proper measures taken for having the accouchement duly authenticated, and thus they might shut the mouths of those who were, or who affected to be, incredulous. But how many chances would they have to run, if this course was adopted? not to say how ignoble it was to surround a captive woman with spies, and to set policemen to watch the moment when she was about to become a mother. Who could answer for it, that she should not succeed, when the critical hour was come, in baffling the vigilance of her guardians? What would be the consequence besides, should she die in child-birth, or should she sink under the moral torture of the investigation, which to her was so full of insult? Should the executive suffer a charge of assassination to lie at its door? These fears, upon the part of the ministers, were the more natural, inasmuch as the prisoner's health had been visibly declining for some time. A report was drawn up, on the 1st of March, by five physicians of Blaye, and it stated:

"It will be very important to enable Madame la Duchesse de Berri to proceed, as soon as possible, to her native country, the temperature of which appears by all means likely to be more favourable to her health; and, should this salutary measure be adopted, it would be desirable that it should be effected before the conclusion of her presumed pregnancy, for fear the symptoms of the pulmonary affection should make too rapid progress after her accouchement to allow of a journey of any kind. This advice ought to have the more weight, because every day the captivity of the Duchesse de Berri is prolonged, cannot but have a most injurious effect on her moral condition."

The inference was clear; and it is to be remarked that, in addition to the signatures of MM. Canihac, Grateloup, Bourges, and Gintrac, there was also attached to this report that of M. Menière, whom the government itself had appointed as physician to the princess, upon the recommendation of M. Orfila.

The ministers, then, had potent motives for not prolonging the captivity of the Duchess de Berri until after her accouchement; whilst, on the other hand, they did not wish to set her at liberty until they had obtained manifest authentic proof of her pregnancy, such as they could victoriously oppose to the denials of the legitimatist party.

Things were in this state when M. Deneux, the Duchess de Berri's accoucheur, demanded permission to proceed to Blaye. He was determined upon this step by considerations which his party did not approve of, but which, nevertheless, were honourable. He thought that if his request were rejected, the fact of pregnancy would be disproved, and that if, on the contrary, it were granted, his mission would be equivalent to a formal disavowal of the protest, formerly attributed to Louis Philippe, against the legitimacy of the Duc de Bordeaux. The reader will recollect the doubts to which the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux had given occasion. These doubts had been ingeniously increased and envenomed after the revolution of July by the partisans of Louis Philippe; a judicial inquiry had even been talked of. M. Deneux thought, not without reason, that by going to do at Blaye, by order of

the new government, what he had done in the Tuileries on the 29th of September, 1820, he would render it impossible for the courtiers to dispute the authority of his first testimony.

Desiring by all means to destroy the accusation of falsehood thrown out against them, the ministers felt it their interest to have the prisoner's pregnancy certified by one of her own party. Now, the devotion of M. Deneux to the mother of Henry V. was notorious, and his profession as an accoucheur gave his presence in Blaye a significance which it was impossible to mistake. His proposal was therefore favourably received by the council, and was a fresh subject of grief and irritation for the legitimatists. He set out, arrived in Blaye on the 24th of March, and being admitted the next day into the citadel, was introduced into the princess's apartment. She was in bed; her face was emaciated, her complexion sallow, her cheeks hollow. She stretched out her hand to M. Deneux, and said with a melancholy grace, "Good M. Deneux! I was very sure he would come to me." The old man, intensely affected, threw himself at the feet of the bed, sobbing violently, and all but fainted. When he recovered from his emotion, the princess said to him, "My good M. Deneux, you have left your wife for me, abandoned your business, and inconvenienced your patients; I cannot accept such a sacrifice;" and, when he replied only with expressions of unbounded devotion, the princess, disclosing her real thoughts, said, "But do you not know that by remaining with me you will involuntarily prove an impediment to my liberation?" She saw, in fact, in the presence of M. Deneux, a proof that the ministers intended to let her await the termination of her pregnancy in prison. But M. Deneux represented to her that if he returned to Paris, the legitimatist journals would deny, more obstinately than ever, the declaration of the 22d of February, and would, by so doing, render it still more imperatively necessary for the government to confound them by a positive proof, at the risk of imposing a longer captivity upon the princess. She appeared struck by this observation, and in a second interview, which took place upon the 28th of March, she declared to M. Deneux that she accepted his services.

From that day began a life of anxiety and self-denial for M. Deneux. Wholly possessed with the desire of restoring his patient to repose and liberty, he did not fear to draw down upon himself the reprobation of his party, of which it was necessary to baffle the calculations and brave the passions, in order to serve the mother of Henry V.; for here the princess's interest, and that of the legitimatist party were manifestly opposed. To procure the opening of her prison gates, Marie Caroline had but one means, which was, openly to divulge that formidable truth which the legitimatist party would have wished for ever to conceal, even though the mother of Henry V. were to remain longer the victim of the important secret.

But a mere avowal was not what the ministers wanted, not such an avowal as had been made on the 22d of February, and published on the 26th. What the government required was a public authentication of

the fact, resting upon official testimony, and of such a nature as to render all controversy impossible. Now, the Duchess de Berri felt an invincible repugnance to allow of that authentication; first, from feelings of modesty, and next, because, having been already deceived, she did not believe that her liberty would be granted her in return for the sacrifice the government dared to demand of her.

The following was the plan submitted to General Bugeaud upon this subject, by M. Deneux. A certain number of respectable persons of Blaye and Bordeaux were to be chosen by the government to receive from the accoucheurs, chosen in equal numbers by the government and the princess, a declaration authenticating the pregnancy of the latter. The document having been made out in due form, the princess was to embark in presence of the same persons, and the document was not to be sent to Paris until the vessel had proceeded far away from Blaye. This plan bespoke a distrust offensive to ministers, and which they had but too well deserved. General Bugeaud appeared, nevertheless, disposed to adopt it, and he replied to M. Deneux that he would draw up propositions which should be laid before the Duchess de Berri and the ministers; he also said, that if, after the conditions had been once effected, the government should venture to break its word, he, Bugeaud, would seize the corvette *La Capricieuse*, and would convey Madame to Sicily of his own sole authority.

If the Duchess de Berri could have believed for an instant in the sincerity of her enemies' promises, she might perhaps have yielded, but she was convinced that it would have been all to no purpose for her to submit to an authentication, the offensive nature of which was, moreover, so well suited to dismay her. A conversation she had upon this subject with M. Deneux, will give an idea of the torments endured by this unfortunate woman. "I would rather be delivered in Blaye," she said to her physician, "than consent to the authentication required of me. If I cause my condition to be authenticated, the results will be sure to be published in the journals, and I shall remain here, whilst the declaration made at the moment of my delivery will not be made public."—"Oh, as for that, I can take upon me to assert that Madame is mistaken."—"What, Monsieur Deneux, do you think that ministers will dare to publish it?"—"I have not the least doubt of it, Madame."—"Why, it would be an infamy beyond all parallel."—"They will do it, Madame, you may rely upon it."—"Well, then, if they will, I will divulge what ought to remain concealed; I will state the name of my husband; but as the French laws oblige me to do so in order to legitimise my child, the odium of this disclosure will devolve wholly upon my enemies; whereas, if I were to submit to have my pregnancy authenticated, I alone should be the person accused, and it would not fail to be said that I longed to obtain my liberty before being delivered, to obtain it at any cost, because my child was not legitimate."

These considerations determined her, and she wrote to General Bugeaud to announce her refusal.*

* The following is her letter:—"I cannot but feel grateful to you, general, for the motives which have dictated the propositions you have submitted to me. Upon

Some little time after this M. Ménière was called to Paris by telegraphic despatch. He was summoned to the council hall, where he gave an account, in presence of the assembled ministers, of all that he knew respecting the state of things in Blaye. In consequence of his communications it was definitively fixed that the princess should be delivered in prison. The king then intimated his wish to have a private interview with M. Ménière. He expressed himself painfully affected by the rigour displayed against his wife's niece, and represented himself as the victim of the necessities of the constitutional system. Then, foreseeing what points would be likely to be touched upon in the conversations between the princess and M. Ménière, he explained to the latter at great length the sort of language he ought to hold, and he took great pains to mark out for him the course he should pursue.

Marie Caroline had now no other chance than a skilfully contrived evasion. The idea of this occurred to some of her partisans, and M. de Choulot was pitched upon, unknown to himself, as the head of the conspiracy. He had rendered himself worthy of this perilous honour by his daring devotedness; by the sacrifices of every kind he had made for the cause of legitimacy, especially the frequent journeys he had undertaken for that cause, and in which he had sunk the greater part of his fortune. He was then at Paris on his return from Prague, whence he brought letters, portraits, and words of comfort for the Duchess de Berri. Despairing of getting admission by stratagem to the citadel of Blaye, he applied in the first instance to the minister of war, concealing nothing of what he had done for the Duchess de Berri whilst she was still free and in arms. "You have conducted yourself like a true French chevalier," said Marshal Soult to M. Choulot; but he added that an authorisation from the king himself would not be enough to gain him admission to the princess's presence; that the affair was a question of state, and one upon which the ministers must be consulted.

The next day M. de Choulot was informed that his request was rejected. He was not to be baffled by this, but pressed his suit still more urgently in a letter to the king; and relying on the resources of his own energy and presence of mind, he set out for Blaye. He presented himself to General Bugeaud, appealed to every motive of humanity and of honour, and at length succeeded in gaining entrance into the prison. He found the Duchess de Berri in great despondency, and attributing to the prolonged sufferings of her captivity all the blame of the declaration wrested from her weakness. The interview was short. M. Bugeaud

the first perusal of them, I was determined to reply in the negative; upon reflection, I have not changed my mind. Decidedly, I shall make no request of the government. If it think fit to impose conditions on my liberty, which is so necessary to my health, now totally destroyed, let it make known those conditions to me in writing. If they are compatible with my dignity, I will consider whether I can accept them. Happen what may, I cannot forget, general, that you have, upon every occasion, combined the respect and the deference due to misfortune, with the duties imposed upon you. I feel pleasure in testifying to you my gratitude for this.—MARIE CAROLINE." Some days afterwards, the Duchess de Berri, having communicated this letter to M. Deneux, and the latter having expressed his surprise at it, the princess said to him, "One must submit to coax the lion, in order to escape his claws."

had appointed that the visit should last only twelve or fifteen minutes. Before taking leave of the prisoner, M. de Choulot, who had conceived the design of saving her, asked her for some object which might serve as a token of recognition for the person whom he should by and bye have to send to her. The Duchess de Berri then opening a drawer, said, "See, here are the crown jewels," and she pointed out to him, among some things of very small value, a little chain formed into a ring. M. de Choulot took this, and he had scarcely withdrawn, when the princess, yielding to a feeling of pride, very natural in a mother, called General Bugeaud to show him the portraits of young Henry and his sister. After a short stay in his prisoner's room, the General returned to M. de Choulot, and, with inconceivable want of tact, questioned him as to the pregnancy of the Duchess de Berri. M. de Choulot replied, as might be expected, that he had not come to the citadel to make observations of that kind, and he had remarked nothing. The General's face grew fiery red at these words; all he sought were testimonies; the sincerity of which the legitimatists could not pretend to question, and he had counted upon that of M. de Choulot. Disappointed in his expectation, he could hardly suppress his anger, and he sent his aide-de-camp, M. de St. Arnault, to the princess, to request that she would let M. de Choulot see her on foot and walking about. Offensive as was this proposal, the Duchess de Berri durst not reject it; the trial, however, did not take place, thanks to the firmness of M. de Choulot; but he had to endure very vehement reproaches on the general's part, and, still more, on that of the aide-de-camp. He paid little heed to them, and returned to Paris in all haste, impatient to realize his project.

He had very clearly seen from the moment he entered Blaye, that it was absolutely impossible to carry off the Duchess de Berri either by force or artifice, unless Louis Philippe himself would consent secretly to aid the scheme. The first thing he did, therefore, upon arriving in Paris was to write to the king that the princess had confided to him her secret views, and that he solicited an audience. It was granted him immediately, and he was received at the Tuileries in Baron Fain's cabinet. But just as the king was about to see M. de Choulot face to face he suddenly changed his mind. Whether it was from embarrassment or from alarm, he durst not appear at the appointed rendezvous. M. de Choulot waited a long time with visible impatience. Baron Fain went out at his request to see the monarch, and upon his return he proposed to M. de Choulot to introduce him to the presence of the queen. De Choulot refused, and, after fresh expostulations, Louis Philippe at length decided to encounter an interview which must have been so very painful to him. De Choulot began in a respectful and calm tone, but gradually warming he declared to the king that the man he saw before him was bound to the elder branch by imperishable sentiments of love and fidelity. "That," said the king, "is language which a citizen monarch can understand." M. de Choulot held in his hands canes upon which he was in the habit of leaning since he had had a fall in hunting; he remarked that the king looked at those canes in a manner

which betrayed strange alarm, and he disarmed himself with a smile. Returning then to the subject of his visit, he explained to the king how important for him it was not to leave the Duchess de Berri in a position likely to have disastrous consequences. He depicted the princess as sinking under evils, the cause of which being unknown to Europe would be linked with the blackest suspicions. Louis Philippe did not appear inaccessible to the fears which were thus suggested to him. He owned that if the Duchess de Berri died in prison, that fatal event might be turned to the same account against him as had the death of the Duc de Bourbon; but to lend himself to the escape of the duchess appeared to him contrary to the dearest interests of his race. "My government," said he, over and over again, "my government must have guarantees;" nevertheless, he showed himself disposed to let M. de Choulot act without throwing any obstacle in his way, only he required him to remain in Paris some days and wait. During the whole course of this interview, one thought had manifestly been uppermost in the king's mind; the memory of the Duc de Bourbon, whose representative he had in a manner before him. He frequently recurred to the accusations for which the death of that prince had afforded a pretext to faction; and he even exclaimed, "*Eh, mon Dieu!* that unlucky bequest; we have not yet received a sous of it."

M. de Choulot believed from what took place in this interview that it would be expedient for him to wait. He did not suspect that delay would paralyse his devoted exertions.*

No change, in fact, was made in the cruel severity of the measures previously adopted towards the Duchess de Berri. Isolated, anxious, inwardly perturbed by the rumours of her party, of which she seemed, as it were, sometimes to hear a distant echo, she desired and requested that M. Hennequin and M. de Chateaubriand should be given her as advisers.† There seemed to be a disposition to comply with her wishes, but it was insisted upon, as a condition, that she should make those gentlemen pledge themselves to depose to her pregnancy. This was imposing upon her a stipulation as harsh as it was indecent; she refused to submit to it, and her request, which was transmitted to Paris by telegraph, was rejected.

* We are assured that M. de Choulot intends to publish what took place upon this occasion more completely than we have been at liberty to do.

† The following is the letter she wrote on this subject to General Bugeaud:—"I wish to take several days to reflect, monsieur le general, upon our various conversations. I am convinced that, notwithstanding my intense desire to be set at liberty, I could not make up my mind to make any proposal to the government without consulting with some of my friends. I will confine myself to two, but upon the clear understanding that I shall be allowed to see them without witnesses. If the minister consents to this, I will write to M. le Vicomte de Chateaubriand and to M. Hennequin, and ask them to come to me to Blaye. I have every reason to hope the proposals which I shall be enabled to lay before them will meet their approbation. Should that be the case, those proposals shall be communicated to the government. I request you will make known my wishes to the president of the council. My request will prove to you, general, that I appreciate your good intentions upon my behalf. I shall not cease to be truly grateful to you.—MARIE CAROLINE."

At the same time General Bugeaud was directed to communicate to her certain particulars tending to make her party odious to her. That party, said a ministerial despatch, which was carefully communicated to her on the 18th of April, was sacrificing her in a disgraceful manner; the legitimatists wished for her death to afford them a handle for calumny against the executive. Whilst living she was no longer anything more than a source of embarrassment to them. Letters from Prague announced that every one there was incensed against her, and that among her most implacable enemies were M. de Blacas and the Abbé de Latil. The intention of these crafty communications was manifest. By pointing out to the Duchess de Berri that her partisans were abandoning her, that her family, even, was declaring against her, it was hoped that she would be driven by despair to permit her pregnancy to be authenticated. What did she risk by dissatisfying a party, the ingratitude of which was so ingeniously exaggerated to her? But her repugnance was not to be overcome. MM. Orfila and Auvity were sent to her a second time, with MM. Andral, fils, and Fouquier. She would not receive them. M. Dubois, who had been in Blaye for six weeks hoping for admission, wrote her, in vain, an almost suppliant letter. "Wo to him if he dare to appear before me," she exclaimed in a tone that almost savoured of menace, for she felt a sort of horror against M. Dubois which she took no pains to conceal.

The government had spared nothing to overcome the obstinacy of the prisoner. M. Auvity even went the length of pressing M. de Mesnard to use his influence with her towards inducing her to consent to an authentication which should be followed by her liberation. All attempts having failed, and the princess having preferred the misfortune of being delivered in the citadel to the disgrace of yielding, nothing was now thought of but how to make the preparations for her accouchement complete in all points. But was it not to be feared that she would baffle the arrangements made by her enemies by procuring abortion? The government apprehended this; thus outraging the prisoner by suppositions as absurd as they were cruel. The fact is, that far from having given admission to such a thought, she manifested her intention to suckle her child. Now, as she had not suckled either the Duc de Bordeaux or the Princess Louise, it was easy to foresee that these facts would give rise to unpleasant interpretations in Prague, and in the world in general. Accordingly Madame d'Hautefort did not hesitate to argue against Marie Caroline's wishes; but all remonstrances and entreaties were ineffectual. MM. Gintrac, Ménière, and Deneux having declared that the princess ought to suckle the child, even for the sake of her own health, she expressed the greatest delight at this, and requested that the necessary matters should be brought in all haste from Paris. She could not offer a more formal confutation of the calumnious fears entertained by the government; yet, notwithstanding this, the ministers, in order to prevent an imaginary crime, stooped to precautions, the pretended prudence of which was but folly and insult. Though the windows were protected by bars and closed below by *demi-persiennes*,

perfectly secured, they talked of placing iron gratings across them, for fear, no doubt, that the child should be thrust through the bars, and thus, the physical proof of pregnancy be destroyed. The genius of espionage went still further but here we must stop. When policy hesitates at nothing, it is impossible to relate everything; in such a case, silence is but the modesty of history.

At last the Duchess de Berri could measure the extent of her misfortune. Devoted to unparalleled humiliations, and steeped in bitterness to the lips, nothing more remained for her to expiate. In the beginning of her captivity, she had at least some consolations, and she had not been forbidden to beguile her sorrows. She could at times forget the rigour of her destiny, when from the rampart assigned her as a place for her promenades, she followed with her eye the steamboat which every morning proceeds from Bordeaux to Blaye; or, when from the plain, where the inhabitants of those two cities assemble upon certain days, she received the salutation of fidelity, or recognised some friend of her misfortune. But even these brief gleams of pleasure had disappeared for her since the beginning of April. Languid and suffering, she hardly ever left her apartment, and was wholly dependent upon the kind attentions bestowed upon her by her companions in captivity; happy still, if in her fallen condition she had not had constantly to struggle against the importunities or the rudeness of her keepers.

On the 24th of April, General Bugeaud entered her room, holding a roll of paper in his hand. It was a sort of prospectus of what was to take place at the moment of her confinement. The paper mentioned as persons who were to be present at the birth of the child, the sub-prefect of Blaye, the mayor, one of his adjoints, the president of the tribunal, the procureur du roi, the judge de paix, the commandant of the national guard, MM. Dubois and Ménière. The paper stated that all these witnesses were to enter the bedroom at the commencement of the labour; that they were to authenticate the princess's identity; that they were to ask her if she was really the Duchess de Berri, if she was pregnant, and if she felt near being delivered; that mention should be made of her replies or of her silence; that the witnesses should then scrutinize the room, the closets, the cupboards, the secretaries, the drawers, and even the princess's bed, to see if there was no new-born infant in the room, and that with the same view they should ascertain whether there was not about the Duchess de Berri any pregnant woman upon the point of being delivered; that in case she should cry out during the labour, mention should be made of those cries, and also of the cries of the infant at the moment of its birth. Marie Caroline had no sooner heard the enumeration of these formalities, than she burst into a passion of grief and indignation; but the general going on to say that the precautions could not stop there, and that in order to be aware of the commencement of her labour, it would be necessary to place two persons upon the watch in the room adjoining her bedroom, "Retire, sir," cried the princess, in a transport of rage; and, rushing from the room into her bedroom, she violently slapped the door to. M. Deneux was imme-

diately summoned. The princess was in bed suffering extreme agitation; the muscles of her face, neck, and chest, were contracted, her breathing was painful, her lips swollen and livid, her heart palpitated violently, the child no longer gave any signs of life.

As scenes like this might bring on a miscarriage, and entail fearful responsibility upon the ministers, General Bugeaud spared no pains to soothe Marie Caroline, and he succeeded; for impressions were with her, more vehement than lasting; but it made no part of his conciliatory system to annul the arrangements prescribed in the paper he had read. On the contrary, he negotiated laboriously for their acceptance.

Though placed about Marie Caroline by the government, M. Ménière completely disapproved of the course prescribed in the paper in question. He wrote upon this subject to M. d'Argaut, and gave grounds for his disapprobation as honourable as they were decisive. What could be the purpose of a document of this kind? To convince the incredulous? But the denials upon the part of the legitimatists were systematic. Could there be a doubt that they had not made up their minds to deny the clearest evidence? Besides, not to speak of the indecency of the task imposed upon the witnesses, was it not impossible to fulfil it? Would not M. Deneux, a man of honour, and responsible for the result of the accouchement, protect his patient from the disastrous influence which the sight of eight or ten persons perfectly unknown to her, and engaged in a grossly offensive inquisitorial mission, would have upon her in the midst of the emotion of such a moment?

Thus, then, amongst a people renowned for its generosity and its courtesy, the accouchement of a poor vanquished captive and abandoned sick woman was become the great affair of the moment, the subject of a very busy ministerial correspondence, in short, a question of state. What do I say? Negotiations were carried on respecting this accouchement as beligerent powers treat between them respecting a province to be divided or a peace to be concluded.

After long negotiations, Marie Caroline consented, first, to send word to General Bugeaud when she felt the pains of labour; secondly, to reply affirmatively to the following question, "Are you the Duchess de Berri?" Thirdly, should the witnesses not arrive until after her accouchement, to receive them when M. Deneux should think proper.

In return for these concessions, Marie Caroline required, first, that upon no pretext should M. Dubois enter her room; secondly, that a promise should be given her that she should be set at liberty as soon as M. Deneux should think her in a state to support the fatigues of the journey; thirdly that the promise should be discussed and determined in council, and signed by five ministers at least; fourthly, that the original, or a copy signed by the ministers should be entrusted to the general, and preserved by him; fifthly, that a copy of this promise should be put into her own hands.

This last clause gave rise to various negotiations, in the sequel of which the conditions were accepted upon both sides, and transmitted to the government by telegraph. The reader, we trust, will pardon us for

these details; it is painful, but it is useful to set them forth. This is the way in which dynasties make war upon each other. The affair of the programme being terminated, nothing remained but to take measures that the witness might not be too late informed of the precise moment of the accouchement. M. Deneux had been lodged in the chamber formerly occupied by the commissary of police, Joly, that is to say, under Marie Caroline's apartment. Now, on the first of May, a message was sent to M. Deneux, ordering him on the part of General Bugeaud, to quit that room. In vain did he allege the respect due to his age and to his habits, in order to evade an injunction, the secret motive of which he too well guessed. His room was taken possession of, and a ladder was placed in it, which reached to the ceiling immediately under the captive's bed. General Bugeaud, on his part, thought it his duty to watch with the warders of the first floor, of whom there were four, two officers, MM. Fayoux and Salabelle, and two non-commissioned officers, MM. Budier and Willemot. But even this was not enough to relieve the governor of Blaye from the fear of being taken unawares; he therefore determined to make two warders sleep in the room adjoining the bedchamber of Marie Caroline, so that the door between the two remaining open, these men might, upon the slightest moan of the princess, hurry to his bed and give him the signal. This scheme, with which Marie Caroline was threatened, was perhaps only designed with a view of making the princess consent to suffer M. Ménière, the physician assigned her by the government, to sleep in the salon instead of the two warders. She did consent to this as soon as it had been agreed upon that the salon should be occupied by M. Ménière and M. Deneux together. It was also thought to make all the persons chosen as witnesses sleep in the citadel, and it is probable that they would have entered it upon the evening of the 8th, had not the mayor and the judge de paix been detained beyond the town by urgent business. But with all the minute and circumspect foresight of the princess's keepers, they were to be baffled by circumstances.

It was now the night of the 9th of May, and nothing foretold that that night was to be marked by the expected event. M. Deneux and M. Ménière went to bed, not expecting that their services were about to be called for, and the whole citadel seemed asleep. Suddenly the door of the princess's bedchamber was opened; Madame Hansler rushed half-dressed into the room, calling out, "Come, come, M. Deneux, madame is in labour." It was about three in the morning. In a moment everybody was on foot. M. Ménière ran and knocked at the door of the corridor, loudly calling to the general; the latter, in his turn, hurried to the door at the entrance of the pallisaded enclosure to call M. Dubois. Orders were given to discharge the cannon to summon the witnesses from the town into the citadel. MM. Deneux and Ménière were already by Marie Caroline's bedside. Presently arrived in the salon General Bugeaud, M. Delort, commandant of the place, M. Dubois and the officers on duty. Messengers ran hurriedly about the citadel in every direction. Three cannon-shots

were fired. "What's that?" cried the princess, in alarm; she was reassured, and was entreated to calm herself, and to wait patiently. The princess replied to these doubly cruel entreaties, "But do you not think that this delay will be fatal to my child?" M. Dubois had approached the bedroom; M. Ménière immediately placed himself so as to prevent Marie Caroline from seeing him; at the same time Madame Hansler said to him in a whisper, but with great vehemence, "Retire, sir, retire, will you?" It was during this scene that M. Deneux effected the delivery, and he received immediately afterwards from the princess's hands the declaration he was to make to the witnesses. Marie Caroline expressed a wish to see Madame d'Hautefort, who was sent for immediately; then perceiving M. Bugeaud in the salon, she said to M. Ménière, "He may come in if he pleases." The general approached, and she held out her hand to him, "I called as soon as I felt the first pain; I did what I could, and I hope that all will be well;" words painfully expressing the state of submission and restraint under which that unfortunate princess had lived till then. Thereupon, with a laudable impulse of good feeling, the general read to her a ministerial despatch he had received the preceding evening, and which he knew would be grateful to her. She thanked him with great earnestness; and, as he was withdrawing, she said to him, "General, you have two daughters, well then here is a third." She had before said to M. Ménière, in speaking of the mysterious personage, who at this moment, no doubt, filled her thoughts, "He will be happy, he longed so much for a daughter."

Meanwhile the witnesses were arrived. Everything having been arranged for their reception, word was sent to General Bugeaud. Madame d'Hautefort was at this moment with the princess, and the demeanour of that lady, her impatient movements and the expression of her countenance, showed how intensely painful had been to her all the details of this disgusting drama. Such was her agitation, that when the witnesses delayed to make their appearance, she advanced to the door, and said imperiously, "Come, gentlemen, madame is waiting for you." The witnesses entered with solemn looks. The president, Pastoureau, addressed the appointed questions to the princess; she replied without hesitation, and the witnesses withdrew into the salon to draw up the requisite document. This formality being completed, M. Deneux was called upon by the president to declare who was the person whom he had just put to bed. There was a moment's silence. Was it the declaration of a legitimate marriage that was expected? Curiosity was depicted upon every face, and the pause was a solemn one. M. Deneux made the following declaration, "I have just delivered Madame la Duchesse de Berri here present, the lawful wife of Count Hector Lucheai Palli of the princes del Campo Franco, gentleman of the chamber to the King of the Two Sicilies, domiciled at Palermo."

The effect produced by these words was profound and various, according to the sentiments of sympathy or dislike that animated the persons present. Those who had counted upon the scandal of a con-

fession, mingled with unavoidable suppressions, appeared vexed and confounded. A generous satisfaction, on the other hand, glowed in the faces of those who, without being of the prisoner's party, respected in her the rights of the vanquished, of weakness, and of misfortune.

The government learned its victory by the telegraph, but it was not content with the information conveyed to it by the official channel. Immediately after the accouchement, M. Deneux had hastened to write to his wife a letter which he had sealed, after having communicated it to General Bugeaud. The government broke the seal of that letter, sent a copy of it to Madame Deneux, and kept the original, which it circulated in the two Chambers; for, once engaged in the headlong course of arbitrary power, the executive knew not where to stop.

Though the Duchess de Berri had legitimized her child by naming her husband, the partisans of the new dynasty exulted with indecent zeal at the event, of which the minister had so well prepared the scandal. The republicans only manifested the contempt they felt for this ignoble triumph.

As for the legitimatists they were overwhelmed with consternation; some of them, however, still persisted in their darling incredulity, and they did not hesitate to denounce the document upon which their enemies relied, as the denouement of an intrigue which had begun with violence and ended with a lie. Was it not a thing unheard of in the history of the human race to keep a princess in close confinement and seclusion, that she might be delivered in a sort of slavery? Could there be any civil standing for the child, or any physical certainty of its birth, when the mother, arbitrarily incarcerated, and deprived even of the protection of her judges, was placed in a situation which the laws disavowed, and which made her the helpless victim of an invincible tyranny? Separated from her friends, deprived of their counsels, dead to the world, to the laws, to society, was it possible for Marie Caroline to make any valid deposition against herself, and that too, surrounded by her accusers, by her keepers, by the men who had vowed her destruction? If the certificate was to be believed, why had M. de Brissac and Madame d'Hautefort formally refused to sign it? Such were the reasonings of the most impassioned of the legitimatists. They went still further, and a demand for an indictment upon the grounds of *lawful presumption of suppositious birth* was addressed to the procureurs généraux of the cours royales of Paris and Bordeaux by the Comte and Vicomte de Kergolay, the Baron de Ludre, the Comte de Floirac, the Baron de Meugin-Fondragon, the Vicomte Felix de Conny, MM. de Verneuil, de Mauduit, and Battur. This appeal was soon corroborated by numerous adhesions, and in a letter, breathing the strongest indignation, M. Floriac de Kergolay reproached the president of the council with having rendered himself guilty of calumnious defamation and arbitrary sequestration. The letter concluded with these words, "The lawful presumption that the crime of suppositious birth has been committed, has become an historical fact."

But the Duchess de Berri had too completely yielded to the exactions of her keepers to allow of such protests having any weight. In general, they were looked upon only as the last clamour of a desperate party. Indeed the bulk of that party had already recovered from all its illusions, and nothing remained but to digest the hard truth in silence. Silly, indeed, are the princes who imagine that men adore in them anything but their fortunes. Marie Caroline soon had proof of this. Many of her party without ceasing to defend her in public, now secretly evinced for her only estrangement, coldness, and disdain. Many and many who would have forgiven her for a prosperous crime, deemed her unpardonable because she had committed a weakness that compromised her. To the reproaches sincerely addressed to her by the rigid, but honourable men of her party, was added the vituperation of those whose stoicism was but the mask of baffled selfishness or disappointed ambition. This was unquestionably the most painful of all the sufferings that Marie Caroline had endured for many months. Certain it is, that when, upon her restoration to liberty, she prepared to set out for Palermo, the number of those who offered to accompany her was but small. Some ladies even, gave it to be understood that the part they would have eagerly desired to perform in the service of the regent, could hardly suit them about the person of the Countess Luchesi Palli. Marie Caroline had expressed a wish to be accompanied to Palermo by M. de Mesnard; shortly before her departure from Blaye, a letter was delivered to her by her first equerry. No sooner had she cast her eyes upon it, than an expression of sadness came over her face; a painful exclamation, it is said, escaped her, and it was a whole day before she recovered from her trouble. The letter was coldly respectful, and stated that M. de Mesnard would await the princess's orders to accompany her; yet no one of the legitimatists was more devoted to the interests of Marie Caroline, nor more obedient to her will than M. de Mesnard; but perhaps even he, had been at last affected by the general discontent of the party. Perhaps, too, he thought that the last declaration of the mother of Henry V., was not sufficiently explained by the oppression to which he had been subjected. Be this as it may, he repaired to Blaye when the time was come, ready to follow her whom he had served alike in grandeur and abasement.

The Princess de Beauffremont set the royalist party a grand example of courage and generosity under these circumstances. Deservedly esteemed by that party, and well known never to have sought court station, she hastened to Blaye with a determination of not separating from Marie Caroline, until the mother of the Duc de Bordeaux, whom all the world seemed now to abandon, should have been received at Prague.

It was on the 8th of June that Marie Caroline quitted her prison. The journey was to be of a deep historical importance, and it is absolutely necessary to know its details, if we would analyse the situation of the legitimatist party whether in France or abroad. The preparations for the princess's departure had been carried on for some time at

Blaye with great activity. On the 8th a steamboat moored in front of the citadel; it was to convey the princess to the *Rade de Richard*, where the corvette *l'Agate* awaited her. Strict orders had been given by General Bugeaud that no popular manifestation should be made upon the embarkation. Some personages of distinction had repaired on board the steamboat to receive Marie Caroline; these were the Prince and Princess de Beauffremont, the Marquis and Marchioness de Dampierre, the Vicomte de Mesnard, the Marquis de Barbançois, and the Comte Louis de Calvimont. The Abbé Sabatier, who had been named the Princess's almoner, was also on board. At half past nine, General Bugeaud went and informed Marie Caroline that the hour for her departure had arrived. He found her sitting to a painter, sent from Bordeaux by M. Gintrac, who had wished to preserve a portrait of the prisoner of Blaye. Marie Caroline set out escorted by the general. Beside her walked the nurse carrying the little princess, whose birth a prison had witnessed, and whom a premature death awaited; then followed M. de Mesnard, giving his arm to Madame d'Hautefort, M. Deneux, M. de St. Arnault, the general's aide-de-camp, Mademoiselle Lebeschu, and Madame Hansler. Just at the porte Dauphine, Marie Caroline perceiving the governor's two daughters and their mother, stooped down to embrace the children; then, turning to Madame Bugeaud, whom she knew to be endowed with a noble character and compassionate soul, she said to her, "I hope that you will shortly see your husband again, in good health." Beyond the porte Dauphine was assembled a dense and impatient multitude. When Marie Caroline appeared, a profound silence prevailed among the people; but no sooner had she moved on a few steps, than a confused noise of whisperings and murmurs was heard, without its being possible to tell what was the prevailing feeling of the multitude, or to whom were addressed certain threats that issued from it.

At ten o'clock the anchor was weighed, and the *Bordelais* was upon its way to the sea. Two boats were seen following the steam-vessel; they contained persons devoted to Marie Caroline, as appeared by the arms raised in sign of adieu, and the white handkerchiefs waved in the air. "Keep off," cried the commander of the *Bordelais*, roughly; but at the same moment a small parcel was thrown from one of the boats, and fell at a little distance from General Bugeaud. It was a green handkerchief, upon which was the portrait of Henry V. General Bugeaud, who flew into a passion at the most trifling things, displayed a most childish indignation; but Marie Caroline had no longer any reason to fear his authority. Accordingly, she found means to indemnify herself for her too long dissimulation with regard to M. Bugeaud; and the general no longer received from her hands and from her suite, during the whole voyage, anything but the expression of a hardly concealed resentment.

About mid-day the corvette *l'Agate* discovered the steamboat *Bordelais* descending the Gironde, and approaching the *Rade de Richard*. The transhipment took place without any difficulty. The persons who

were to accompany Marie Caroline to Palermo, were the Prince and Princess de Beauffremont, M. de Mesnard, M. Deneux, M. Menière, General Bugeaud and his aide-de-camp, and the princess's attendants, Mlle. Lebeschu and Madame Hansler. M. de Brissac had been recalled by urgent family affairs, and the state of the Countess d'Hautefort's health did not allow her to undertake the voyage.

On the 9th of June the *Agate* withdrew from the shores of France. Upon arriving in sight of Palermo, the corvette fired a salute of twenty-one guns, which was immediately replied to from all the batteries of the port. The *Agate* having cast anchor, the sea was covered with a swarm of boats, several of them containing musicians; and songs upon the princess, *sempre tormentata*, mingled with the plashing of the oars. According to the etiquette of the court of Sicily, the viceroy could not quit his palace to receive any other than the king himself; the Count of Syracuse, the brother of the King of Naples, sent, therefore, the Duc of San Martino, minister of the interior, to Marie Caroline, to compliment her, and to make arrangements with her respecting her disembarkation. The Count Luchesi Palli then presented himself. He was admitted into Marie Caroline's chamber, where he remained nearly an hour; they then came upon deck, walked about together, and were gazed at with a curiosity which respect would hardly temper. Before disembarking, the princess gave an audience of ceremony to the commander, Turpin, and his officers. She thanked him profusely for his courtesies and honourable conduct, and she would not quit the corvette till she had bestowed a present of twenty days' pay upon the crew; an act of munificence which gave rise to many caustic remarks upon the part of sailors in the service of a thrifty prince.

As for General Bugeaud, Marie Caroline had contrived, with a very allowable vindictiveness, to frighten him with the danger that awaited him on shore. Accordingly he did not venture to land, but embarked on board the brig *Acteon*, which the government had sent to Palermo under the command of Captain Nonay, with orders to await the arrival of the *Agate*, and to bring back word of the princess's disembarkation.

Marie Caroline was free at last, but she had not arrived at the termination of her misfortunes. Her declarations of the month of May had made the legitimatist party lose countenance, and had brought to light the elements of discord that lurked within it. Some believed, or pretended to believe, that by her new marriage the Duchess de Berri had renounced the rights of her royal maternity; others took advantage of the misfortunes produced by the war of Vendée, to affirm that the princess had never been invested with the powers of regent. Some thought that Marie Caroline's morganatic marriage with the Count Luchesi Palli, could not deprive the mother of all influence over the destinies of her son. The twofold abdication of Rambouillet had never been regarded as serious at Prague. The King of France was still Charles X.; and after him, the personage who was to be saluted king, by the name of Louis XIX., was the Dauphin. There were some even who, admitting the validity of the abdication of Charles X., declared that which he had

imposed upon his son at Rambouillet to be null and void. Absurd as were these notions, the marriage of Marie Caroline revived them, and gave them an importance in the eyes of some royalists which they had never possessed before. Thus, then, the legitimatist party came to be divided into three classes—*carlists*, *dauphinists*, and *henriquinquists*.

In this state of the matter, Marie Caroline ardently desired three things; first, that the guardianship of her son should be entrusted to her; secondly, that she should be allowed to go to Prague and join her child; thirdly, that the system of education adopted for the Duc de Bordeaux, who was brought up in the principles of the *ancien régime*, should be modified. Now, M. de Chateaubriand had made a journey to Prague, in the month of May, to obtain these three things, but without success. Charles X. asserted that, according to French law, Marie Caroline could not remain guardian; he saw great difficulties in the way of the return of that princess to Prague, before the conditions of her marriage had been arranged, both with regard to her husband's father, and to her brother, the King of Naples; and he insisted that she should not come and embrace her son, until she had spent some time in Sicily with Count Luchesi Palli; lastly, he seemed determined to make no change in the education of the Duc de Bordeaux, and to act, to the last, under the influence of MM. de Blacas, de Damas, and de Latil.

In fact, Marie Caroline was no sooner in Sicily than she found herself in a manner kept prisoner. She had so to speak to enter into negotiations, in order to visit the king, her brother, at Naples, and if the interdiction was, at last, removed, this was due only to the indefatigable zeal of M. de Choulot. From Naples, the princess, now Madame Luchesi Palli, repaired to Rome, where the pope gave her a most cordial reception. She then set out for Florence, where she met some persons of approved fidelity, M. and Madame de Podenas, M. d'Haussez, and Mademoiselle de Fauveau. Her plan was arranged; she intended, happen what might, to proceed to the Austrian frontier, feeling a longing to see her infants which disregarded all obstacles. A very strong feeling had been created against her in Prague; she was blamed for her expedition into Vendée, which had been highly disapproved of by M. Blacas, and attempted without the consent of Austria; she was reproached for her foolish confidence, her precipitation, her arrogant longing to become the sole centre of the royalist party, and, above all, for the indiscretions that had been her ruin. Thus much was expressed in words, but those who blamed her had, perhaps, in their secret hearts still more decisive grounds of dissatisfaction. By rushing on the career of danger the Duchess de Berri had thrown the other members of her family too much in the shade; this was her crime.

After all, they might with reason have accused her of having wanted courage and energy at Blaye. Had she, as she might with right have done, offered an invincible passive resistance to the exactions of her keepers, there is no doubt that her enemies would have been plunged

into the most discreditable embarrassment; but once more we repeat, what rendered her guilty in the eyes of the fallen king's courtiers, was the glory she had dreamed of more than the fault she had committed. M. de la Ferronays had set out from Naples for Prague, hoping to soften the old king, but Marie Caroline was condemned, not solely by the jealousies of which we have explained the secret motive, but also by the wary policy of Austria, the ascendency of which country she had braved, and which sought to make the same use of the Duc de Bordeaux as it had of the Duc de Reichstadt, who had been some months dead; that is to say, to use him as a threat perpetually suspended over the head of the French government.

Accordingly Marie Caroline in vain awaited passports for Germany, whilst her friends were dogged by the Austrian police almost as the Chouans had been in La Vendée by the police of Louis Philippe. As the 29th of the ensuing September was to be the period of the Duc de Bordeaux's majority,* several young royalists had set out from Paris for Prague to salute their new king; some of them succeeded in crossing the frontier, the others were arrested by the Austrian authorities for want of a license signed *Blacas*.

Marie Caroline counted the days and the hours with painful impatience; at last, M. de Montbel arrived. He brought the princess permission to advance, but on the condition that she should show her marriage contract. Marie Caroline sent M. de Montbel to Rome where the contract was deposited, and, without delaying longer, she entered the Austrian territories by Ferrara. There she was met by M. Chateaubriand, whom she requested to go to Prague, and procure the recall of the prohibitions issued against her, and also to induce Charles X. to consent to the declaration of majority. The princess continued to advance upon her journey, but she was stopped at Padua, and it was with great difficulty that she obtained permission, as a favour, to go to Venice, where were assembled MM. de Charette, Barbançois, and some other Vendéans, and there to await the result of the mission which M. de Chateaubriand had taken upon him.

It was on the 25th of September that the illustrious writer reached the end of his journey. Madame de Beauffremont had arrived some hours before him. Charles X. was then residing in the castle of Butschierad, not far from Prague; but the dauphine, the sister of the Duc de Bordeaux, and Madame de Gontaut, had left Butschierad for Rhadschinn; for it was decided that, in order to prevent the Duchess de Berri from coming to Prague, the royal family should go and meet her at Leoben. M. de Chateaubriand had an interview on this subject with the dauphine, wherein he expressed all his astonishment at the course resolved upon. What! the royal family were to go and meet Marie Caroline, to bring her her children, let her embrace them hurriedly in an inn, and then separate her from them for ever! The dauphine replied,

* The Duc de Bordeaux was approaching his 13th year; he was, therefore, about to become of age in the opinion of the legitimatists, the kings of France having been declared of age at 13.

with feeling, that if such were the king's will, and he persisted in it, he must needs be obeyed. M. de Chateaubriand then went to Madame de Gontaut; she was making preparations for the journey, and was lamenting, "They are taking us away, I know not whither; save us." The sister of the Duc de Bordeaux was ill, and in bed. M. de Chateaubriand being introduced into the young invalid's chamber, did not see her, for the windows were closed; but she held out her hand to him, which was burning, and she, too, intreated him to save them all.

That same evening M. de Chateaubriand proceeded to Butschierad. He found a card table laid out in the *salon*, in which room were the Duc de Blacas and M. O'Egerthy. "The king," said M. de Blacas, "has been seized with an attack of fever, and is lying down;" and upon perceiving some signs of incredulity on M. de Chateaubriand's face, M. de Blacas cautiously opened the door between the *salon* and the bed-chamber of Charles X. M. de Chateaubriand advanced, but heard only the king's deep breathing, like that of a man sleeping uneasily. He then explained his business to M. de Blacas, in presence of M. O'Egerthy, insisted upon it how insulting to Marie Caroline would be the journey to Leoben, and how advantageous would be the declaration of majority. M. de Blacas made a few objections to all this, but did not press them. "After all," said he, "as the king is ill, it is likely that he will not set out to-morrow; so you will have an opportunity of speaking with him." M. de Chateaubriand returned to Prague, and was again at Butschierad at an early hour the next morning. Charles X., who was still ill, graciously received his noble visiter, made him sit down by his bedside, lent him an attentive and indulgent ear, but still adhered to his determination not to admit Marie Caroline to Prague. He appeared not quite so decided upon the subject of the declaration of majority, and begged M. de Chateaubriand to make a draft declaration, and talk upon the subject with M. de Blacas. He then took the letter written to him by the Duchess de Berri, read it with an absent air, and throwing it upon the bed, "By what right," said he, "does the Duchess de Berri presume to dictate to me what I am to do? What authority has she to speak? She is no longer anything. She is now only Madame Luchesi Palli. The code divests her of the guardianship of her children, as having entered into a second wedlock." M. de Chateaubriand replied that there remained to Marie Caroline the rights she derived from her courage, from her misfortunes, from all she had braved, from all she had suffered in her son's cause. There ended the interview. M. de Chateaubriand made haste to draw up the declaration of majority; but this act having been laid before Charles X. by M. de Blacas, it was intimated to the author that his draft, which, nevertheless, was found to be perfectly correct, must be sent to Vienna, because an engagement had been unfortunately entered into to take no steps as to the majority of Henry V. "It is a hard thing, madame," said M. de Chateaubriand, in a letter upon this subject to Marie Caroline; "it is a hard thing to have to speak of Austria when France is the country concerned. What would our enemies say, if they saw us wrangling for a royalty without

a kingdom, for a sceptre which is now but the staff upon which we lean in our pilgrimage of exile!" Then, after reporting the results of his journey, he continued: "If, madame, you should ever become mistress of your son's destiny, and should you persist in believing that this precious deposit might be confided to my faithful hands, it would be an honour and a happiness to me to devote the rest of my life to him; but I could not undertake so formidable a responsibility, except upon the condition of being, under your advice, entirely free in my selections and my ideas, and of being placed, from the very first, upon an independent soil beyond the circle of absolute monarchies."

The education of the Duc de Bordeaux was, in fact, a subject of eager and busy speculation for the royalists, and this is what explains the intervention of MM. de Chateaubriand, de la Ferronays, de Saint Priest, and other eminent personages who were about Marie Caroline. They were hardly capable, at Prague, of comprehending the sentiments so nobly expressed by M. de Chateaubriand in the lines we have cited. The author of the *Génie du Christianisme* was kept aloof from the son; he had obtained nothing for the mother.

After a rather long abode at Venice, and many difficulties, Marie Caroline received passports for Germany; but it was intended that she should appear there as a fugitive, and as one almost completely forsaken. The number of passports was measured out to her with penurious jealousy. When she left Venice for Leoben, four persons only accompanied her, M. and Madame de Saint Priest, MM. Podenas, and Sala. Charles X. did not perceive that, in humiliating Marie Caroline, it was the principle of legitimacy itself that he exposed to the derision of Europe: but men would be too unhappy if their obstinacy in serving was not sometimes equalled by the folly of those they serve.

The interview at Leoben was cold and reserved. Charles X. was attended by MM. de Blacas, de Damas, and de Montbel. Marie Caroline spoke of her son, of his education, of his majority; they affected not to understand her. Some young Frenchmen who had escaped from Prague, MM. de Bruc, Walsh, and de Seran, had succeeded in passing through the town. Charles X.'s people pretended to believe that the Duchess de Berri intended to have her children carried off. The separation of the family took place after some days. General Latour Maubourg had been chosen by common accord to superintend the education of the Duc de Bordeaux. This was all; the political career of Marie Caroline was closed.

Such were these events. The elder branch lost by them what moral authority still remained to it in France, that land so fatal to monarchies; and then was it clearly seen how pitiable is the madness of parties, which, linking their destinies with those of a family, consent to stake all their futurity upon the wrong-headedness of an old man, or the amours of a young woman.

But it was God's pleasure that the lessons provided for our age should not stop here. By a marvellous dispensation of Providence, the newer of these two conflicting dynasties could not trample the old one under

foot without lessening and lowering itself; for there is an intercommunity of interests between all crowns which it is impossible to mistake, and *prestige*, that source of might created by the stupidity of the people, is, in the hands of the great ones of the earth, a common treasure which is diminished for all when it seems only to be diminished for one. Nothing but extreme dulness and narrowness of mind could have failed to perceive that, to abandon Marie Caroline, the daughter, sister, niece, and mother of a king, to the sarcasms of the mob, was to invite insult upon the very principle upon which monarchies reposed. The reverence for royalty has been continually decreasing in Europe since men have been used to disgrace princes, not since they have begun to kill them; and a dynasty is not to be founded by teaching from a throne the dangerous lesson how to heap contempt upon royal races.

CHAPTER II.

The year 1833 was not altogether taken up by the foregoing events; and, whilst bewildered monarchs seemed to reel under the hand of God, their enemies increased in numbers, energy, and boldness.

Two rival forces stood face to face; on the one hand, an elective assembly, on the other, an hereditary chief; consequently the constitution had only served to instal anarchy in the seat of power. Society had two heads; and the result was, that authority, swayed by opposing interests, inclined at times to the side of the throne, at others, to that of the Chamber, and that the country, divided betwixt the fear of oppression and of disorder, was become a prize to be fought for.

It thus became indispensable to give fixity to power; but to this end it was necessary that the crown should either subdue the parliament or submit to it, and it tried the first. Individual interests were appealed to, in order to corrupt the Chamber; and, to secure its final subjugation, it was planned to surround it with fortresses. Indeed, this combination of craft and violence was not more than was required to counteract the radical vices of a constitution, which was a masterpiece of human folly.

The following appeared in the *Tribune* newspaper of the 1st of April, 1833:—

"The motion for fortifying Paris occupied the Chamber to-day. * * * The plan is to erect, not fortifications which may serve for the defence of the capital, but fortified barracks, which, at the fitting time, may serve for its subjugation. This plan has been kept steadily in view. Vincennes has become a kind of feudal castle, encumbered with casemates, provided with underground chambers and passages, and far less fit for the brave than the timorous; a refuge for cowardice at bay; a cover where a whole family may take earth, sheltered from shot and steel. Then a circle has been put round Paris, which will allow

despotism to hold the capital tight, buckled, if we may use the term, round the loins; and which, under the hollow pretence of an intrenched camp, will afford the strongest positions to a garrison of 60,000 men, who will constantly menace both the Chambers and the press, and whoever and whatever may have an influence on the course of public events. And this is precisely what has taken place. The Chamber demands to-day that Paris shall not be fortified, except by legislative authority. Would not one say, looking at the gravity of those who make the demand, that the words—legislative authority—carry weight with them? As if they will not vote whichever way they shall be ordered! Oh, how we are cheated and laughed at by this prostituted Chamber!" * * *

In a second article, replete with bitterness and irony, the *Tribune* charged many deputies, and among them, M. Viennet, of maintaining an intercourse with M. Gérin, treasurer of the secret service money, less honourable than profitable.

The blow told, as the *Tribune* had expected. On the very day after the articles had appeared, M. Viennet rose to complain of them in the Chamber. The house indignantly appointed a committee; the report of which, brought up by M. Persil, recommended that the offenders should be summoned to appear at the bar of the house; and in the discussion that ensued, the recommendation of the committee was supported by MM. Petit, Pataille, de Remusat, Damon, Jaubert, and Duvergier de Hauranne, and strenuously opposed by MM. Gaëten de la Rochefoucauld, Laurence, Salverte, Gauthier de Rumilly, Generals Bertrand and Lafayette, Thouvenel, and Garnier Pagès.

The former argued that the Chamber owed it to herself not to suffer the majesty of the nation to be insulted in her; that in punishing, with her own hands those who declared themselves so openly her enemies, she acted as a political, not as a judiciary body; that she should follow the example of England and the United States, whose parliaments had more than once assumed the right to chastise the authors of defamatory writings; and that, besides, by the laws of the 23d of March, 1822, and of the 8th of October, 1830, the Chamber was rendered the judge of whatever insults affected her.

The latter replied with arguments equally wise and dignified. Ought an assembly of legislators to descend to party contests, instead of holding itself calmly and serenely above the storms of controversy? What could a political body gain by trampling under foot that eternal principle of moral justice which wills that no one shall be at the same time accuser, judge, and defendant? Would the Chamber be accounted more virtuous for giving herself, as it were, a patent for virtue? If true that the nation had been insulted in her, why not leave the punishment of the crime to the ordinary tribunals and the justice of the country? A legal sentence would surely be more potent towards causing legislatorial inviolability to be respected than a punishment which would be considered in the light of revenge. The orators of the minority recalled, too, the circumstance of the writer of the *Journal du*

Commerce having been dragged, during the period of the Restoration, before the bar of an assembly which, by so glutting its hatred, had only degraded itself; and, pointing to M. Barthe, who sat on the ministerial bench, they added, with an allusion as terrible as unexpected: "And there sits the man who then pleaded the cause of the *Journal du Commerce!*" M. Garnier Pagès cited the anecdote of Frederick the Great, who, seeing from his palace windows a knot of men busily reading a placard, in which he was reflected upon, ordered it to be placed lower for the greater convenience of the readers. He also called to mind, in proof of the puerility of some kinds of vengeance, the witticism of Sheridan, who, when condemned by the English parliament to ask pardon on his knees, said as he got up, wiping the dust from his trousers: "This is the dirtiest house I ever was in."

But the majority, of whom M. Persil, with his usual overbearingness, had constituted himself the champion and the orator, had taken its resolution. During one of his speeches, a burst of laughter was heard at the farther end of the Chamber. "Your laughter is shameful," exclaimed M. Persil, angrily, and looking at the last bench on the left. "You are impertinent," rejoined M. Dupont (de l'Eure). A terrible scene of confusion ensued, and many deputies started to their feet. The president calls Dupont (de l'Eure) to order. "We all require to be called to order!" shouted most of the members of the opposition; and M. Dupont said firmly, "Gentlemen, I profess the utmost tolerance for all opinions, but I claim the same for my own. I therefore tell M. Persil that as often as he shall look at me and pronounce my laughing or my talking shameful, when I have neither laughed nor talked, I shall call him impertinent." The members proceeded to the ballot, fresh from the impression of those stormy debates; but both before and after the names of those present were called over, forty-five members expressed their resolution to decline voting.* Among them were M. Viennet, who had submitted the motion, and M. Teste, who had recently been bitterly attacked in the *Tribune*.

It was decided by two hundred and five against ninety-two, that a summons should be issued; and, accordingly, on the 16th of April, M. Lionne, the security for the paper, and two of its editors, MM. Armand Marrast, and Godefroi Cavaignac appeared at the bar of the Chamber. The crowd was immense. The deputies, fixed statue-like on their seats, observed an icy silence, and seemed to compose their countenances for the occasion. The republicans entered with head erect, and a smile of contempt on their lips. They were not ignorant that they were hastening to their condemnation; but they derived a haughty and a legitimate gratification from braving it by declaring their political creed under such brilliant circumstances. A table had been placed within a circular bal-

* These were MM. Anglade, d'Argenson, Audry de Puyraveau, Auguis, Bastide d'Isard, Bavoux, Bérard, Bertrand, Boudet, Briqueville, Chaigneau, Corcelles, Coulmann, Demarcay, Dubois Aymé, Dulong, Dupont (de l'Eure), Duris Dufresne, Garnier Pagès, Girardin, Havin, Joly, Laboissière, General Lafayette, George Lafayette, Larabit, Lenouvel, Leprévost, Levaillant, de Ludre, Laguette Mornay, Luminais, Renouvier, Roussilhe, Sommé, Tardieu, Teste, and Viennet.

ustrade, which rested against the benches of the extreme left; and here the party summoned, and his defenders, took their places.

M. Godefroi Cavaignac began by observing: "Gentlemen, we appear before you, but we do not acknowledge you for our judges." He continued in the same strain, like a man convinced of the sacredness of his cause, and the superiority of his doctrines. He did not defend himself, but attacked his accusers; and was urgent and bold, though maintaining a grave decorum in his indignation, and modesty in his boldness. He confessed that in the course of political contentions it was common to have one's enemies for one's judges; and that hence the pretensions of the Chamber were natural, and would, indeed, have been lawful had the Chamber truly represented the sovereignty of the people. But could an assembly chosen by a few, have the omnipotence of an assembly chosen by the universal voice of the citizens? Could the deputies annex the privilege of inviolability to the privilege which erected them into the representatives of 200,000 electors out of a people numbering 33,000,000 souls? After all, what was the crime imputed to the *Tribune*—the having said that the Chamber, venal and prostituted as she was, would suffer forts to be erected round Paris? Well; had not sums been voted the year before for commencing the fortifications: a clear proof of the state of vassalage towards the executive in which the Chamber lived! For what could be stranger than to see an assembly itself supply a rival authority with means of dictatorship and instruments of tyranny? It was equally novel and remarkable to find legislators surrounding themselves with the pomp of arms, and consenting to sit under the fire of costly citadels! Freedom of parliamentary debate after this fashion had not been known to the authors of any of the constitutions anterior to the year VIII., to those who had drawn round the capital a circle which no soldier was suffered to cross, to those who had secured to the legislative authority the possession of a sacred territory where the moral power of the law was omnipotent! After a spirited attack on the project of converting the capital into one huge bastile, M. Cavaignac traced throughout the history of the nineteenth century the progress of that system of reaction which had manifested itself up to the 18th of *brumaire* against men; under the Empire, against ideas; under the Restoration, against the sentiments and interests of the people; and since, against all safeguards of public liberty. Even the prosecution of the *Tribune* appeared to the republican orator the result of a vast counter-revolutionary conspiracy, rather than an act of vengeance produced by an insult. "So! you are for prosecuting at a time when society is undergoing a suit of a far different nature; when reeling on its axis the disturbed world threatens to take some unknown orbit! So, you hear the cry of a journalist in the midst of the tempest roaring around you! And you keep an army near you at a moment when from Frankfort to Constantinople there is that going on which should arouse kings and peoples; when Germany is instinct with that hereditary spirit which wore out Charles V. and ruined Napoleon! Europe is kindling with the return of the fire which 1830 had lighted in its centre; the spirit of

revolution is again rising against that holy alliance which henceforward cannot exist except between nations; a spark of July has fallen upon the hearth of the great European family; and yet—here are you prosecuting! If done in the madness and blindness of passion, still the thing would appear incredible, impossible! But no; it will not be believed that your wrath against us is the sole motive for this prosecution. No; when there is not an hour's sleep which may not be broken in upon by a courier, you will never persuade men that you are wooing repose by sitting as judges. You are in a bad path; still, on you go, and this prosecution will close the session, for it begins what is reserved for its successors to execute." In this manner M. Cavaignac exalted his subject, and made what would otherwise have appeared a simple burst of anger on the part of a few deputies whose pride had been hurt, part and parcel of a long and detestable conspiracy against public liberty; in short, he made the cause of the *Tribune* that of the whole nation.

He was followed by M. Marrast, who, in an ardent, biting speech, impetuous, nervous, and highly-wrought, traced the history of corruption as produced and necessitated by the constitutional system. He summed up this history as follows: "The chamber which consented to extra legal courts (*tribunaux d'exception*) and to prévotal courts; the chamber which tolerated the getting up of conspiracies by the police; the chamber which suffered the charter to be violated with impunity; the chamber which wasted the coffers of the state on interests by which it was the first to profit; the chamber which abandoned the personal safety of the citizen to the will of ministers; the chamber which prosecuted to the death liberty of opinion—what were these chambers? What name should be given them? The chamber which was constantly increasing the salary of office-holders, and then delivered them, bound hand and foot, up to ministers; the chamber which heaped loan upon loan, which lavished secret service money, which supported all privileges, which reared altars to base cupidity, which encouraged jobbing by the sinking fund, which caused everything to gravitate towards the impure centre of the stock-exchange, which cast honour, national dignity, and the public treasure into the maw of kite-fliers—all these chambers, gentlemen, what were they but prostituted, prostituted, I say!" Attacking the corruption of the day—"Who is there," continued M. Marrast, "ignorant of those fortunate speculations, which, last year, signalised the stock-exchange? All remember the news received of an evening and kept back till the following day, after time had been allowed for the transaction of important operations. Were these things unknown to the chamber? Undoubtedly. And yet the prices of the funds were regularly hung up in the house, along with the orders of the day! Your motives, gentlemen, must have been excellent, and yet you voted in two years more secret service money than was asked during the last six years of the Restoration. You are perfectly indifferent to the bounty on sugar, and yet this bounty has increased since 1830 from seven millions to nineteen; and, singular enough, nearly the third of this sum is divided between six large firms, including the houses of

certain of your members whom you especially delight to honour, and in particular that of a member of the cabinet. Thus, in the bounty-warrants for 1832, we see set down—the firm of Périer, brothers, 900,000f.; of Delessert, 600,000f.; of Humann, 600,000f.; of Fould, 600,000f.; of Santerre, 800,000f.; and that of Durand, of Marseilles, a million." After having thus accumulated facts upon facts, and charges upon charges; after having reminded his hearers that the *Tribune* only appeared at the bar of the Chamber on the accusation of one who had had the hardihood "to boast in public of the advantages of the *golden key* and the charms of secret service money," M. Marrast wound up his withering defence by exclaiming: "If war has been declared against the *Tribune* alone, it is childishness; if against the press, you will be the victims."

Notwithstanding the reserve which it had prescribed itself, the Chamber could not help manifesting a subdued sensation. When the vote was about to be taken, or, virtually speaking, when sentence was about to be passed, M. Cavaignac rose and said, "The Chamber is aware that M. Lionne has been cited before it only by a legal fiction. The higher the fine which you impose on the paper the shorter will be the term of imprisonment, which will affect M. Lionne only, who cannot be considered the party really guilty. At least, I should vote, and so I should think will the Chamber—a heavy fine, a short imprisonment." The accused and his defenders then withdrew; six tables were placed in the body of the house for the taking of the ballot, and, after their names had been called over, each member proceeded to put his vote in the urn in the midst of a scene of extreme confusion. The result had been foreseen. M. Lionne was condemned to three years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of ten thousand francs, by a majority of 304 to 204.

But vengeance was not slow in following. There were in the Chamber no fewer than 122 deputies who held offices under government of one kind or other, whose yearly salaries amounted to more than two millions of francs, and that for duties which they were unable to discharge—as, for instance, M. d'Estourmel, deputy for the department of the Nord, and envoy to Columbia. The *Tribune* gave full prominence to this monstrous fact, and proved that these 122 deputies received, without doing anything to gain it, as much as would have supported eight thousand of their poor countrymen. The duty upon steel, iron, and cast-iron, imported from abroad, was 2,380,000 francs a year; an amount which fell ruinously upon agriculture, and upon all branches of industry dependent on the use of that mineral; and the *Tribune* stated that this tax was only kept on for the advantage of twenty-six deputies who voted with ministers, without counting two of the ministers themselves, who had entered into a partnership with M. Decazes to work some new mines in Aveyron. The charges of the *Tribune* went further; and it summoned the finance minister in the name of the violated laws, and in the name of the public interests, which had been sacrificed to courtly niceties, to repay into the treasury a sum of 3,503,607 francs,

which had been too long owed it by the civil list. The nation was reminded that on the 6th of August, 1830, in contempt of the most inviolable usages of the monarchy, Louis Philippe had not hesitated to endow his children with his property, which he wished to withdraw from the estates of the crown; and much astonishment was expressed that the duty on the act of registry, which, according to law, should be paid beforehand, had not, after a lapse of three years, been finally settled. The circumstance of M. Laffitte's sale to the king of the forest of Breteuil, was also raked up. But, on this point, a charge was levelled at the king as unjust as it was false. It was asserted that, in order to defraud the stamp-office, the deed of sale stated the purchase money to have been only six millions, whereas, really, it had been ten. The charge was false,* but the prejudiced believed it to be true, and it was eagerly reiterated. Kœsner was talked of more than ever, and that deficiency, to the amount of millions, which he had left in the treasury, as well as the mystery in which the disgraceful affair had been suffered to remain enveloped. It was asked whether it were possible that Kœsner should have risked the public money in the foul jobbing of the stock exchange, and should have maintained daily a patent and disgraceful correspondence with stock-jobbers, without the privity of Baron Louis, the minister of finance; and the responsibility which M. Martin (du Nord) had made to devolve entirely upon Kœsner, in a report which was the beginning of his political fortune, was extended, by implication, to quarters which could not be openly attacked. In short, all the rumours of corruption and of profligate jobbing, which had been afloat since 1830, were revived.

An unforeseen event swelled this flood of accusations. One day, there was seen posted up on the front of the house which had served as headquarters to the revolution of July, these words—"To be Sold, the Hôtel Laffitte." Then he was ruined, he who had crowned the Duke of Orleans king; he who, to accomplish that event, had not hesitated to risk, in the changes of an unavoidable crisis, a life so long worthy of envy; he who at a later period had consented, in order to consolidate his work, to hold the helm of government in the midst of the tempest, abandoning the care of his own affairs, and making to the kingly idol of his own manufacture the double sacrifice of his popularity—hazarded by the conflicts between the mob and the soldiery, and of his moneyed concerns—left to the mercy of chance! Such were the feelings which found utterance from every lip, when there were stuck up, shortly after the accession of Louis Philippe, and but a few paces from the Tuileries, posters, with the announcement—"Sale of the Hôtel Laffitte!" The king's enemies seized on the fact as a text to accuse him of ingratitude; and expatiated upon it with that secret joy and noisy indignation with which the errors or mistakes of an enemy are ever hailed. On the other hand, the partisans of Louis Philippe bethought themselves, for the better acquittal of the monarch, of blacken-

* We have seen the deed of sale.

ing his old friend; against whom they thenceforward declared an odious war of lies. They asserted that the firm of Laffitte was tottering when the revolution of July burst forth; that the speculations which M. Laffitte had made in the three per cents. were the beginning of M. Laffitte's difficulties; that, far from having shown himself ungrateful, the king had on various occasions assisted him, as was proved both by his having paid ten millions for the forest of Breteuil, when it was only worth eight, and by a loan of six millions, advanced to M. Laffitte by the bank, on the king's own security, who must, indeed, have already discharged a portion of that sum in three successive payments which had fallen due. It was impossible for assertions to be more utterly false;* and yet an article was written at Paris expressly to give them

* It is time that the truth should be known on this much-disputed point, for which purpose we may look backwards a little.

Whatever blow the revolution, for which M. Laffitte could find no other denouement than a monarchy, might have inflicted on his commercial credit, his house was too firmly established not to withstand the shock which then overthrew so many fortunes. But having called a monarchy into existence, it was necessary to support it. We have traced the disturbances which signalised the early days of the revolution. Riot knocked hourly at the gates of the Palais Royal; and in the squares and streets nothing was heard save the shouts of a furious multitude, mingled with the beating of the alarm. The atmosphere, if we may so speak, was laden with passions; and the couriers, speeded upon every highway of Europe, did not bring a despatch but what contained tidings of an insurrection. The first ministry which had been formed was about to expire of weakness and of alarm; the ground trembled on every side of the new throne; the royal family was in despair; the king thought that the hour of his fall would soon succeed that of his accession, and M. Laffitte was applied to.

Power was then as eagerly avoided as it has since been greedily sought. But M. Laffitte had peculiar reasons for avoiding the whirlwind of public business. His bank required all his care and attention, and his partners pressed him to renounce a greatness which would, in all probability, end in his ruin.

At this period, M. Laffitte was president of the Chamber of Deputies; and, although in this capacity, a minister without holding office, none of the members of the council took a more active part in public business than he. He wished to withdraw into private life; but the king, to whom he was still necessary, spared nothing to retain him, and it was at this period that the sale of the forest of Breteuil took place. The price was fixed at ten millions; but to secure the king from giving more than was fair, a proviso was made in the deed of sale, that the purchaser should be allowed to have the forest measured, a privilege which the seller did not reserve to himself.

If this purchase was rendering a service to M. Laffitte, it was a service dearly paid for, since it only served to plunge him deeper into public business. The presidentship of the council was offered to him, and refused. Vain resistance! There was something irresistible in the entreaties of the king.—Why had he been given a crown, if they had intended to deliver him up, without defence, to so many conspiring hates? Would M. Laffitte, who had done so much for him, refuse, in the hour of danger, to shield him with his popularity? No one would accept the premiership; nor could any one bring to the support of the throne sufficient moral strength. There only remained for the King of the French to vacate his solitary, his shaken throne! Was he "to withdraw to Neuilly, or throw himself into the Seine?"—M. Laffitte yielded; saw himself treated as their saviour by the monarch, by Madame Adelaide, and all the royal family; and the ministry of the 3d of November was formed.

However, as had been anticipated, M. Laffitte's private affairs soon suffered from his devotion to his ministerial duties; and, in addition, an unexpected circumstance hurried him to quit the political arena. At the time of the sale of the forest of Breteuil, it had been verbally agreed between the king and him that the deed of sale should not be registered. We have already explained how this important clause of the contract came to be violated.* The registration made the sale public; and the

* Vol. i.

currency, and sent to Marseilles and published in the *Garde National*, that its authorship might be the better concealed. M. Laffitte was cut to the heart; but he hid his feelings under a calm and dignified reserve.

But the anxiety of his friends took a very touching expression. M. Guillemot, the principal editor of the *Commerce* newspaper, started the idea of a subscription. It was caught at by the public with enthusiasm. Long lists of subscriptions filled the columns of the papers; a committee was formed in the Chamber itself to receive them; and M. Nitot was appointed treasurer. This ebullition disturbed the court; since one party looked upon the ruin of M. Laffitte as treason to the cause of the revolution, whilst another regarded devotion to M. Laffitte as hatred of the king. In most of the opposition journals stress had been laid, with very little reserve, upon royal ingratitude; and, to do away with this charge, the courtiers applied to M. Laffitte himself, representing to him that they were both ready to subscribe and to induce their friends to subscribe, if he would publish a letter to declare that the attacks on the king were altogether without his privity. As this was asking him to

firm was supposed to be in difficulties. A run took place on the bank, and, pressed on every side, M. Laffitte borrowed seven millions from the bank of France. The crisis which harassed the commercial world, and which, for the reasons we have just given, pressed more especially on the firm of Laffitte, rendered this sum insufficient, and M. Laffitte was again about to throw up office, when M. Casimir Périer, who reserved himself for more tranquil times, interfered. Appealing by turns to the interests of the monarch and to those of France, he conjured M. Laffitte to keep at his post, and promised a fresh loan from the bank, with the king for security. In fact, M. Périer knew from M. Laffitte's partners that that sum would amply meet the wants of the firm. M. Laffitte declined long and firmly the advances made to him; but the king summoned him to the Tuileries, and he was bound to obey. It was night. M. Laffitte found the king about to retire to rest, on a couch with a couple of mattrasses upon it. Louis Philippe received his minister with that affectation of familiarity which was usual to him, and besought him so affectionately to accept of him for security, that M. Laffitte at last consented; and the two friends separated after a tender embrace. The loan was contracted the next day. The bank advanced six millions to M. Laffitte, and the king gave his security to the bank. It was specified in the contract, that if the latter should be called upon to pay, the reimbursement should be made in five annual payments, the four first of thirteen hundred thousand francs each, and the last of eight hundred thousand. In thus engaging himself, the king ran no visible risk, since M. Laffitte deposited in the bank a mass of valuable securities far exceeding in amount the sum borrowed. However, when the first payment became due, the bank applied to the king, who paid three hundred thousand francs; but only out of a sum of four hundred thousand, in which he stood indebted to M. Laffitte for the iron-works of Bonneville. The bank being unable to get any more from him, brought its action; but it was maintained by M. Dupin, on the part of the civil list, that the king being simply security, the bank ought first to have proceeded against the principal debtor. The argument bore hard upon M. Laffitte, but it was strictly legal. The bank lost its suit, and found itself compelled to take steps against M. Laffitte. It would willingly have avoided such a display; and since the securities which he had deposited with it seemed almost as good as cash, it made a proposal to the king to release him from the bond for six millions, if he would enter into fresh security for two only; to bear no interest, and not to be asked for until after the expiration of ten years. This easy offer was formally declined. The bank applied to M. Laffitte. He could not pay, and put up his hôtel for sale. It is true that, two years after, by an arrangement between the bank, the firm of Laffitte, and the king, the latter gave the sum of twelve hundred thousand francs to be released from his security; but in this, M. Laffitte could neither perceive a royal gift nor an indemnification for the enormous sacrifices which a few months of office had cost him.

declare no more than the truth, he did not hesitate. He even did more than was expected from his loyalty. Nobly omitting all mention of the great services which he had rendered the king, to dwell only on the very questionable services which the king had rendered him, he wrote a letter in which he acknowledged his obligations to Louis Philippe. But at this juncture, one of the deputies of Marseilles, M. Reynard, having brought him the article in the *Garde National*, already alluded to, he immediately retracted his letter, unwilling to profit in his purse at the expense of his honour. The result was, that no one attached to the court subscribed. As for him, he remained erect on the ruins of his fortune, after having been taught by bitter experience what men of the people gain by making kings.

Whilst these things were going on, parliament approached the term of its labours; in which it had exhibited more of show than of work. Innumerable motions had provoked unprofitable debates; and by their frequent collisions, the two Chambers had shown the defects which interfere with the wheel-work of constitutional mechanism.

In particular, the repeal of the law for holding the anniversary of the 21st of January, a day sacred to mourning, had given rise to that kind of sharp-shooting which ever occasions fully as much danger as scandal. The elective Chamber only saw in this expiatory solemnity an insult to the nation; the Chamber of Peers saw in it only a recognition of the principle of the inviolability of the sovereign. After a long and warm struggle, the two rival powers conceived and brought forth out of their united weakness a law, couched as follows: "The law of the 19th of January, 1816, relative to the anniversary of the fatal and ever-deplorable day of the 21st of January, 1793, is repealed;"—a pusillanimous act, which left it doubtful whether these inconsequential legislators intended to countenance or denounce the revolution! Standing before the bloody scaffold of Louis XVI., they durst not persist in the rehabilitation of the victim, and indemnified themselves by denouncing the executioner!

It would be equally wearisome and nugatory to conduct the reader through the labyrinth of endless discussions, which occupied the two sessions of the year 1833; but there were three decisions come to by the legislature, which had important consequences, and on which the spirit of the bourgeoisie was deeply imprinted, and these claim our attention.

The constituent parts of the political and administrative hierarchy in this country are well known. In the state, a king, and, by his side, a parliament to vote taxes; in the departments, a préfect, and, with him a *conseil-général* to apportion the tax among the arrondissements; in the arrondissements, a sub-préfect, and, with him, a *conseil d'arrondissement* to apportion the tax among the communes; in the communes a mayor, and, with him, a municipal council to apportion the tax among the citizens—such are the main springs of the government.

Thus, society in France is traversed, as it were, by two great institutions running in parallel lines—the monarchical, personified in the

king, the préfects, the sub-préfects, and the mayors; and the elective, represented by the Chamber, the *conseils-généraux*, the *conseils d'arrondissement*, and the municipal councils.

Are these two institutions of a nature to exist perpetually face to face? Can they develope themselves without clashing, and can they clash without producing deadly disorders? Is it wise to admit at each step of this hierarchical scale, the struggle betwixt the elective and monarchical power, a struggle whose changes are witnessed in our history by these celebrated dates—the 21st of January, the 10th of August, the 18th of Brumaire, and the 29th of July, 1830, without speaking of that other date, more celebrated than all the rest, which marks the disasters of Waterloo? These are the questions which should have been examined before every other, by an assembly called upon to organize the administration of the provinces.

But the representatives of the bourgeoisie were incapable of elevating themselves to such lofty thoughts. Regarding election as the basis of their power, they could not suppress the elective principle; and regarding monarchy as a privilege which protected their privileges, they would not for any consideration lay hands on the monarchical principle.

Thus the most important part of the problem was thrown completely into the shade; and of all the speakers who took a share in the discussion of the subject, there was not one who was aware, or who, at least, had the boldness to point out the hold which anarchy was thus enabled to take on society. So far from the antagonism of two principles, essentially opposed to each other, and contending for society as for their prey, appearing a mischief sufficient to provoke discussion—it was not even alluded to.

The debate turned almost wholly upon the question whether the *conseils d'arrondissement* should be replaced by *conseils cantonnaux*.

This was the object contended for by MM. Bérard, Lherbette, de Rambuteau, and Odilon Barrot. The commerce of every-day life has created, they said, the collective body which is called the commune; connexions arising out of neighbourhood have originated the collective body, called a canton. The canton, which is only a union of several neighbouring communes, similarly situated, and having almost the same wants, has, like the commune, an existence peculiar to itself, and interests requiring to be represented. Why, then, refuse a council to the canton, and give one to the arrondissement; which is an aggregation of cantons, separated from each other by different interests and wants? The canton is a real limitation, indicated by the very nature of things; the arrondissement an arbitrary and factitious one, which exists only upon paper. Were the duties of the sub-préfects assimilated to those of the préfects, the reason for associating a council with the former, the same as with the latter, would be obvious; but their office is limited to taking informations; they decide nothing, they only prepare the way for decisions; they are administrative instruments, not authorities, and what part can a council sustain with respect to such? The uselessness of these councils is clearly proved by the futility of their functions.

Apart from the distribution of the taxes between the communes, a business daily becoming unnecessary, through the rectification of the inequalities which formerly existed, and which, besides, would be quite as well discharged by *conseils cantonnaux*, what is the good of the *conseils d'arrondissement?* They communicate information, and express wishes; a puerile function, which compromises the majesty of the elective principle. Establish *conseils cantonnaux*, and their importance would soon be felt; for instance, all the communes would be directly represented in them, and consequently they might be entrusted with the settlement of the differences which sometimes divide the communes, more particularly as regards adjoining roads. A *conseil d'arrondissement* imposes a heavy and vexatious burden on the citizen, by the distance which it frequently obliges him to travel; whereas the advantages of a *conseil cantonnal* would be, the little interference it would occasion with his daily concerns and domestic habitudes, and the enabling him, without over-fatigue, to display an activity suited to any emergency.

In opposition to this reasoning, which, so far as it went, was just, it was contended by M. Mauguin, and those who followed his lead, that the suppression of the *conseils d'arrondissement* would weaken the vigour of the executive; that this result, undesirable at all times, would, in critical times, and in time of war, be peculiarly distressing; that if the *conseils d'arrondissement* were deficient in power, instead of suppressing them, it would be better to enlarge their authority; that, through the electoral system, the arrondissement was already a politically defined body; through its civil court, a judiciary one; through being the seat of a sub-prefecture, an executive one; and that its being made the centre of the deliberations relative to the interests of the locality, followed as a matter of course; and, above all, that the point to be feared and avoided, was the weakening of the central power, and enervation of the executive.

Thus M. Mauguin opposed to the system of *conseils cantonnaux*, the grand principle of unity in power. But here he confounded two things which are essentially distinct. He forgot that centralization is useful, fecund, or even necessary, in respect of general interests only; that is, as regards religion, education, the moral influence of public amusements, industry, and national works, whereas, applied to local or special interests, it is, on the contrary, depressing and fatal. We have before had occasion to make the remark, that political centralization is strength—but that administrative centralization sooner or later becomes despotism. Wo to the country in which political liberty is not intimately connected with municipal liberty; for it is by the regular and continued exercise of their power in every quarter of the country, that the people retain the feeling of their own dignity. Missing the frequent use of their power, they lose the consciousness of their strength, and, from indifference, fall into supineness. Wherever a central authority is the depository, even of local interests, there public life, forcibly impelled to the same spot, becomes hurried and tumultuous; whilst everywhere else it languishes. The heart of society beats too quickly; and the limbs from which all

the blood has been withdrawn are left frozen and powerless. When, in the time of Diocletian, the central power of the emperors had become infused into every branch of government, and placemen, expedited from Rome, identified the imperial will with every local measure, whether the construction of a fountain, the enfranchisement of a slave, or the nomination of a local magistrate, the empire toppled to its ruin. The *curiales*, no longer finding the reward of their trouble in the free exercise of their power, plunged into the ranks of the clergy or of the army —a fatal movement of dissolution, which delivered up to the barbarians of the north the whole of the Roman world, nerveless, disarmed, and already dead. Such were the reasonings and recollections which M. Mauguin, and the government whose doctrines he, on this occasion, supported, ought to have borne in mind. And surely they would never have required the social machine to remain entirely passive under the weight of a central power, charged with a work it was unable to execute; they would never have required that, whilst Paris was a prey to all the disorders occasioned by an over-active vitality, the rest of France should be sunk in impotence and languor—had they visited those numberless communes and paralysed cities, in which the burning aspirations, the bursts of pride and patriotism, and the great joys and noble griefs of life had been replaced, through the excess of administrative centralisation, by that calm, uniform, death-like quiet, which is nothing else than regularity in oppression, silence in abasement, immobility in servitude.

However, the Chamber of Deputies, by pronouncing in favour of keeping up the *conseils d'arrondissement*, gave its countenance to the principle of administrative centralisation; but it soon abandoned this very principle by enacting—1st, That the *conseil-général* should have as many members as there were cantons in the department; 2d, That the number of members composing the *conseil d'arrondissement* should be equal to that of the cantons in the arrondissement.

When carried up to the Chamber of Peers, the law underwent important modifications, but which did not interfere with its general bearings. In giving each canton a representative in the *conseil-général*, the elective Chamber had, nevertheless, restricted the *maximum* of councillors to sixty; the Chamber of Peers reduced it to thirty. Faithful to the feelings of the restless liberalism of the 18th century, the elective Chamber, on the motion of M. Comte, warmly seconded by M. Dupin aîné, had excluded priests from the list of those eligible to sit in the *conseils*. The Chamber of Peers condemned this exclusion, in spite of the obstinate Jansenism of MM. de Montlosier and Roederer. A clause had been introduced by the elective Chamber, to the effect, that besides those whose names were in the jury lists, and those who enjoyed the political franchise, one out of every two hundred of the most highly taxed should be free to vote for members of the *conseils*. But, to render the monopoly more stringent, this privilege was restricted by the Chamber of Peers to cantons which should not have fifty inhabitants enjoying the franchise, or enrolled on the jury-lists. The Cham-

bers were agreed as to the qualification for voting; which consisted, for the *conseils-généraux*, in being rated at 200f. yearly, and at 150f. for the *conseils d'arrondissement*.

The alterations of the peers having been adopted by the Chamber of Deputies, the law was passed on the 10th of June, 1833. It confirmed what was most vicious in administrative centralisation; maintained the useless machinery in the *conseils d'arrondissements* of an authority without powers; and, in short, consecrated, even within the sphere of local deliberations, that electoral monopoly which was an instrument of oppression in the hands of a bourgeoisie which had seized on the fortunes of France, and which had only proclaimed the sovereignty of the people the better to destroy it.

But this inability of the bourgeoisie to govern society, equitably and vigorously, was much more clearly manifested in the law on primary instruction. Here, there was everything to create. The Convention had conceived plans worthy of its daring, and as vast as its genius, for the instruction of the children of the poor; but, having the world to astonish, subdue, and convert, it had no time to realize them. The Empire, hastening to fill the abyss in which whole generations were swallowed up, had sought but for a nursery of soldiers. Later still, under the Restoration, divided as it was betwixt fanaticism and hypocrisy, ignorance was considered a means of government, and the propagation of knowledge, revolt. A reform of education, then, was not the question after 1830, but a beginning. Unfortunately, as was proved by M. Guizot's motion on primary instruction, men were wanting for the task.

This motion was to the effect that primary instruction should comprise elementary schools and superior schools; that in the former should be taught the principles of religion and morality, reading, writing, the elements of the French language and of arithmetic, and the legalised system of weights and measures; that in the second should be taught the elements of geometry, linear drawing, surveying, the principles of natural philosophy and of natural history, singing, and the elements of history and geography; that it should be allowable for every individual, aged eighteen, to open a primary school, if provided with a certificate of morality and capability from the mayor, or the testimonial of three municipal councillors; that, independently of private schools, every commune should be bound to maintain a public school; that the public primary school should be placed under the superintendence of a local committee, and of a committee *d'arrondissement*; that only those children should be admitted gratuitously whose parents were declared by the municipal councils to be incapable of paying the fee; that the *minimum* salary of the teacher should be, in the primary schools, two hundred francs a year, and in the superior, four hundred francs, in addition to a monthly stipend to be fixed by the municipal council; and that, in behalf of the communal primary teachers, there should be established a savings' bank, by holding back a twentieth part of their yearly salary.

M. Guizot's motion was hailed with acclamations; nevertheless, it betrayed extremely limited views.

Education can be made national by no other means than by considering it as a debt on the part of the state, and as a duty on that of the citizen. It must therefore be at once gratuitous and compulsory. In France it could not have been rendered the latter without interfering with the rights of labour, since, through the effects of a government as foolish as barbarous, the poor workman was universally compelled to look upon his children as a means of increasing his wages, and had too great need of their services to care for their instruction. To force the father to die of hunger in order that the son might be educated, would only have been a cruel mockery. But this very fact ought to have shown the absurdity of every partial reform; and that the only true reform is one which shall be bound up with a body of reforms constituting a thorough, bold, and complete social renovation. This was a truth which M. Guizot could not grasp.

There was another blemish in his plan. When authority has an end in view, it ought to impel society towards it with uniformity, steadiness, and vigour of purpose. With regard to instruction, there cannot be too strong a centralisation. To allow, in a country torn by party, of the silly rivalry of private schools, is to instil into new generations the poison of civil discords, and to afford rival parties the means of propagating themselves in the midst of an increasing confusion of opinions and principles—it is like sowing chaos. The education of the people, a sublime priesthood when the state provides it, is, when abandoned to individual caprices, but a speculation replete with danger; and what is termed liberty of teaching is only the gestation of anarchy. Considered in this light, M. Guizot's plan was of fatal tendency, but it had other defects equally serious though less apparent.

By giving communal instructors a precarious and miserable existence, government inducted into one of the highest functions of the state men without merit, and of no standing. Besides, there was no future held out to them; and what was to be expected from isolated men, tethered, as it were, in their hamlets and villages, chained down for ever to a miserable life, belonging to no hierarchical institution, and consequently possessing neither the stimulus of pride given by class feeling, nor the support derived from the hope of advancement? How could such men contend in the career of instruction with the brothers of the *Ecole Chrétienne*, a united and persevering association, supported by the clergy?

M. Guizot's plan then was valueless. How far more elevated, profound, and worthy of a statesman was the report which Lakanal had presented to the Convention on the 26th of June, 1793, a report which contained provisions similar to the following: "Every citizen may open private courses; but the legislature will charge itself with the care of providing a central commission, whose officei will be to enforce a uniform system of instruction throughout the republic. On certain days of the year the children and their preceptor shall visit the hospitals and

prisons under the guidance of a magistrate, and on these occasions they shall help in their household labours poor citizens suffering from infirmities or from sickness. The preceptor, when in school, and all national solemnities, shall wear a medal with the inscription: '*He who teaches is a second father*,'" *&c. &c.* Great thoughts these, attesting a great epoch!*

But all had strangely dwindled, since the government of this noble country of France had fallen into the hands of an oligarchy of stock-brokers and merchants; and hence the enthusiastic reception of M. Guizot's plan. Adopted, almost unreservedly, by the committees of both chambers, the attacks it had to undergo in parliament were more violent than strongly urged. M. Salverte moved as an amendment, that a knowledge of the rights and duties of citizenship should be added to the subjects of primary instruction; but his sensible and patriotic proposition was negatived. And who will believe it, in a debate on which the future welfare of the people so largely depended, the only question which caused any anxiety was whether or not the *curé* should be put on the local committee of superintendence along with the mayor and notables. The chambers coming to different decisions on this point, the deputies voting in the negative and the peers in the affirmative, a new torch of discord was about to be kindled in parliament, when the deputies at length gave way. With this the discussion ended; and the chambers passed into law a system which they had not even taken the trouble to study. They then proceeded to discuss, without having studied it a whit more, the law of expropriation on grounds of public utility.

The injurious extent given to the right of property has covered the earth with crimes and revolutions. The abolition of slavery over a great part of the globe, the enfranchisement of serfs, the fall of all feudal tyrannies, and the suppression of the laws of entail and of primogeniture, have successively manifested the impatience with which the world bore the yoke of victorious force fraudulently transformed into lawful dominion. What else is history than the recital of the long and violent revolt of mankind against the ill-defined and ill-regulated right of him who "the first to enclose a spot of ground bethought himself of saying, *this is mine*, and found fools to believe him?"

A day suffices to give birth to some abuses, which it requires centuries to kill. Despite all those formidable essays at reform to which France had been subjected, despite the doctrine of human brotherhood borrowed from the sublime legislation of the gospel, and loudly proclaimed by the nineteenth century, in the height of a tempest such as was never before witnessed, the right of property had not ceased to be a tyrannous bugbear. On many an occasion Napoleon had bent before it; it had been venerated by the Restoration to a scandalous extreme;

* Lakanal's report was only a sketch as it was laid before the Convention, and it bore all the marks of want of finish. For instance, a blank was left for the salaries of the teachers, and no conclusion was come to on the important question, whether primary instruction should be compulsory or not.

and the evil had become so inveterate after the revolution of July, that it was impossible in France to undertake the opening of any road, canal, or railway, so little known was the principle laid down by the immortal author of the *Contrat Social*, that "The right of every one to his own property is subordinate to the right of the community to everything."

It had in fact become indispensable to remove, with the aid of the law, the pernicious impediments to which this state of things had given rise, and the government ought to have made up its mind to it. Up to this time two systems had successively prevailed, with equally deplorable results. By entrusting the *conseil de préfecture* with the power of valuing property claimed for the public benefit, the law of the 16th of September, 1807, had put private interests too much at the mercy of the executive. The law of the 8th of March, 1810, on the contrary, by substituting the jurisdiction of the judiciary for that of the executive, had had too little regard to the public interest; and it was necessary to desert these equally dangerous routes, and to strike out a new one.

Had ministers been gifted with a sounder understanding, they could not have reflected on the subject without perceiving that there was a great gap in the constitution, and that there was an urgent necessity for erecting, not only for the particular case in question, but for all analogous ones, an authority charged with holding the balance between the executive and the citizens. The office of the courts of law is to settle the differences of citizens with each other, and not the differences between citizen and government. The Council of State, as at present constituted, is only a kind of consulting council immediately dependent on ministers. How deal then with the difficulties which may arise either as to the interpretation or the execution of the laws? If the executive hold aloof, authority abdicates; if it pronounce judgment on its own cause, the law disappears before a capricious interpretation, and despotism reigns.

Government ought to have taken these points into consideration; it ought to have been aware that when between ministers, the supposed representatives of the public interest, and citizens, representatives of private interests, there exists no authority specially invested with the right of determining the interpretation and the execution of the law, one of two things always happens—either power is paralysed, or liberty succumbs.

These important truths were not even descried; and in the draft of a law which it laid before the chambers, government proposed to substitute for the administrative jurisdiction consecrated by the law of the 16th of September, 1807, and the judicial recognised by the law of the 8th of March, 1810, the authority of a jury composed of the principal proprietors in the district where the expropriation might be demanded. A pitiable system, which tempted the proprietors to enhance, for their mutual benefit, the value of the property needed by the state! An unjust and anti-social system, which in every conflict between private and

general interests, abandoned the decision to the natural representatives of the first.*

Nor is this all: as if they had feared that they had not left the state completely at the mercy of individual self-interests, ministers took care to embarrass the execution of their law by such slow, minute, and complicated forms, that these could not fail on many an occasion to oppose an insurmountable obstacle to the execution of public works.

The debates on the law in both chambers, previously to its passing, showed how destitute of greatness and equity was the supremacy of the bourgeoisie. For instance, it was laid down in the draft of the law that when the works executed upon one part of an estate should raise the value of the rest, this increase should be taken into account in the estimate of the purchase money; and, surely, when depreciation of value was taken into account, it was only just that increase of value should be considered also. Yet, in the Chamber of Peers, M. Molé had the hardihood to call this a dangerous and a detestable principle; and, to prove its injustice, M. Villemain observed that it forced the proprietors to become speculators in spite of themselves, by offering them by way of payment, a chance of profit for which, after all, they might very possibly care nothing. It is but just to government to confess that it exerted itself to the utmost to defend the principle in question from such gross sophisms, though in vain. It was ruled that the taking increase of value into account in estimating the payment to be made for property, should be optional with the jury; which was, in fact, to nullify the principle.

This law was definitively adopted on the 20th of June, 1833, and filled up the measure of the usurpations of the bourgeoisie. "Laws," says Rousseau, in his *Contrat Social*, "are always useful to those who have property, and injurious to those who have not. Hence it follows that the social state is only serviceable to men whilst all have something, and no one too much."

Hardly had the session of 1833 closed, when a sudden spirit of alarm takes possession of the public mind. The rumour spreads that works, long dreaded, are pursued with threatening activity; that, despite of the general feeling on the subject, and despite of the Chamber, forts are rising round the capital which will serve to awe or destroy it. Paris is agitated from one end to the other by this strange news; the opposition journals are filled with indignant comments, and the *National* reminds its readers of the days of the Restoration, of the evil projects then entertained, and of the system of fortifications proposed by M. de Clermont Tonnerre in 1826. The anniversary of the three days was at hand, and all thought revolution was near. The intimidated ministry caused its organs to declare that the uneasiness of the people was uncalled for, and the *Moniteur* officially announced the suspension of the works.

* This absurd system has borne the fruits which were to be expected from it. Since it passed, juries of proprietors have condemned the state to pay to the owners of property wanted for public purposes far more considerable sums than were asked by the owners themselves; a fact which renders all commentary superfluous.

These declarations, though received with distrust, nevertheless sufficed to avert the storm. Besides, government had kept in reserve for the approaching celebration a *coup de théâtre*, the effect of which it knew would be irresistible on a people of soldiers. On the 29th of July, whilst singing, by mistake, no doubt, the hymn of reconquered liberty, the crowd pressed towards the Place Vendôme, the covering was suddenly removed from the top of the pillar, and there appeared the statue of the imperial man standing erect on the summit of the column formed out of the trophies of his victories. Immense acclamations arose; and, in a moment, this multitude of men had forgot their present misery and their recent indignation. For the people have passions which, like like those of children, can be appeased by a rattle.

Thus the political storm raised by the project of *embastilling* Paris was not long in taking another direction; but government did not cease to entertain this fatal idea, which we shall hereafter see brought forward and carried into act. Whenever authority does not possess strength through the force of unity, it is obliged to seek it from violence.

Already, in fact, the monarchy seemed to have exhausted its resources. One of its rashest partisans, M. Viennet, had grossly declared from the tribune—*It is the law which kills us.* The tools of government everywhere complained of the restrictions by which it was hedged in; and society fluctuated between despotism and the spirit of revolt.

At this time the heat of popular passions was fed by the *crieurs publics;* active venders of democratic broadsheets and walking columns of sedition. Before them the law stood mute, and power disarmed; but the *préfet de police*, M. Gisquet, made up for this deficiency by the despotic step of seizing every one of these men who vended unstamped sheets or pamphlets, although the existing law only required newspapers to be stamped. It is true that in every case in which the police was summoned before the courts to answer for such proceedings, its conduct met with the sternest and most humiliating reproof; but it thought itself strong enough to brave justice, and continued its arrests.

Thus a scene took place in the very centre of Paris, more exciting than that by which Hampden commenced the English rebellion.

Of the journals devoted, in 1833, to the propagation of democratic principles, the *Populaire* and the *Bon Sens* were particularly harassed by the new system of persecution adopted by the police. Edited with great boldness and causticity by M. Cabet, the *Populaire* had a strong effect upon the excitable portion of the population. The *Bon Sens* was more timid; but was distinguished by its unremitting and direct appeals to the understanding of the people. Not content with circulating, almost daily, thousands of copies of pamphlets which it conceived useful to the cause of the commonalty, the *Bon Sens* uniformly inserted, under the head of *Tribune des Prolétaires*, communications from the working classes. Numbers availed themselves of this intellectual arena; and statesmen, philosophers, and poets appeared in the persons of tailors, shoemakers, and joiners. It was thus made evident that the political change begun in 1789 had not produced true liberty—since so

many fine talents had remained unemployed, so much genius had been thrown out of its proper sphere, so many men had been wrongly placed in the world, so many of the choice of mankind had been buried alive in the tomb of modern manufactories; since, in short, society, the victim of a system of exclusion and of repression, had been condemned to lose treasures of intellect and of poesy, for ever buried in the bosom of the people! Such was the glorious demonstration undertaken by the *Bon Sens*, under the direction of MM. Cauchois Lemaire and Rodde.

The qualities which distinguished the first-named writer were a reflective and cautious patriotism, moderation allied with firmness, courtesy in attack, a fine and delicate wit, a carefully modelled style, and a genius marked by good taste, quiet irony, and polish.

M. Rodde, on the contrary, was singularly intemperate, and unable to command himself. He knew not fear, and could hardly understand it. His style was coarse, though often ennobled by passion; and his rude and violent sensibilities burst forth by turns in transports of tenderness, generosity, and rage. However, with whimsical contrariety, he was as moderate in his opinions as passionate in his sentiments. Disliking ultra ideas and the extremes of party, he had always kept himself a little aloof from the republicans, although he wrote against their opponents with unconquerable energy—timid of mind, bold of heart.

To a man of this temperament, the affair of the *crieurs publics* offered an admirable opportunity for showing himself as he was. Learning that notwithstanding the decisions of the courts, and in violation of the laws, the police continued to arrest the newsmen, M. Rodde wrote to all the other papers on the 8th of October, 1833, that on the following Sunday, at two in the afternoon, he would repair to the Exchange and vend those pamphlets of which many copies had already been arbitrarily seized. His resolution was taken and he made it known to all. He was ready to defend his right even to the death.

On this, many of his friends hasten to him to dissuade him from his design. They represent to him that after having braved the authority of the magistracy with so much insolence, the police will dare everything: that the threatened resistance can only have a bloody issue; that he will be first a murderer, then a victim, and that he will throw all Paris into confusion. This was the opinion of most, and even of Armand Carrel himself.

However, on the day appointed, an immense crowd filled the square of the Exchange as early as twelve o'clock. Some pupils of the Polytechnic School, and a number of national guards in full costume, patrolled the square with uneasy looks. Expectation had never been wound up to a greater pitch. The windows were filled with spectators; and all was anxiety to know the end. It was already whispered in some of the busy groups collected, that M. Rodde would not keep his word, when, at two o'clock precisely, a great stir took place in the crowd, and a powerfully-built man was seen making his way through the agitated throng, with a haughty step and fiery glance. He had two

pistols in his case of papers, and wore the dress of the *crieurs publics* —a dark-blue blouse, and a glazed hat, on which were the words *Publications patriotiques*. The air was rent by a thousand voices shouting, "Long live the defender of liberty! Long live M. Rodde! Let the laws be upheld!" Hats were flung in the air, handkerchiefs waved out of the windows, and the national guards thronged round the intrepid newsvender, ready to defend or avenge him. But government shrank from its own violence. M. Rodde was allowed to distribute his pamphlets without interruption, and, having thus fulfilled his promise, he tried to withdraw, but could not. The crowd were about to carry him off in triumph, when he escaped into Lointier's; and, directly after, making his appearance in the balcony, he besought the people to show themselves, at this conjuncture, capable and worthy of liberty. By nightfall, the crowd had dispersed. A profound calm reigned in Paris; and the only sound heard in the Exchange and its neighbourhood, was the measured tread of watchful patrols.

But each day brought its own subject of uneasiness in a state of things where all was hate, oppression, and disorder. About the end of October, societies of the working classes were formed in every part of the kingdom, and social anarchy succeeded political. At Lyons, the cartwrights and the gold-wire drawers struck. At Caen, the cabinet-makers caballed, and demanded a reduction in the hours of work. At Mans, the tailors struck; and the masters were obliged to send for strange hands. Luckier than their brethren of Mans, the potters of Limoges managed to have their wages raised. But it was at Paris that this movement of the labouring classes assumed its most formidable aspect. The working jewellers demanded an hour's less work a day; and on the 20th of October they met, to the number of twelve or fifteen hundred, at the Barrier des Amandiers, and there decided on forming a mutual protection society. It was settled that they should divide themselves into divisions of twenties, each of which should choose a delegate, and that these delegates should name a committee of five members to treat with the masters. On the 27th of the same month, a meeting of the journeymen shoemakers took place at the Barrier du Maine, and named a committee to negotiate a rise of wages. The journeymen bakers, whose work is so heavy, and life so short, also demanded more liberal and kinder treatment, but consented to work at the old prices until a new tariff could be arranged; and the syndics of the bakers' company (*de la boulangerie*), were chosen to be arbiters. To conclude this lamentable enumeration, on the 28th of October a meeting of more than three thousand journeymen tailors, held at the Rotunda, near the Barrier du Maine, drew up and published the following:—

"Whereas the master tailors have been invited by a circular, dated the 20th of the present October, to unite against the journeymen, and in consequence of this coalition having been sanctioned by the police, many of the masters have since discharged their hands—Resolved 1st, that the philanthropic society of journeymen tailors unanimously puts the society's funds at the disposal of its committee, towards forming a

depôt for work; 2d, that everything shall be sold there at prime cost; 3d, that the committee shall watch over the interests of the establishment, and take steps to open it before the end of the week; lastly, that such assistance as may be required shall be distributed to the workmen in companies of twenty each, and that in each company rations shall be served out on the plan followed in the army. Journeymen working with masters who employ the full number of hands, bind themselves to pay a stipulated free gift towards the support of their unemployed brethren."

Thus, the inhuman principle of competition bore its fruit! Thus, through the feeble "*let alone and wait*" policy, a war was commenced between employers and employed, petty in its origin, but sublime and formidable in its tendency, since its final result must be the completion of the conquests of the Gospel by the abolition of pauperism, the second form of slavery.

Ministers were too shortsighted to perceive the tendency of these associations. They ignorantly saw in the symptoms of the approaching rising up of the world, and in the first ebullitions of a people, proclaimed free and yet enslaved, only the petty movements of faction; and they made arrests by wholesale.

A republican association had been formed for the defence of the liberty of the subject and the freedom of the press, and was organized into various committees.* The committee of inquiry was charged with collecting all the facts relative to the arrests which had been made; and these facts were made public in a report, as bitter as it was spirited, drawn up by M. Pagnerre, one of the secretaries to the committee. This report attracted considerable attention, and raised a furious controversy: but the journeymens' unions were forcibly dissolved, and malcontents were restrained by menaces. Poor journeymen were treated as malefactors; the prisons were crowded; and ministers fancied that they had taken every precaution for the maintenance of endangered civilization!

But the enemies of government with unwearied zeal brought out into full relief all that escaped its ken; sometimes disclosing the festering sores of the state, at others seeking remedies.

As early as February, 1833, one of our noblest citizens, M. Charles Teste, had published a draught of a constitution, based on the two following principles: "All property, movable or immovable, contained within the national territory, or any where possessed by its citizens, belongs to the people, who alone can regulate its distribution. Labour is a debt which every healthy citizen owes to society; idleness ought to be branded as a robbery, and as a perpetual source of immorality." Every part of his plan bore the imprint of this courageous and noble

* The members of these committees were—MM. Lafayette, Garnier Pagès, Cormenir, Voyer d'Argenson, Joly, Audry de Puyraveau, Corbet, all deputies: MM. A. Carrel, A. Marrast, Guinard, J. Bernard, Pagnerre, Dupont, Marie, Boussi, Rittiez, Audriat, Boissaye, Conseil, Desjardins, G. Cavaignac, Marchet, Fenet, and E. Arago.

puritanism. M. Charles Teste founded committees of reformers, whose office it was to watch over public manners, and to endeavour to make the exercise of the rights of citizenship depend on the honest discharge of one's duties. But these were sentiments not likely to become general, nor, indeed, even to be understood, in so corrupt a state of society; and M. Teste was so far from deceiving himself as to the state of public feeling, that in order not to offend the Voltairianism of several of his friends, he had forborne to base his constitution on religion, which he knew to be the source of all poetry, strength, and greatness.

Society, which had wandered far from the right path, had to regain it, or else go on to some horrible catastrophe. It was laid down by the republicans in writings, in which, unfortunately, the authority of science was weakened by the too lively colouring of passion and of hate, that for several centuries the price of the necessaries of life had risen in a degree far exceeding the rise which had taken place in wages; that the people had gained nothing by the abolition of serfdom but a sentiment of dignity which rendered their real subjection the more bitter; that the inmates of the almshouses had fearfully increased; that in less than half a century, and through the system of the receiving baskets (*tours*), necessitated by the increase of infanticide, the proportion of foundlings to the entire population had been more than tripled; that a similar increase had taken place in ten years' time, in the case of imprisonment for debt; that from 1811 to 1833, the number of bankruptcies had been quintupled; that from 1809 to 1831, the pledges at the Mont de Piété had increased 70 per cent.; that the annual consumption of meat, which, according to Lavoisier, was 40 lbs. each person in 1789; and, according to Sauvepain, 14¾ lbs. in 1806; and, according to Chaptal, 11⅛ lbs. in 1812, had fallen below 8 lbs. in 1826; and that the people were thus irresistibly hurried downwards to the extreme of misery, that is, to insurrection or to death.

While these things were going on, the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* issued a violent manifesto. This society, from a poor beginning, had taken a quick and strong hold on the country. In 1833, its power at Paris rested upon the ardour of upwards of three thousand *sectionnaires*, either speakers at the clubs or fighting men; and it acted upon the provinces by numerous societies which had been formed on the same model, and with the same name, in the principal cities of the kingdom. Its object was to keep up the movement made by the people in 1830, to cherish enthusiasm, to forge new weapons of attack, by elaborating new ideas, to prevent republican feeling from languishing, and to inspire the faltering with wrath, courage, and hope; and it had pressed this object with extraordinary vigour and determination. It left no means unemployed, but brought into play subscriptions on behalf of political sufferers, or of convicted journals, popular lectures, travelling orators, and active correspondence: so that, in the very midst of the state, revolt had its government, its administration, its geographical divisions, and its army.

Here was huge disorder, undoubtedly; but it had at least an element

of vitality—a principle of strength. Generous ideas of devotion were mingled with these projects of rebellion, and the sentiment of brotherhood was sublimed out of this ceaseless agitation. Men learnt to sport with danger, and life was full of vigour. The *Société des Droits de l'Homme* was of use, inasmuch as it served to counteract that feebleness, which, under an oligarchy of men of business, tended to sink the nation into the sordid anxieties of individual interest and the stupefaction of fears. France was impelled by the existing state of things to such debasing habits, that agitation had become indispensable to defer the degradation of the national character. Anarchy served as a compensation balance.

About the middle of the year, serious differences had split the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* into two parties; the one desired instant war with the prejudices that had to be destroyed, and the tyrannies which they had sworn to overthrow; the other counselled persuasive means and indirect methods as the safest. After long hesitation, the two parties drew together. A central committee was appointed, with a view of insuring a more decided course of action; and it was agreed by this committee, which consisted of MM. Voyer d'Argenson, Guinard, Berrier-Fontaine, Lebon, Vignerte, Godefroi-Cavaignac, Kersausie, Audry de Puyraveau, Beaumont, Desjardins, and Titot, that a solemn declaration of principles should be published, and addressed to all patriotic papers, associations, and political refugees.

According to this declaration, the society sought—a central, elective, temporary, and responsible authority, endowed with great strength and with unity of action;—the sovereignty of the people, exercised by universal suffrage;—the liberty of the communes, restricted by the right granted to the government of watching the votes and the competency of the municipal bodies, by means of its delegates;—a system of public education, tending to create community of ideas, but compatible with advancement;—the organization of public credit;—the universal adoption of the trial by jury;—the emancipation of the working classes, by a better division of labour, a more equitable distribution of production, and by association;—the federalisation of Europe, based on the common principle of the sovereignty of the people, on free trade, and on entire equality of relations.

These views were developed and justified in a closely-argued and luminous statement; and there followed the *Declaration of the Rights of Man*, as presented to the Convention by Maximilian Robespierre.*

* The following is an exact copy of this declaration, so much talked of and so little known:

Article I. The end of every political association is the support of the natural and inalienable rights of man, and the development of all his faculties.

II. The chief rights of man are those of *providing for the preservation of existence* and of *liberty*.

III. These rights belong equally to all men, whatever the difference between their physical and moral strength.

Equality of rights is established by nature. Society, far from infringing on it, only protects it against the abuse of strength, which renders it a deception.

IV. Liberty is the power belonging to man, to exercise all his faculties as he

The evoking of this famous and terrible name provoked scandal. In fact, there were two individuals in Robespierre—the philosopher and the tribune. As philosopher, he certainly had not been as bold as Jean Jacques Rousseau, Mably, or Fénélon; but as tribune, he had called

chooses; its rule is justice, its limits the rights of others, nature its principle, and the law its safeguard.

V. The right of assembling peaceably, and of declaring one's opinions, either through the press or in any other way, follows so necessarily from the principle of the liberty of man, that the necessity of declaring it supposes either the presence or the recent recollection of despotism.

VI. Property is the right which each citizen has to enjoy and dispose of as he chooses, *that portion of worldly goods which is secured him by the law.*

VII. The right of property is limited, like all other rights, by the obligation of respecting the rights of others.

VIII. It cannot be prejudicial either to the safety, liberty, existence, or property of one's fellow men.

IX. Every species of trade which violates this principle is radically illegal and immoral.

X. Society is obliged to provide for the subsistence of all its members, either by giving them work or by supporting those who are unable to work.

XI. The assistance required by him who has no means, is a debt on the part of him who has a superabundance. It is the office of law to determine in what manner this debt is to be discharged.

XII. Those citizens whose means are only sufficient for the purposes of existence, are exempt from taxation; the rest are bound to contribute to the public expenses according to their fortune.

XIII. Society is bound to forward, to the best of its ability, the progress of the popular understanding, and to place education within the reach of all citizens.

XIV. *The people are the sovereign*—government is their work and their property—ministers are their clerks.

The people can, when they choose, change their government, and discharge their proxies.

XV. The law is the free and solemn expression of the will of the people.

XVI. The law should be alike for all.

XVII. The law can only prohibit what is injurious to society; it can only command what is useful to it.

XVIII. Every law which transgresses the inalienable rights of man, is radically unjust and tyrannical; it is not law.

XIX. In every free state the law ought, above all other things, to defend public and private liberty against the power of those who govern.

Every institution which does not suppose the people *good*, and the magistrate *corruptible*, is vicious.

XX. No portion of the people can exercise the power of the whole people; but the wishes which it expresses ought to be respected as the wishes of a portion of the people who have their share in the expression of the general will. Each section of the sovereign assembly ought to enjoy the right of expressing its will with plenary liberty; it is essentially independent of all constituted authorities, and can regulate its own forms (*sa police*) and deliberations.

XXI. All good citizens are capable of holding all public offices, without any other recommendation than that of their virtues and talents, and with no other title than the confidence of the people.

XXII. All citizens have an equal right to concur in the nomination of the officers of the people, and in the making of laws.

XXIII. That these rights may not be illusory, and equality chimerical, all public functionaries ought to be paid, and society ought to contrive that citizens, who live by their work, may assist at the public assemblies to which they are summoned by the law, without detriment to their own means of living, or those of their family.

XXIV. Every citizen ought religiously to obey the magistrates and the officers of government, when they are the organs or the executors of the law.

XXV. But every act against the liberty, safety, or property of a man, no matter by whom exercised, even in the name of the law, beyond the cases thereby determined, and forms thereby prescribed, is arbitrary and void; respect itself for the

upon himself never-ending revenge. Superior in his devotedness to those warriors of ancient Rome, who dedicated themselves to the infernal deities, he had, with heroic aim and wild magnanimity, immolated his name to the execration of future ages; he had been of those who said—"Perish our memories, rather than the ideas which will be the salvation of the world;" and he had rendered himself responsible for chaos until the day, when, wishing to hold back the revolution which was drowning itself in blood, he was himself dragged in, and sank. A conquered man, whose history was written by his conquerors, Robespierre had left behind him a memory which was accursed. By attempting to rehabilitate it, the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* did an imprudent act, and increased the obstacles it had to surmount.

Its declaration then was received with different, but equally violent sentiments. The society received responsive addresses from almost all the towns of importance in the kingdom, and from all the *quartiers* of Paris; whilst, on the other hand, the court writers and the journalists in the interest of the bourgeoisie cried anathema. More especially the 6th article of the *Declaration of the Rights of Man*, to wit—"Property is the right which each has to enjoy and to dispose of, as he chooses, that portion of worldly goods which is secured him by the law," notwithstanding the justness of the definition,* was made the subject of the

law forbids submission to it; and if it is attempted to be carried violently into execution, it may be forcibly resisted.

XXVI. The right of presenting petitions to the public authorities belongs to every one; those to whom they are addressed must determine upon them; but they can never forbid, restrain, or condemn the right of petition.

XXVII. Resistance to oppression is the consequence of the other rights of the man and the citizen.

XXVIII. The body politic is oppressed when but one of its members is oppressed. Each member of the body politic is oppressed when the body is itself oppressed.

XXIX. When government violates the rights of the people, insurrection is the most sacred of rights and indispensable of duties.

XXX. When society fails to protect a citizen, he is restored to his natural right of protecting all his own rights.

XXXI. In both these cases, the subjecting resistance to oppression to legal forms is the last refinement of tyranny.

XXXII. Public offices cannot be considered either as distinctions or as rewards, but as public duties.

XXXIII. The crimes of the proxies of the people ought to be severely and readily punished. No one is authorised to claim greater inviolability than belongs to other citizens.

XXXIV. The people have the right to know all the acts of their proxies, who ought to give in a faithful account of their service, and respectfully submit to the judgment of the people.

XXXV. Men of all countries are brothers, and the different peoples of the earth ought to aid each other, to the best of their power, like the citizens of the same state.

XXXVI. He who oppresses a single nation, declares himself the enemy of all.

XXXVII. They who make war on a people to arrest the progress of liberty, and annihilate the rights of man, ought to be everywhere pursued, not as ordinary enemies, but as assassins and rebellious robbers.

XXXVIII. Aristocrats, tyrants, whatever they be, are slaves in revolt against the sovereign of the earth, which is mankind, and against the legislator of the universe, which is nature.

* This definition is so exact that one cannot conceive its being impugned, particularly by a legist like M. Dupin, since—

1. The civil law might refuse to admit the right of succession, but it accepts it;

most envenomed commentaries. "You confess then at last," exclaimed the favourers of monarchy, in pretended terror, "you confess your aim is the division of property. Followers of Robespierre, it is the agrarian law which you seek!"

The words, agrarian law, and division of property, soon resounded in France, from north to south, from east to west: and, to give the greater solemnity to the charge, M. Dupin aîné read a discourse at the reopening of the Cour de Cassation, in which he represented the republicans as threatening "to put each owner of property on allowance."

A rasher calumny had never been uttered against a party in more gross language. For sole answer, the republican prints published that part of Robespierre's speech, in which he had developed before the Convention his definition of the rights of property:—

"I shall begin by proposing to you some articles which are necessary to complete your theories on *property*,—let no one be alarmed at the word; souls of clay, who idolize gold alone, I will not touch your treasures, however impurely got. Know that this agrarian law you

by accepting it, the law creates it, and reserves the right of modifying it as may be required by the political and economical interests of society.

But, whether the laws ordain absolute equality of division between the children or the heirs of a citizen, or authorize any preference in the succession under the style of *majority* or by any other name, the division of the rest of the inheritance following the general rule of equality, it happens that, of any given inheritance, each receives a part, a portion of property, which is secured to each by the law. The right of property, then, possessed by the heir who has just come into his share of the inheritance, can only be expressed as follows:—"The right to enjoy that portion of worldly goods which is secured him by the law." No other expression would be exact.

The definition of the right of property as laid down in Robespierre's "Declaration," is, therefore, the only one reconcilable with the changes made in each property after the death of each citizen by the laws of succession.

2. The pure natural right, as is conceived *à priori* by its advocates, is irreconcilable with any state of society. Therefore, the philosophers of this school say, that man, in his social capacity, sacrifices a portion of his liberty in order to secure the remaining portion. According to this, social liberty ought, rationally to be defined —*the portion of liberty guaranteed by the law.*

The absolute right of property, like absolute liberty, is incompatible with the social state. Thus, social man is obliged to sacrifice a portion of his property, as he does of his liberty, in order that the other portion may be guaranteed to him. According to this, the right of property in the social state can only, rationally, be defined —*the right to enjoy the portion of worldly goods guaranteed by the law.*

3. The definition will be better proved by considering property under the aspect in which it is really useful to man.

The right of property which is really useful to man is not the right to call himself proprietor of this or that estate, of this or that capital, but it is free and guaranteed enjoyment of the *revenues* and of the *fruits* of such estate or capital. An example will render the idea sensible:—if the law guaranteed your right of property in one estate, but if, at the same time, it laid a tax on it which swallowed up the whole revenue, the law would guarantee you only a vague and useless right of property, a parchment. *Useful* property consists then principally in the enjoyment and free disposal of revenue.

But no one, to my knowledge, has ever called in question the right of society to anticipate a portion of this revenue, yearly, under the name of tax or contribution. Hence society only lends to proprietors, only guarantees them a *portion* of their revenues—that is to say, of their useful property.

Hence, too, property, even looking to the advocates of natural right, is the right to enjoy the *portion* of worldly goods, the *portion* of revenue guaranteed by the law.

have talked so much of, is only a phantom created by knaves to frighten fools. Much better is it to render poverty honourable than to proscribe opulence; the hut of Fabricius has nothing to envy the palace of Crassus; for my part, I had rather be one of the sons of Aristides, brought up in the Prytaneum at the charge of the republic, than heir-presumptive of Xerxes, born in the shine of courts, to occupy a throne decorated with the degradation of the people, and resplendent with the public misery. Let us then honestly lay down and establish the principles of the rights of property; which is so much the more necessary, as there is no one point which the vices of men have sought to hide in thicker clouds. Ask that dealer in human flesh what property is: pointing to that huge hearse, which he calls a ship, and in which he has packed up and crowded together human beings who appear to live, he will exclaim —'Those are my property; I have paid so much a head for them.' Ask the gentleman who had estates and vassals, and who thinks the world turned upside down because he no longer has any—his ideas of property will be found to be almost similar. Ask the august members of the Capetian dynasty—they will tell you that the most sacred of all property is undoubtedly the hereditary right which they have enjoyed from all antiquity to oppress, degrade, and take legal and monarchial possession of the five-and-twenty millions of men who inhabited the territory of France, at their good pleasure."

However, the definition which, ascribed to Robespierre, seemed so alarming to M. Dupin, was in reality, as Armand Carrel well observed —Mirabeau's. "What is property," said Mirabeau, contending in the Constituent Assembly, in opposition to the Abbé Maury, that the property of the church ought to be declared national property—"Property is—*worldly goods acquired by virtue of the laws.*" To which the Abbé Maury replied—"If your property has been legalised for fourteen centuries, it ought to be so for ever, for a property is necessarily a thing which cannot be removed, and the terms—property and removable are contradictory."

Sieyès, in his turn, had defended tithes in these celebrated words—"Tithes come within the category of lawful property, although injurious to the public interest. You wish to be free, and do not know how to be just."

Thus, by attacking the social character given to property by the *Declaration of the Rights of Man*, by affirming, after the Abbé Maury and after Sieyès that property is only *a right inherent in the individual*, M. Dupin did not reflect that he was condemning the revolution of 1789, and the labours of the Constituent Assembly, and all that had led to the triumph of that bourgeoisie, of which M. Dupin boasted himself to be both the advocate and the champion! For, in short, were it true that the laws ought not—even for the public interest and safety—to limit, regulate, and restrict in its unjust and exaggerated extent this *right inherent in the individual;* were it true, according to the monstrous and impious assertion of Sieyès, that a property can be "lawful, although injurious to the public interest," the bourgeoisie had been

guilty of a frightful robbery, when in 1789 it had abolished all feudal rights, wardenships, feudal services, tenths, and entails; when it had, by law, limited the power of bequests, whether testamentary or given during lifetime; when it had decreed that property should be equally divided among the children; and when, but recently, its representatives had passed a law on EXPROPRIATION FOR THE SAKE OF THE PUBLIC ADVANTAGE!

Thus came out, in full relief, the bad faith of the ruling party of the day. Oppressors, though sons of the oppressed, in the drunkenness of their good fortune, they denied the very principle of their elevation; and they blushed not to arm themselves against the *proletariat* with a doctrine which they had pronounced infamous when employed by the *noblesse* against themselves. An important lesson, and which stamps with real historical importance the publication of the declaration of the *Société des Droits de l'Homme!*

But the importance of this document was not less in another point of view, for it gave rise to debates of the highest interest in the democratic party itself.

The declaration was guarded on the subjects of the liberty of the press and the liberty of the individual; and, on the contrary, strenuously insisted upon the necessity of giving a vigorous organization to authority. With this a distinguished section of the republicans felt dissatisfied. The *Tribune* supported the declaration, without pledging itself to all its details; and it was criticised as not having sufficiently regarded the principle of liberty, by three men of tried patriotism and of indisputable talent. M. Armand Carrel, editor of the *National*, M. Anselme Pététin, editor of the *Précurseur de Lyon*, and M. Martin Maillefer, editor of the *Peuple Souverain de Marseilles*.—On which side lay the truth?

Suppose two men about to start on a journey; the one in good health, active and vigorous—the other ill and wounded. Before the revolution of 1789 power, instead of holding out its hand to the second, would only have thought of enabling the first to walk more at his ease, and with greater speed. It was different in 1789: power was chained, and the two men would have been told:—"The road is open, your rights are equal; go on." Yet the weaker might have answered:—"What use is the road's being open to me? Do you not see that I am ill, that my wounds are bleeding, that the very weight of my body is too much for me, and the stones of the highway lacerate my bare feet? My neighbour needs no special protection, for he is well, and has the use of his limbs; but why talk of equal rights to me?—it is a cruel mockery."

Such is the language which the working classes might have held in 1789. For, did not they find the bourgeoisie in possession of all the instruments of labour; in possession of soil, money, credit, and of all the resources given by the cultivation of the intellect? As to themselves, having neither property, capital, credit, nor education, and unable to save, out of the wages earned one day, enough to afford a holiday for the next, what price were they to attach to the gift of liberty,

defined metaphysically and considered as a right? Or what use to them was the right of publication or of discussion, when they had neither the knowledge nor the leisure to profit by the one or the other? Of what use to them was the right of living free from the oppressions of king or of courtiers, when they escaped those oppressions by their very obscurity and wretchedness? Of what use was the privilege of atheism to them who needed belief in God, in order not to curse their existence? Of what use was the right of raising themselves in the world to them, who were without the means essential to success? Political liberty, liberty of conscience, freedom of trade—acquisitions so profitable to the bourgeoisie—were only, as regarded them, imaginary and delusive triumphs, since, having the *right* to profit by them, they had not the *means*.

It was not long before this was understood. Under the Convention, bold thinkers could get up and say, for whom has the revolution been accomplished? Is it for that groaning crowd of workmen who have lent such powerful assistance to the bourgeoisie in destroying the Bastile, vanquishing the Swiss guards, subduing monarchical Europe, and saving revolutionary France? They were originally called *slaves*, then *villains*—they are now called *the poor*. Has their condition been altered with their style? By right, they are free; in fact, slaves.

The deduction was easy to make. In place of that liberty which supplied a new instrument of oppression to those who were in a state to make use of it, and which served as a lure to the rest, the true friends of the people demanded a tutelary and strong government, whose strength might protect the people, and change *right* into *might*. Hence, the admirable and august definition—"Liberty is the *power* belonging to man to exercise all his faculties as he chooses; its rule is justice, its limits the rights of others, nature its principle, and the law its safeguard."*

After 1830, the state of society being exactly what it was made in 1789, the problem clearly remained precisely as the author of the preceding definition laid it down. The great question, still, was to render the working classes *free in fact*, which amounts to giving them the means of advancement, the instruments of labour. Now what can give them these, if not a democratic government strong enough to give association the superiority over competition, and to render participation in the credit of the state preferable to individual credit?

It was then towards the rehabilitation of the principle on which authority should be based that the democrats were bound chiefly to direct their energies; or, to put it differently, they were bound much less to seek guarantees for existing liberties than to summon the people to make use of them.

* Compare this definition with that given by M. Dupin aîné (in his opinion on the question of the Jesuits): "Liberty is the right of doing whatever is not prohibited by the law."

What twaddle! Suppose the law itself is tyranny?

These were the doctrines of the *Société des Droits de l'Homme.* They were the sound ones; and survived in the party the attacks directed against them by upright and sincere men, but who were blinded by the traditions of that liberal school which had made of the word—*right*, an unexampled deception, and of the word—*liberty*, the most cowardly tyranny on record.

However this be, the sensation created by the declaration displayed itself not only in warm discussion, but in scenes of a singular character. Government wished to exclude from the Chamber, as *indignes*, two deputies, MM. Voyer d'Argenson, and Audry de Puyraveau, who had signed the declaration. They were, indeed, denounced from the tribune, but by the energy of their language and the firmness of their attitude, they kept in check the odium got up against them; and the party to which they belonged was so little intimidated by the outpouring of bitter hostility, that another deputy, M. de Sudre, immediately made known through the papers his adhesion to the declaration.

Some time after this, the prosecution of twenty-seven members of the *Société* showed better still the implacable nature of the struggle, and the malignant passion it had engendered. The twenty-seven were cited before the Cour d'Assises on the charge of having formed, at the time of the last anniversary of the three days, a plot against the state. After the examination of witnesses, M. Delapalme began his pleading (*requisitoire*). Having gone through the leading facts of the charge, he proceeded to examine the doctrines of the accused, and reproached them with seeking for an agrarian law. The injustice of the accusation was flagrant, and, after the thorough discussion which the subject had undergone in public, such a calumny was without excuse. A movement of indignation simultaneously agitated the accused; and a witness, suddenly getting up, exclaims, with a loud voice, "Thou liest, wretch!" At this, the court is thrown into inexpressible confusion. On inquiry, M. Vignerte owns that he was the speaker; and the accused cry out, "Bravo, Vignerte! He speaks right, and we feel as he does. Accuse us, punish us, do not belie us." M. Vignerte is put to the bar, together with another member of the party, M. Petit Jean. The president, addressing the latter, "Is it you who interrupted the attorney-general?" "No." "Why have you been put to the bar?" "Because I think with M. Vignerte. What the public accuser has said is false. We have our hands and arms for work, and want no man's property." The president, turning to M. Vignerte, "Was it you who said, 'You lie?'" "I said, 'thou liest, wretch!'" "What have you to say in justification of yourself?" "I shall not justify myself." After deliberating a few minutes, the court condemned Vignerte to three years' imprisonment. The accused, defended with great eloquence and zeal by MM. Dupont, Moulin, Pinart, and Michel (of Bourges,) were acquitted by the jury; but the court, balked by this decision, in its hopes of vengeance, punished the pleaders, at the instance of M. Delapalme, as guilty of insulting him in his official capacity; and MM.

Dupont, Pinart, and Michel of (Bourges), were suspended from practising in the courts, the first for a year, the two latter for six months.

On the same day, MM. Voyer d'Argenson and M. Charles Teste were acquitted. They had been dragged before the courts for having published a pamphlet, full of love of the people, and of the sentiments of gospel charity.

Such was the deplorably troublous state of society. Happy too, if it had not been condemned to a more gloomy fate; for to these convulsions which, at least, were signs of life, there succeeded a shameful prostration, and a sleep heavy as that of death!

CHAPTER III.

THE course of events, in 1833, called France to different points of the worldly scene—to the East, to Portugal, and to Spain.

Perhaps the best method of giving a clear idea of the foreign policy of France, in the reign of Louis Philippe I., is to interweave the episodes, as far as possible, with the main narrative; and this is the plan followed in the present work. One ruling thought having dictated all the acts of France, whether at Lisbon, Madrid, or Constantinople, their connexion, real character, and general bearing, will be better perceived by their being brought into juxtaposition.

Of all the questions of foreign policy mooted by Europe, in 1833, none moved it more deeply, or exercised a more decisive influence on the fate of different states than the oriental; and, therefore, we will take this the first in order, tracing it from the beginning, and at the length which its importance demands.

In the first chapter of the second book of this history we pointed out the halting-places of Russia in her march for half a century on Constantinople; an inevitable and fated march, planned by Peter the Great and begun by Catherine. We showed, that brought to the shores of the Black Sea, in 1774, by the peace of Kaidnardji; then into the Kuban and the Crimea by the treaty of Constantinople; then to the banks of the Pruth and into Bessarabia by the peace of Bucharest, in 1812; and, finally, by the famous treaty of Adrianople, into the Delta formed by the mouths of the Danube, with a range of coast-line two hundred leagues in extent; Russia, in 1830, knocked at the gates of the Seraglio. To bid these be opened to her, to command exclusively the Black Sea, taking her stand on the Bosphorus, and, from the Dardanelles, to overlook the Mediterranean—she had only to express her will. One consideration alone could stay her—the fear of seeing all Western Europe, in alarm and anger rise up against her.

The Ottoman empire could barely be said to exist. Sultan Mahmoud had dried up all the pristine sources of the Ottoman power, without opening new ones, by his bold but inconsiderate reforms. He had

lowered the long-respected authority of the ulemas, without replacing, by the doctrine of human liberty, that of fatalism, which he appeared to deny. He had exterminated the military aristocracy of the Janissaries to form an army out of a chance-assorted peasantry, who parodied, in awkward wonder, the European drill. For those great and permanent pashas—a wonderful feudal order which, at times, made the sultan tremble, but was a tower of strength at others—he had substituted a swarm of temporary tyrants; a kind of circulating feudality, which he mistook for unity, but which, truly speaking, was only the despotism of the master multiplied by the number of his agents. Mahmoud had introduced changes into religion, army, and government, but had created nothing. He had only succeeded in making a void around him; and his omnipotence no longer existed, except in the irremediable powerlessness of his people. Besides, to keep possession of Turkey, Turks were wanting. In a population of nearly seventeen millions of souls, there were scarcely seven millions of Turks, the rest consisting of Greeks, Armenians, Arabs, Jews, &c., races united neither by the bond of historical traditions, nor by that of religion, nor by that of a common tongue; races, approximated by servitude only; conquered, oppressed races, ready-made for revolt, bearing civil war within their bosom, and scattered over a territory eighty-six thousand square leagues in extent. An empire like this clearly invited to conquest or division. Of what, in fact did it consist—of Moldavia and Walachia? they were already under Russian protectorship; of Bulgaria? it was only waiting the opportunity to throw off the yoke; of Servia? with a Christian population, and emboldened, moreover, by a successful insurrection, it desired to live under a prince of its own; of the island of Cyprus? there were not more than a hundred Turks in it, who were lost in a population of 30,000 Cypriot Greeks; of Syria? it was occupied by a heterogeneous population, consisting, on the sea-coast, of Christians; on the south, bordering on the desert, of Arabs; in the mountains, of the Druses, who are idolaters; and, on Lebanon, of the Maronites, a Roman Catholic people. There remained then, Constantinople; and she was at the disposal of the first Russian fleet which should set sail from Sevastopol. In addition, to shorten the death-struggle of this loosely-constructed empire, there had arisen a man in Egypt who cherished the impatient desire of dismembering it, a man at once cautious and bold, magnanimous and crafty, a soldier of fortune, in whose veins coursed that blood which gives the thirst of conquest, an innovator in despotism, an apprentice-missionary of civilisation in the East, too shrewd to announce allegiance to the Porte, but too proud, great, and strong to humble himself to his nominal master. Was there anything more required to cast Turkey, exhausted and dying, at the feet of Russia?

Such was the situation of the East, when the revolution of July suddenly brought into question the insolent division made of Europe by the treaties of 1815.

In order to show the extreme folly and imbecility of the policy of the French government with regard to the East, it is essential to lay down

the question rightly, and, before describing what she did do, to examine what France might have done.

"The integrity of the Ottoman empire must be maintained," had long been the formula employed in the grammar of European diplomacy.

All the powers, in fact, and especially France, England, and Austria, were interested in maintaining the inviolability of Constantinople, and of preserving to it, as regarded Russia, its epithet of *Stamboul, the well defended.*

The possession of the Dardanelles by Russia, without some vast concessions in our favour, would have been a lasting obstacle to the views of France on the Mediterranean; that battle-field where, sooner or later, must be fought the great fight of our intellectual and moral supremacy.

By her geographical position, Austria was compelled to stand on her guard against the encroachments of Russia. The possession, by the latter, of the mouths of the Danube, through virtue of the treaty of Adrianople, was already a subject of grave consideration to the Austrian cabinet, since it compromised both the internal navigation of Austria and her communications with the Black Sea. Russia once master of the principalities to the south of the Austrian territory, how alarming to the court of Vienna would be its proximity to the military colonists of Illyria, the guards of the Hungarian frontier! Russia once master of Constantinople and of the Dardanelles, how embarrassing would be the vicinity of the Russian marine to the merchantmen of Austria, engaged in the commerce of the Adriatic!

With respect to England, we showed at the commencement of our second volume, how she would have lost, through the occupation of Constantinople by Russia, part of her influence in the Mediterranean, her means of communication with India, *viâ* Turkey, part of the importance of her possessions in the Levant, and an opening for the annual export of English manufactures, of thirty millions' value. Hence the language of Lord Chatham, which we have already quoted: "With a man who cannot see the interest England has in the preservation of the Ottoman empire, I hold no argument."

The watchword, then, of Western Europe in 1830, was, the "integrity of the Ottoman empire must be maintained." But how?—and if it were fit that it should be so, why had France and England so long submitted to the encroaching ambition of Russia; why had they carried their blindness so far as to favour it; why had they co-operated with Russia in annihilating the Turkish navy in that premeditated trap, Navarino, and in accelerating, by the emancipation of Greece, the certain dismemberment of the Ottoman empire; why, in short, had they so loudly applauded the victories which had carried the Muscovites to the foot of the Balkans, and dictated the treaty of Adrianople—that last will and testament imposed on the Turkish race? Strange! it was after tolerating, nay, seconding the triumphant march of the Russians on Constantinople, that Western Europe perceived the necessity of pre-

serving in the Sultan's hands the double key of the Mediterranean and of the Black Sea! They who had directed the Russian sword to Turkey's heart, asked for her life, in order that the balance of European power might not be too violently disturbed! Monstrous contradiction!

The preserving of the balance of Europe, by means of the integrity of the Ottoman empire, had become an empty word. The north wind, which, in these latitudes, prevails eight months out of the twelve, irresistibly impelled the Russians towards Constantinople. The *status quo* of the eastern question but delayed their conquest, to make it the more certain.*

But if the Ottoman empire could not be saved by the *status quo*, might not a revolution save it? If the Turkish element within it was without vigour, might not new life be sought for it in the Arab? If the maintenance of Turkey, with Mahmoud at its head, was impossible, might not the putting Mehemet Ali there render it possible? Such was the policy which, as we shall have occasion to see, met with most favour in France; and yet it, too, was chimerical.

Mehemet Ali had, undoubtedly, achieved great things. He had extirpated the Mamelukes, subjects of the sultan, and absorbed their powers in his own family; he had erected his pashalic of Egypt into an all but independent sovereignty; he had drawn an army, provided and disciplined in European fashion, almost out of nothing; he had contrived, by dint of gold, to create a navy, in a country destitute of hemp, iron, and timber; at his bidding Egypt had been covered with manufactories, and work-yards, directed by Europeans, and especially by Frenchmen; in short, he had pressed into the service of his Oriental power the experience, science, arts, and industry of the West. Then, next to his glory shone that of his son, Ibrahim, a terrible and intelligent warrior, full of confidence in the fate of battles, full of faith in his father's genius—the arm of that Egypt of which Mehemet Ali was the heart and the head.

Here was certainly enough to dazzle, and it was natural that France, whose protégé and pupil Mehemet Ali loved to call himself, should see in him only a continuer of the work begun on the banks of the Nile by the victor of the Pyramids, the Oriental vicar of Napoleon. It was natural that she should seek to consolidate her influence at Cairo and Alexandria, in order to extend along the southern shores of the Mediterranean that new sovereignty, whose starting point and centre had just been fixed by the taking of Algiers.

Yet had France inquired, however slightly, into his exact position, she would have seen that all which Mehemet Ali had called into being, rested upon the most odious and destructive tyranny that had ever ex-

* The only means by which France, in 1830, could have confirmed the power of the sultans, would have been to draw the sword against the Russians by arming Constantinople, and supporting a rising at Warsaw. But if our rulers shrank from a policy which would have placed France, supported by all the secondary powers, in opposition to the league of all the principal powers, a dangerous but a grand policy, then the sole plan to follow for overturning the treaties of Vienna and securing France the rank which belongs to her, would have been that proposed in the present chapter.

isted; that, to recruit his army, he had had recourse to the impressment of the young, and had only been able to force the miserable fellahs into his ranks by dragging them from their homes, with their hands bound behind their backs, and in chains; that to fill his treasury he had not only established, with regard to taxes, an abominable system of mutual responsibility, but had embodied the entire Egyptian nation in himself, constituting himself the sole proprietor, the sole manufacturer, the sole merchant of Egypt, a gigantic monopolist, who had made government a chaos, administration organized plunder, and each Egyptian farmer a hard-worked machine, superintended by a soldier. The splendour which surrounded Mehemet Ali concealed, then, only wretchedness and ruins. Through pressing and grinding down the population, he had extracted wherewithal to throw a lively brilliancy around him; but he found that he had anticipated the resources of many successive generations to supply the wants of a few years. The vitality of a whole race had been exhausted to swell the grandeur of a single man. Mehemet Ali was much in Egypt, simply because he was everything: then, what could he leave after him?—nothing.

Supposing that civilization, as understood and practised by Mehemet Ali, deserved the encouragement of France, how could the Ottoman empire have been revived by the intervention of such a man? To revolt against the sultan, invade Syria by the agency of Ibrahim, subdue it, and hasten upon Constantinople sword in hand, were in his power; and so it was afterwards proved. But, arrived at the threshold of the seraglio, would he have dared to cross it to seat himself on the throne of his prostrate master? It would have been impossible for him to have conceived the idea. Should he have dared it, would his daring have remained unpunished? Could a Macedonian soldier have girded on the sabre of Othman in a country in which respect for the blood of Othman is religion itself? Had he presented himself as the avenger of the true believers, as the avowed preserver of the Mussulman religion outraged by the reforms of Mahmoud, the dethronement of the sultan might, perhaps, have been the result of his audacity:—but the taking his place! Those who know the East have always judged this hypothesis to be inadmissible; and, even admitting it, what benefit would the usurpation of Mehemet Ali have been to the Ottoman empire? A Turk at heart, he knew better than any one the worthlessness of that pretended Arab element of which so much has since been said. Can any one believe that of this Arab race which he despised, which he found brutified by supineness and by want, which he had brutified still more by misery and excess of labour, which he had so long sacrificed as mere material for the superstructure of his glory, can any one believe that of this he would have made the dominant race, to the detriment of the Turks, and that he would have essayed to regenerate the empire through its agency? The idea is folly; and, besides, how could this regeneration have been accomplished? Would there not have been under Mehemet Ali as well as under Mahmoud, a confused mass of diverse and hostile races, striving with constant effort to disunite, and to free themselves? Could

Mehemet Ali have hindered the Maronites of Lebanon being Catholics, and the Druses idolaters? Could he have spirited away from Greeks, Jews, and Armenians, their character as Greeks, Jews, and Armenians? By what excess of tyranny, by what administrative procedure, could he have substituted unity for that fatal diversity which these different races had sucked in with their mother's milk, and which ran in their blood. The conquering race, the Turkish, had constantly deteriorated and grown poorer, whilst the conquered people had increased in importance and in wealth. The only means of securing unity which had existed in Turkey, strong-handed violence, had passed away, and was as impracticable for Mehemet Ali as for Mahmoud. Mehemet Ali, then, at Constantinople, whatever may be argued to the contrary, would but have been but a man instinct with life at the head of an inanimate empire.

It being impossible to maintain the Ottoman empire, the question of dividing it remains to be discussed. Could a division be made without committing an injustice? Yes; for whence had the Turks derived their right to sovereignty over the provinces they occupied but from conquest, and conquest only becomes legitimate when it effaces its violences by the benefits it confers. When a conquering people has not been able to fuse the conquered races with itself, either by inspiring them with a love of its own manners and customs, or by adopting theirs, its power is based on tyranny: if firmly, and it is submitted to, well and good; but better, if it shall be weak, and so overthrown. Had the Turks attempted to efface the line of demarcation traced by victory between them and the subjected races? Far from it; they had only thought of rendering the native brutality of their conquest permanent by refusing them equality of civil and religious rights, treating them as infidels, and trampling them under foot as a conquered people. This was sufficient to justify the intervention of Western Europe, inasmuch as Europe was Christian, and that in dispossessing the followers of Mahomet, she freed the worshippers of Christ in the East.

Moreover, the dispossession of the Turks was called for by the profoundest and most sacred of the interests of civilization. In fact, Turkey in Europe and Asia was neither more nor less than a population of seventeen millions of souls, scattered over eighty-six thousand square leagues. France, England, Spain, Belgium, and Switzerland together were ninety-seven millions of souls confined in less than the same space. So that under the influence of fatalism, and of the habits with which it is connected, and of the vices which it engenders, magnificent countries had become almost deserts, whilst, under the influence of too absolute a liberty, Europe had gone on until it staggered under the weight of an over-teeming population. The indication thus presented was sufficiently clear, and bore all the marks of a providential fact. There can be no doubt the void made in the East invited the surplus of the population of the West to fill it up.*

* This is the very proper view taken by Doctor Barrachin, who has lived in the East, is acquainted with Turkey, and has published some sound notions on the

Thus situated, France would have had before her a road ready marked out, had not her policy been dwarfed and hampered by the selfish cares of the ruling dynasty, pre-occupied by its own immediate interests. Aided by Russia and with a new division of the East, we might blot out for ever the treaties of 1815, and recast the map of Europe.

But at the expense of what nations? Let our history give the answer.

The ancient policy of France, as is well known, always aimed at the lowering of the house of Austria. Henry IV. fell under the dagger of Ravaillac, at the very moment that he was about to place himself against Austria, at the head of all protestant Germany. The Thirty Years' War, waged with Ferdinand II. by the heroic Gustavus Adolphus, backed by the Elector of Saxony and the German Lutherans, was the master-stroke of Richelieu's policy; and Louis XIV. endeavoured to give the final blow to the Austrian power by placing his grandson on the throne of Charles V. In fact, it was a point of vital moment to France not to have the freedom of her movements on the south interfered with; and here she was menaced by Austria, who rendered herself necessary to the pope, pressed upon Italy, and extended her hand to Spain.

Subsequently, Napoleon did but take up and exaggerate the policy of Henry IV. and Richelieu, when he declared himself the protector of the Germanic Confederation. Here again was Germany opposed to Austria, only there should have been opposed to her Germany independent, not Germany in pupilage.

However, this was but one of the many-sided aspects of Napoleon's policy; and all the world knows that with the humiliation of Austria was connected in his mind the ruin of England. He was too lofty and clear in his views not to comprehend that the principle of competition which, since 1789, had been introduced into our social system, imperiously dictated the extension of our markets, the conquest of distant factories, our erection into a great maritime power, and, consequently, the hurling the English from the supremacy of the ocean. Napoleon has said in his memoirs: "The principal end of the French expedition into the East was to humble the power of England. It was from the Nile that the army which was to give a new destiny to the Indies was to set out. Egypt was to replace St. Domingo and the Antilles, and to reconcile the freedom of the blacks with the extension of our manufactures. The conquest of this province would have insured the downfall of all the English possessions in America, and in the peninsula of the Ganges. The French once masters of the ports of Italy, of Corfu, Malta and Alexandria, the Mediterranean becomes a French lake."

Well, by a surprising concurrence of circumstances, and it being granted that the Ottoman empire could not fail to be divided, and that

subject. Unfortunately, he has come to the conclusion, not that the East should be fused with the West, but that Turkey should be submitted to a new division—a purely geographical division—which he has sought to base on the common interests of all the powers, but which, in our opinion, would eventually make Russia paramount in the East.

the occupation of Constantinople by the Russians was inevitable, the only two powers interested in repelling us from the East, and excluding us from any share in its division, were precisely those which had been the mark of the policy of Henry IV., of Richelieu, of Louis XIV., and of Napoleon—England and Austria.

In point of fact, we could not have assisted the Russians to take possession of Constantinople except through their aiding us to establish ourselves in Syria and in Egypt, by virtue of an exchange which, giving them the Black Sea, would have secured us the Mediterranean. Now, Austria, on account of her Italian interests, would never have consented to our supremacy in the Mediterranean; and, as to England, she knew that she might date her ruin from the day that, masters of the course of the Euphrates and of the Isthmus of Suez, we could shut against her the door of her Indian domain.

France then, after 1830, was naturally led to hold the following language to Russia:—

"The late revolution of July must be considered as more than the conclusion of a political struggle between the Chamber and the throne; it is the explosion of national feelings repressed to bursting by the treaties of 1815. We are resolved to shake off the yoke of those treaties, and to re-adjust the balance of power in Europe. This we shall be able to effect by uniting our interests with yours, after ascertaining the common bond which knits them together. You clearly incline towards Asia, and covet that half of the empire of the world. Who is the enemy that disputes it with you?—England. You want exclusive possession of the Black Sea, and Constantinople. Which are the powers that on that side oppose your march, and shackle your ambition?—England and Austria. We offer you our support against them, but on the following condition:—You, to take Constantinople and its dependencies; we, to take Egypt—waiting for masters, and Syria, where a religious protectorship of three centuries has paved the way for our dominion. But by this division of the world, Poland belongs to the west, which she covers. We bargain for her; and remember that there reigns in Poland a spirit of independence which you can only stifle by exterminating its inhabitants. Remember that you possess in her—not a kingdom, whose resources you can develope, but a focus of hatred and revolt calling for incessant watchfulness. Remember, in short, that in a general war the greatest of your dangers, and most insurmountable of your difficulties, would be a rebellion in Poland, and that you would have to shed seas of blood to preserve a conquest which, after all, is of little use to your Asiatic dominion."

Would a French-Russian alliance, on these bases, have been acceptable to Russia? There can be no doubt of it. A glance at the map will show what Constantinople would be in the hands of Russia. For Constantinople, Alexander would have left Europe to Napoleon; and Napoleon turned a deaf ear to his dazzling proposals, esteeming the possession of the Bosphorus beyond all price.*

* But would not such an agreement have been pregnant with danger to the collective European interests, represented by France? Yes—if we had not stipulated

On the other hand, the French-Russian alliance required the adhesion of Prussia; and, by abandoning to that power part of the spoils of Austria, we were authorized to claim the boundary of the Rhine, at the same time that we seconded the movement which impels Germany towards unity, and tends to give her Berlin for capital.

"To sum up:—The Ottoman empire being condemned to inevitable death, the policy of revolutionary France, following up that of Henry IV., Richelieu, and Napoleon, consisted in contracting with Russia and Prussia, against Austria and England, an alliance of interests, having the following results for its fixed and definite end—the final establishment of the Russians in Constantinople, and the recognition of their preponderance in Asia; the establishment of France in Syria and in Egypt, and the recognition of its preponderance in the Mediterranean, become a French lake; the restoration of the kingdom of Poland, with Galicia annexed to it; the aggrandizement of Prussia at the expense of Austria, as the price of the cession of the boundary of the Rhine to France, and, as a necessary consequence of the ruin of Austria, the independence of Italy.

This plan, whilst supplying incalculable resources for war, constituted France the protectress of all the secondary powers, unjustly oppressed, and made Russia herself the interested instrument of their freedom. What was warring with England, but saving Ireland and avenging Portugal; with Austria, but restoring Italian nationality? What was gaining the boundary of the Rhine, but securing the Belgians a fraternal connexion, in place of an odious subjection? What was persuading Russia to accept a magnificent indemnification for restoring Poland to independence, but, by the same stroke of policy, providing for the safety of Europe, and fulfilling the task of gratitude incumbent upon us?

Here, then, a war of interests was, by the force of circumstances, rendered identical with a war of principles.*

for equivalents which would have made us independent for ever; and it is for this reason that Egypt, Syria, and the boundary of the Rhine, would not have been too much in exchange for Constantinople.

With such terms all danger vanished; since, to use M. de Lamartine's expression, the geographical inclination of Russia is towards Asia.

Of all our statesmen, M. de Lamartine is the one who has formed the clearest conception of the Eastern question. It could not escape his noble and lofty genius, that the fall of the Ottoman empire was the signal for the regeneration of the Eastern by the Western world; only—and on this point we cannot agree with him—he would have desired the protectorate of Constantinople for Russia, of Syria for France, and of Egypt for England; which would have been giving the Mediterranean to the latter, and leaving it the Indies. Could we maintain ourselves in Syria if hemmed in between the Russians and the English; and, besides, how poor would be our equivalent for handing Constantinople to the first, and Alexandria to the last, since what M. de Lamartine terms a protectorate would quickly become a sovereignty. France reduced to the stormy protectorate of Syria!—Why Napoleon did not consider the giving up Egypt wholly to France a sufficient compensation for abandoning Constantinople to Russia.

* It will perhaps be objected to the above plan that it would have been very strange to prefer, after the revolution of July, the alliance of a despot to that of a constitutional monarchy, by which, too, that revolution had been warmly applauded. Now there are none who esteem and admire more than we the great people of

We would also observe—and this is a point on which we insist—that the plan which we have here developed would have had nothing forced or arbitrary in it; since it flowed from the natural movements of the peoples, and was combined with general tendencies in every part of Europe. Was there not, in point of fact, a logical and almost irresistible tendency—of France to extend herself over the Mediterranean, of Russia to occupy Constantinople, of Prussia to give a head to remodelled Germany, of Belgium to separate herself from Holland, of Poland to resume her nationality, and of Italy to proclaim her independence?

But, alas! the destinies of our country had strayed, after 1830, into the hands of men destitute alike of capacity, of plan, of elevation, or of strength of mind. These men, who fancied themselves practical because they were mediocre, and skilful because they durst attempt nothing great, did not see that the Eastern question embraced the fate of the world. They overlooked the fact, that if France did not take advantage of the violent and overmastering desire which drove the Russians on Constantinople, to get possession of Egypt for herself, the English, sooner or later, would do what we had neglected to do, would establish themselves at Alexandria, would take the Mediterranean in return for abandoning the Black Sea to Russia, and would thus lower us to the rank of a secondary power.

Since the cabinet of the Tuileries desired only the *status quo*, and took for its leading principle the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman empire, it should at least have laboured to carry it out; but it could not even act consistently with itself. The foolish anger with which General Sébastiani recalled our ambassador, General Guilleminot, because he had zealously endeavoured to undermine Russian influence in Turkey, is well remembered—as are these words, delivered from the tribune by the minister for foreign affairs: "The Ottoman empire is now but a corpse." Such were the conduct and language held in face of Europe, by those who had espoused, as their leading principle, the

England, taking them apart from their government, but, to speak frankly, we see no reason for sympathy with the English constitution, which hallows the most execrable tyranny that ever existed. What political bond can exist between a nation which, like ours, has gone through the convulsions of the most formidable anarchy, has exhausted itself by a war equally without parallel and without a name, has half drowned itself in the blood of Europe and its own blood, and all to extirpate the power of the aristocracy, and a nation which, like the English, lives only by the excesses and permanent usurpations of its aristocracy. Have we so soon forgotten that it was England who roused the whole continent against the principles of our immortal revolution, and kept its wrath in her pay?

As to the welcome with which England greeted the revolution of July, when have manifestations of the kind been made of serious account by the statesman? Did the sympathy of the English for our revolution hinder them from opposing our justest pretensions as soon as the Belgian question was mooted; and did they not bring everything into play to revive as far as it was possible, to our detriment, the sentiment of distrust and hatred which, in 1815, had dictated the formation of the kingdom of Holland.

To imagine that Russia would have rejected an alliance of interests, eminently favourable to her, and that through zeal for the monarchial principle, especially when she had so little to fear from the propagation of our ideas, is childishness.

preservation of Turkey—the *status quo* of the East. Posterity will have difficulty in believing such gross want of forecast; but the length the French government were prepared to go in their career of faults and follies will be seen as we proceed.

Towards the close of 1831, Mehemet Ali despatched Ibrahim to lay siege to Acre. Abdallah, Pasha of Acre, was a compound of presumption and of craft. Having revolted against the Porte, and been menaced by its vengeance, he had accepted the artfully-tendered good offices of the Pasha of Egypt with the Divan, and had linked himself to his fortunes by engagements which he violated. However, Mehemet Ali's resentment was only a cover for the war, which had a deeper cause. He lusted for Syria as an almost indispensable adjunct to Egypt—both with a view to aggrandizement and defence; for the sultan feared and envied him, and Khosrew Pasha, the most powerful man in the empire after Mahmoud, and whom Mehemet Ali had supplanted in Egypt, longed for his destruction. Exposed to secret machinations and environed by intrigue, the stroke of a dagger might settle accounts with his glory. This he was well aware of; and the sultan, whose mandates he received with head inclined to the earth, regarded him as his deadliest enemy. Thus Ibrahim sat down before those walls of Acre, which, had he surmounted them, would have been worth to Napoleon the conquest of Asia and the dominion of the world. Abdallah held out long, but finally yielded the place, and was dragged captive into Egypt, where Mehemet Ali, who had no need of him as a slave, took it into his head to treat him as a fallen sovereign. The Porte is roused, and sends Hussein Pasha, the destroyer of the Janissaries, against Ibrahim. Ibrahim invokes the god of his father, marches against the Turks, cuts them to pieces at Homs, finishes their rout at Beylan, and treats the Syrians, who look up to him with admiration, as their master. The seraglio is struck with consternation. To save Syria, perhaps Constantinople, Mahmoud turns to his grand vizier, Reschid Mehemet, the victor of Missolonghi, and his chiefest warrior. Reschid Mehemet sets out at the head of a numerous army, resolved not to run the chance of a pitched battle, and preparing for the irregular warfare in which he excelled. But he leaves behind him Khosrew Pasha, who, jealous of the grand-vizier, and impatient for his fall, thwarts, in his capacity of seraskier, all Reschid Mehemet's plans, and gets the sultan to lay his commands upon him to undertake some brilliant stroke. Now, France having concluded to maintain the inviolability of the Turkish empire, in order the better to oppose it to Russia, ought to have prayed for the success of Reschid Mehemet—she put up vows for that of Ibrahim. The meeting took place at Koniah, the 21st of December, 1832. On the one side there were ten thousand Egyptians, on the other, sixty-thousand Turks, and between the two armies a thick fog. The Turks began the action by a brisk cannonade, which, piercing the fog, and throwing fitful gleams over the field of battle, revealed their positions to the piercing glance of Ibrahim. The two armies encountered almost in darkness, and the rout of the Turks was complete. The grand-vizier,

met by some Egyptian horse, as he was hurrying, bewildered, over the battle-field, and risking his life as a common soldier, was made prisoner. He thought himself lost, when, through an apparent freak, but to be accounted for by eastern usages, Ibrahim saluted him as his superior, drank out of the cup which Reschid Mehemet hesitated to raise to his lips, fearing it might contain poison, and gave him all the honours of command, whilst he himself enjoyed the reality. The battle of Koniah decided all. Ibrahim had only to take possession of Syria—and more, he had but to cry "Forward," and Constantinople was his.

Such, at the beginning of the year 1833, was the situation of affairs in the East. However short might be Ibrahim's delay to dethrone Mahmoud, the true victors at Koniah were the Russians. Was not the opportunity given them of pitching their tents on the banks of the Bosphorus, as protectors of the sultan? And, indeed, at the first news of the disaster of Koniah, Mahmoud, frozen with fear, turned towards Sevastopol. Can it be believed that the cabinet of the Tuileries was found unprepared at this important juncture, which had been so progressively brought about; it had no ambassador at the Porte, and its *chargé-d'affaires*, M. de Varennes, was without instructions.

However, the French government behoved to take some resolution; and having, right or wrong, concluded that the preserving the inviolability of Constantinople was possible, it ought either to have declared itself vigorously against Mehemet Ali, or have resolutely encouraged Ibrahim to follow up his successful revolt: in the first case, the necessity for the interested intervention of the Russian would have been done away with; in the second, the triumphant Ibrahim would have been constituted defender of Constantinople.

All this was a mystery to the French cabinet, and M. de Varennes was left to the guidance of his own inspiration. He had a difficult part to play. He had to keep from Constantinople the Russians, impatient to show themselves there, and, in fact, summoned by the terrors of the sultan; and yet, how bring this about without staying Ibrahim! Now it was easy for M. de Varennes to employ counsels and solicitations with the conqueror of Syria, and with Mehemet Ali; but, to make them succeed, he required to speak with authority,—to threaten if his prayers were unheeded. This, the short-sightedness of the cabinet of the Tuileries had rendered impossible; nevertheless, M. de Varennes contrived for some time to keep the influence of Russia in check, and displayed great dexterity in turning every circumstance to account.

Russia had at once offered to put at the sultan's service five men-of-war and seven frigates, and had sent General Mourawieff on a mission to Mahmoud, with orders to dispose everything for intervention, and to push on to Alexandria. The general fell into the mistake of making the Turks sensible of the insult of his presence; he inspected the barracks, and assumed the tone of command with the Turkish soldiers. This was blowing upon ashes, but ashes still alive. He found the subjects less servile of heart than their master. An alarming agitation prevailed in the capital. The Pasha of Egypt, at least, would not

have lowered the majesty of the crescent before the two-headed black eagle! Such was the reflection made by numbers; and Mehemet Ali counted more than one secret partisan in the Divan. Besides, Mahmoud seemed to take a rash pleasure in braving his people. At the very moment in which the empire was undergoing an unexampled annihilation, he gave himself up to profane intrigues with Christian women, and, hardening in his licentiousness, insulted the faith by indulging to excess in forbidden drinks. One would have supposed that he wished to blind himself to his weakness with regard to the foreigners, by redoubling his audacity with regard to his people; a kind of self-indemnification natural to minds divided between pusillanimity and pride.

M. de Varennes availed himself of all the resources offered by this assemblage of circumstances. He reanimated whatever patriotism subsisted in the Divan; he nourished all the French sympathies of the Reis-Effendi, who was his friend, and the secret enemy of the Russians; and the opportune death of Antonio Franchini, a celebrated dragoman, or interpreter, whose services were of great use to the cabinet of St. Petersburg, came luckily to his assistance in his struggle with M. de Boutenieff, the Russian plenipotentiary.

Mehemet Ali had given it to be understood that he had no disinclination to treat with the Porte; and M. de Varennes took advantage of this overture to urge a direct arrangement, and, supported by the Reis-Effendi, by the secret inclinations of several members of the Divan, by the discontent prevailing in Constantinople, and by the name of France, which, at this time, had not quite lost the respect of the world, he prevailed on the sultan to despatch Halil Pasha to Egypt, with propositions for the cession of the petty pashaliks of Seyde, Jerusalem, Naplous, and Tripoli. This step threw Russia out of the pale of Turkish affairs; and General Mourawieff started off after the envoy, the cabinet of St. Petersburg dreading that the Ottoman empire should learn how to provide for its own safety.

Hitherto, the French influence had gained ground. But the mediation of France had only been accepted, and could only be accepted, on one condition; namely, that Ibrahim should be summoned to withdraw the threat which he constantly held suspended over Constantinople. Here began the difficulty for us, since, as has been already mentioned, the French government had neither foreseen nor prepared anything for a solution of the question. It is true, that M. de Varennes had undertaken to write to Ibrahim and to Mehemet Ali, to suspend the march of the Egyptian army; but the Pasha of Egypt and his son had advanced so far, that it was impossible for any request to stop them, unsupported by a display of force. This was the stumbling-block. Ibrahim contented himself with replying, that his father's orders were the measure of his power; and, under the pretext that his army could not subsist at Koniah, he expressed his determination to move forward. At the same time, he took care to set the grand-vizier at liberty, and charged him to ask the sultan's permission for his moving on to Broussa—an act of

submission which, in any other quarter than the East, would have been a gross and insolent irony!

This movement of Ibrahim's overturned all M. de Varennes' work. In greater consternation than ever, the sultan secretly solicited the assistance of Russia, inclined to so shameful a dependence, not only by his own uneasiness, but by the intrigues of Achmet Pasha, a tool of foreign ambition. Here we must mention, as a proof of the uncompromising spirit of hatred which animated many of the highest personages of the empire against Russia, that it was a member of the Divan who let M. de Varennes into the secret of this new step on the part of Mahmoud, which he set about counteracting, and this time, too, he was aided by circumstances.

The negotiation opened at Alexandria was terminated. Mehemet Ali had received General Mourawieff politely, but had waived his mediation; and as to the sultan's propositions, he fairly rejected them. The terms he asked were, Syria and the pashalik of Adana; and this being agreed to by Halil, subject to the sanction of the Divan, Mehemet Ali sent his son orders to halt at Kutaya.

General Mourawieff's return to Constantinople, where he spread the news of the approaching peace, and of the halt of Ibrahim, again changed the face of affairs, and the Russian aids were countermanded.

Meanwhile, Admiral Roussin arrived as ambassador at Constantinople, and with other views than those entertained by M. de Varennes, whose policy had been limited to averting Russia from the banks of the Bosphorus, without precisely entering into the Turkish-Egyptian question. Admiral Roussin came with a more decided policy, resolved to protect Turkey at once against Russia and against Mehemet Ali. This was renouncing the benefits which France expected from the consolidation of her influence in Egypt; but, independently of the want of precise data for the working of such influence, the admiral's line of conduct had the advantage of being clear and consistent. Since there was no longer any idea of restoring unity to Turkey, through the medium of Mehemet Ali, and since the maintenance of her independence was regarded as a dike opposed to Russia, and as a bulwark necessary to western Europe, the alternative was to restrict Mehemet Ali to Egypt: in order, in the first place, to deprive the Russians of all pretence for intervention; and, in the second, to hinder the irremediable prostration of the empire by its being cut in half.

Unfortunately, Admiral Roussin was not free to enforce his policy; since, with a carelessness unheard of in the annals of diplomacy, whilst the French government sent to Constantinople an ambassador wholly impressed with the necessity of protecting Mahmoud against Mehemet Ali, the same government had for its consul-general at Alexandria a man convinced of the necessity of aggrandizing Mehemet Ali at the expense of Mahmoud. Never had the foreign relations of a great people been involved in more pitiable confusion; and the consequences were soon apparent.

Admiral Roussin made his entry into Constantinople, the 17th of February, 1833. His first care was to ask an interview of the Reis-Effendi, which, in spite of the Bairam, he obtained without difficulty. The admiral united the bluntness of the sailor with the dignity of the ambassador. He imperiously demanded the countermanding of the Russian aids; and received full satisfaction on this point.

But Russia had laid her plans so as not to receive counter-orders in time; and, on the 20th of February, three days after the arrival of the French ambassador, a Russian squadron of ten ships of war entered the Bosphorus.

The French ambassador immediately declared that if the squadron were not sent back, he would suspend the unlading of his baggage; and the Porte engaged to dismiss the Russians, if on his part Admiral Roussin would save Constantinople from Ibrahim. This he stipulated to do in a letter given in on the 21st of February, taking upon himself to conclude a peace on the same conditions as had been proposed by Halil Pasha; and, faithful to his word, he summoned Mehemet Ali, in pressing and peremptory terms, to content himself with the pashaliks of Seyde, Tripoli, Jerusalem and Naplous.

Nothing is rasher and more offensive than to threaten, without the power of enforcing the threat. Admiral Roussin's whole fleet was the ship which had brought him; and M. Mimaut, the French consul at Alexandria, seconded with all his energy the views of the Pasha of Egypt; who, emboldened by the real weakness of France at Constantinople, poorly disguised by the pride of our attitude, and encouraged by the strange want of union between the representatives of the cabinet of the Tuileries, did not hesitate to take his ground against our ambassador. In a cautiously worded, but firm answer, he gave him to understand that he was not in the slightest degree disposed to lose the fruit of his conquests; and, at the same time, the pasha submitted to the cabinets of Europe a note, in which he laboured to prove that Syria, under the anarchical rule of the sultan, was a perpetual sore in the side of the empire, that it could only become strong and prosperous under a regular government, such as the Egyptian, and that consequently the endeavour to erect between Syria and Egypt a barrier which was no longer possible, was contrary to the interests of the Ottoman empire, of which he, Mehemet Ali, was the sincerest supporter. This was only a sophism, but it served to conceal the ambitious projects of the pasha under a show of moderation and wisdom naturally pleasing to Europe, and deprived of all appearance of bravado the refusal, to the humiliation of which Admiral Roussin had exposed himself.

This humiliation was great, and was by no means compensated by the happy results of the energy which the ambassador displayed in the affairs of Smyrna, which city had submitted at the mere summons of a messenger despatched by Ibrahim. Admiral Roussin immediately sent orders to the French consul there to take down his flag; and the presence of some vessels which arrived unexpectedly from the Archipelago,

under the command of Rear-Admiral Hugo, decided the re-establishment of the Turkish authorities.

However, the Russians had not yet struck their tents, insolently pitched at the foot of the Giant mountain. At the date of the stipulation of the 21st of February, the Reis-Effendi had transmitted a note to M. de Boutenieff with the object of effecting the dismissal of the Russian squadron; but the latter had refused to receive it on the pretence of its being informal, and it had not been again presented. On the other hand, Ibrahim had not returned his sword into its sheath, and his constant boast was that he would take his horse to drink in the waters of Scutari.

Thus, the only change in the aspect of affairs, since Admiral Roussin's arrival, was the decline of our influence both with the Porte and Egypt; with the latter, from the ambassador's having sided against Mehemet Ali, without having the means to overcome him, and with the former, from Mehemet Ali's disregard of our intervention, and from Admiral Roussin's having generously, rather than opportunely, taken the occasion of his first interview with the sultan to plead the cause of the unfortunate peoples of the East. This the enemies of our influence had not failed to enlarge upon as proof of the fatally revolutionary aim of our policy; and not even the straightforward and earnest protection which Admiral Roussin lent the Porte could remove the evil impression from the mind of the despot reformer.

However, as time pressed, recourse was had to the mediation of France. Since Admiral Roussin's appointment, M. de Varennes had become only first secretary to the embassy; but Reschid Bey, afterwards Reschid Pasha, and Prince Vogoridi, applied to him on the part of the sultan, to repair to Kutaya with Reschid Pasha to negotiate a peace with Ibrahim. In the existing conjuncture of affairs, to have renewed the proposals which Admiral Roussin had vainly endeavoured to force on Mehemet Ali, would have been both a childish folly and a gross blunder. No peace had a chance of being concluded which was not advantageous to Mehemet Ali, and France could not interfere in the negotiation without contradicting the policy which her ambassador had from the first adopted. Nevertheless, Constantinople was to be rid of the neighbourhood of the Russians on any terms, and the most startling and unfortunate of political contradictions was not thought too dear a price for their departure: so Reschid Bey and M. de Varennes set out on their journey.

Admiral Roussin gave M. de Varennes a note, in which he had traced a few instructions for his guidance; but he ran it over with a hasty and indifferent look, resolved to act upon his own opinions.

Thus the name of France was about to be mixed up with the concluding of a peace so momentous, as to be neither more nor less than a provisional arrangement of the affairs of the whole world; and the French government, absorbed in its own selfish and ephemeral passions, had not made a single preparation, nor even knew what responsibility it was about to undertake, or in what line of policy it would be implicated.

When a few leagues from Kutaya, M. de Varennes and Reschid Bey stopped in a small village to consult on the proposals they should make. Reschid Bey was for offering to Ibrahim, at first, only the four pashaliks of Seyde, Jerusalem, Tripoli, and Naplous, leaving further concessions to be made matter of bargain; but M. de Varennes pointed out the imprudence and the insult of opening the negotiation with offers which had been so peremptorily refused, and the necessity of proposing the cession of the whole of Syria. Reschid Bey acceded, and even owned to M. de Varennes, that, on his farewell audience, Mahmoud had said to him—"Come to an understanding with M. de Varennes, and settle the affairs as you best can," whence the latter concluded that the sultan desired to be freed, at any cost, from the distressing situation in which he had so long been placed. However, there was nothing surprising in this readiness of Mahmoud; since, like almost all princes invested with theocratic power, he made no concession to his slave without a mental reservation to retract it on the first favourable opportunity. His resignation was a hypocrisy induced by his weakness.

Ibrahim, calm and confident in his strength, waited, without betraying any impatience, for the ratification of his victories; and, being apprised of the approach of the negotiators, courteously sent them an escort. A trifling circumstance, connected with this attention, showed in the strongest manner the extreme contempt for the Turkish government affected by Ibrahim and his followers. M. de Varennes, who journeyed on horseback, being in advance of Reschid Bey, who was compelled, by a painful, but not dangerous illness, to be carried in a litter, was the first to meet the escort, and had great difficulty to persuade them to wait for Reschid Bey. "It is you," they seemed to say, "not he, whom we came to meet."

At Kutaya, this difference was marked in a way much more cutting still to the Turkish envoy, since M. de Varennes alone was received by the victor of Koniah, whom he found breakfasting, and indulging, without scruple, in the beverage so strictly forbidden by Mahomet. Ibrahim's reception of him was distinguished by a kind of rude delicacy. In honour of his visit, a barbarous band played the *Marseillaise*, and it was then mangled, rather than sung, by the Arabs, who laboured might and main to imitate the French rhythm. The language held by Ibrahim did not belie the politic feeling which dictated these skilful attentions. He enlarged upon the affection and gratitude which he felt for the countrymen of Napoleon. "The Egyptians," he frequently repeated, "are the children of the French." Against the Russians he displayed great animosity, and, with the boastfulness that enters into his character, expressed his desire to measure his strength with them. Of the sultan, his attempted reforms, his submission to Russia, and his government, he spoke with a singular mixture of compassion and contempt. His father was his god. The only error he imputed to him, and this in a tone of the deepest respect, was his having sunk part of the treasures of Egypt in building a fleet, which no effort could place on an equality with the European marine. "Egypt," he very justly

observed, "cannot be a maritime power, for it wants all the elements of naval strength. Our true field of battle lies inland." On M. de Varennes' entry upon the object of his journey to Kutaya, Ibrahim endeavoured to cut short all discussion, by protesting that he was only the obedient minister of his father's orders. Now, Mehemet Ali demanded more than Syria; he demanded the pashalik of Diarbekir, the districts of Itchyla and of Alaya, and, above all, the pashalik of Adana—that is to say, a footing in Asia Minor. These were exorbitant demands, and were firmly contested by M. de Varennes; but he was met with a seemingly invincible obstinacy on Ibrahim's part.

Discouraged and irritated, M. de Varennes was on the point of breaking off the negotiation, and leaving Kutaya, when he was stopped by the entreaties of Reschid Bey; and, finally, Ibrahim consented,—1st, To give up the districts of Itchyla and Alaya; 2d, To reserve his demand of the pashalik of Diarbekir for future discussion; but, as regarded the cession of Adana, he was immovable. The possession of this pashalik was like opening the gate of Asia Minor, and, besides completing the defences of Syria, it abounded in timber, and would be invaluable to the dock-yards of Mehemet Ali. In a subsequent conference, M. de Varennes had recourse even to threats to bend Ibrahim. He had noticed, that, in his previous interview, the word *protocol* always had an extraordinary effect on the son of Mehemet Ali; and he therefore urged upon him, that the certain consequence of his persisting to abuse the present power his victorious position gave him, would be the protocols of Western Europe in coalition against the ambition of his sire; he went further—he reminded him of Navarino? Whilst he was speaking, Ibrahim made visible efforts to keep down his passion; his face flushed, his eye sparkled, and his whole demeanour showed the violence of the feelings with which he was agitated. Nevertheless, he maintained his command over himself, and remained inflexible; so that M. de Varennes was obliged to yield on the question of Adana.

Forthwith, Ibrahim sent him costly presents, but the French diplomatist was too chagrined at the result of his labours to accept them, and returned them with the observation: "It would be supposed that I sold you the peace." Indeed, he had misgivings that the conditions granted to Ibrahim would be considered excessive, and would lead to fatal difficulties.

At the very moment this arrangement was being concluded at Kutaya to prevent the necessity for Russian intervention, the intervention was daily assuming a more formidable shape. An army of 24,000 men had been put in movement, and a division of the squadron of Odessa had landed 5000 men on the Asiatic coast, opposite to Bujukdéré and Therapia. This wanton superfluity of succour was the excess of insolence; still the Sultan received the Russians with a parade of gratitude which, had it been more real, would not have been less shameful. He loaded the officers with presents, and volunteered an extravagant admiration of the appearance of the troops, flattering them by comparisons injurious to his own subjects, and, even down to the smallest things,

sacrificed his imperial dignity to his desire of pleasing his dangerous protectors. Thus, after having promised his portrait to M. de Varennes, considered a mark of great favour in Turkey, he did not hesitate to break his word through fear of displeasing Russia, which affected to be offended at the importance of the concessions obtained by Ibrahim. Informed of this want of faith and of what Mahmoud proposed to do in order to soften the blow, M. de Varennes declined beforehand all indemnification, observing, "I see clearly Turkey is no more than a Turkish province."

And, indeed, on the 5th of May, that is to say, the very day after the definitive termination of the great quarrel between Mehemet Ali and Mahmoud by the settlement of some difficulties that had arisen relative to the cession of Adana, Count Orloff arrived at Constantinople, bearing extraordinary powers. Was this a defiance? Did the Emperor Nicholas design to terrify us with his ascendency in the East? A serious cause could be with difficulty assigned for so solemn a mission, so tardily sent; since Ibrahim was already preparing to evacuate Asia Minor. He abandoned Kutaya on the 24th of May, and before July had left Mount Taurus behind him.

The Russians then decided on delivering Constantinople from the burden of their presence, as they had no longer a shadow of a pretext for remaining. But they did not let go their hold of their prey until they had obtained from the sultan's condescension a treaty which knit Russia and Turkey in a defensive alliance, and closed the Dardanelles to all other than Russian ships for eight years. Europe took umbrage at this treaty, without understanding its real drift. At bottom, and this their recent intervention proved, the Russians had no need of a diplomatic sanction to give them a right to occupy the Bosphorus whenever they saw fit. They derived their right to do so from their previous conquests, their superiority, proximity, and power. The treaty of Unkiar Skelessi was only a bravado, but a dexterous one; since it spoke meaningly to the imagination of the Turks, and accustomed Europe to regard the sovereignty of St. Petersburg over Constantinople as in the course of things.

We may now form some idea of the fatal effect which the treatment of the question of the East, the source of so many difficulties, had on the interests of France. It cannot be too often repeated, that as soon as the French government had decided, no matter whether rightly or wrongly, on maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman empire and its dependence on its lawful sovereign, the allowing Mehemet Ali to aggrandise himself at the expense of the Porte, was either madness or bad faith. Consequently, on this principle, Admiral Roussin's policy was both the most honourable and the wisest. Unfortunately, thanks to the inconsistency of the French government and the diplomatic confusion which followed, this policy wavered and contradicted itself in a deplorable manner. Between the system represented by the steps taken in favour of Mahmoud by Admiral Roussin on the 21st of February, and the conditions subsequently agreed upon at Kutaya in favour

of Mehemet Ali, there is a wide gulf. Now, of these two systems, the first, which failed, shook our credit with the pasha of Egypt; the second, which prevailed, ruined our influence with the sultan. The first alienated Alexandria, the second Constantinople from us. It is true that, apparently, Mehemet Ali owed the ratification of his conquests to us; but what merit could our mediation have in his eyes after our menacing summons and his formal declaration that he would not yield?

As to the material result of the negotiations, and leaving out of view their moral consequences, it was altogether in favour of Russia, not of France. The abandonment of the whole of Syria and of the gates of Asia Minor to Mehemet Ali, was, in fact, to weaken the Ottoman empire by cutting it in half, and to render the dependence of Mahmoud on the Emperor Nicholas more necessary and complete: it was anticipating the fatal hour of the subjection of Constantinople, and this without any compensation to us. That the cabinet of St. Petersburg should have shown itself opposed to the pretensions of Mehemet Ali, and discontented with the advantages accorded him, was part and parcel of the policy of Russia which affected *to protect* Mahmoud; for, under what pretext could the Muscovite have entered the Bosphorus, save as the protector of Turkey.

Thus terminated our first diplomatic campaign in the east; and the end, as will be seen, answered to the beginning.

About this period the cabinet of the Tuileries contracted an engagement with that of St. James's, which, buried in the shades of office, escaped notice at the time; but which, some years afterwards, awakened in France hatreds not yet appeased, and gave rise to most serious discussion.

Every body knows what the slave trade is, as that hideous traffic in human flesh, which Mirabeau stigmatizes so energetically, when he called the vessels engaged in it *ambulatory hearses*. This traffic the French Convention had the glory of abolishing by a decree, dated the 16th Brumaire, year XI., which denounces both slavery and the trade in slaves, but which was repealed by Bonaparte. The example was followed by England; and the slave-trade was proscribed by the English parliament in 1808, by a very considerable majority; thus carrying out the policy to which the negroes in the English colonies had been indebted for their liberty. It has been said and believed, in almost every country in Europe, that in abolishing slavery, the English government had concealed the most sordidly selfish designs under the cloak of philanthropy, and had aimed at ruining the sugar plantations of the Antilles in order to secure the market of the whole world for its Indian sugar. The Machiavelic schemes of the English aristocracy to cement their power, and keep up slavery in the East Indies, give grounds for this hypothesis, but do not warrant its being regarded as certain. Lightly to ascribe sordid motives for acts which may be naturally explained by those nobler feelings of the human heart which are never utterly extinct, is to reflect both on ourselves and on humanity at large.

Besides, it was the English nation and not the English government, which raised the cry of emancipation — the most solemn and powerful which ever re-echoed throughout the world. Without the efforts of the quakers and of the dissenters of England, without their preachings and the impulse so given to public opinion, the opposition which Wilberforce's immortal motion encountered would never have been surmounted. But at all events, after having proclaimed emancipation in its own colonies, the English government was led to desire that the example should be followed in those belonging to other powers, and thus what had been a question of humanity became one of interest, and it did not fail to follow up the abolition of slavery and the suppression of the slave-trade with the perseverance characteristic of the English. After the revolution of 1830, the opportunity seemed favourable for bringing over France to its plans; and, on the 30th of November, 1831, Count Horace Sébastiani and Viscount Grenville signed, on behalf of their respective courts, a treaty for the suppression of the slave-trade.

The treaty enacted that, within certain specified limits, each of the two countries should have the right of visiting the merchantmen of the other; that the number of vessels privileged to exercise this right should be fixed each year by special convention; that it might not be the same for each country, but that in no case the number of the cruisers of the one should be more than double that of the other; that the ships seized on account of their being engaged in the slave-trade, or on suspicion of such being their destination from their equipment, should, with their crews, be delivered without delay up to the jurisdiction of the country to which they should belong, to be judged solely by the laws of their respective countries.

Nothing could be more sacred or august than the avowed aim of this treaty. Europe cannot tolerate, without degradation, a traffic in human flesh; and it is its duty to brand slave-dealers as wretches, and pursue and punish them as assassins. If the right of visiting, in war time, neutral vessels suspected of carrying arms to the enemy has been admitted by all civilized nations, why not allow in time of peace the right of visiting vessels suspected of bearing their living freight to slavery? Unfortunately, the treaty on this subject, concluded between France and England, tended to realize a good principle by detestable means. In order to annihilate this infamous traffic all the powers should have been summoned to a crusade against it, and this time they would have been allied by the double bond of religion and of humanity. A neutral flotilla should have been established, commissioned not by this or that nation, but by all Europe.* And, indeed, was not the refusal of a single people to adopt the agreement sufficient to render the convention on the

* When, at a later period, the right of search became the subject of public debate, this was the solution of the question adopted by all the sincere and noble-minded. But, alas! the difficulty of carrying it into execution has furnished a triumphant argument to its adversaries: sovereigns easily agree, and easily assemble congresses, when the object is to agree in tyrannising over the people, or dividing them among themselves like brute beasts; but they find it very difficult to coalesce when the object is merely to tear thousands of poor victims out of the hand of robbers!

right of search useless? Did not America, republican as she boasts to be, and who dishonours herself by tolerating slavery, enable the slave-dealers to escape all pursuit by hoisting the American flag? Here was the weak point of the treaty signed by MM. Sebastiani and Grenville; and it had, too, the serious inconvenience of furnishing those well-known and incorrigible tyrants of the ocean waste, the English, with an excuse for harassing our navy, impeding our commerce, humiliating our sailors, and insultingly controlling our movements, and all this whilst artfully invoking the name of philanthropy. It is true that the right being reciprocal, reprisals were in our power; but besides that these were restricted by the privilege the treaty gave England of maintaining twice as many cruisers as France, reprisals lead to war, and it is the height of temerity to leave the germ of inevitable disagreements in the fundamentals of an alliance.*

And yet it was this ill-conceived and dangerous treaty which the French government, in 1833, consented to confirm and extend; and if a doubt could have remained as to the ulterior designs of England, it would have been removed by the clauses of the *supplementary convention* signed at Paris, on the 22d of March, 1833, by Viscount Grenville and the Duke de Broglie, our minister for foreign affairs: for the *supplementary convention* was not, as it has since been asserted, limited to developing the basis of the original treaty, and removing the difficulties which had occurred in its execution, but modified its nature and effects. Thus it was stipulated by the sixth article that every merchantman, of either nation, should be concluded to be engaged in the slave-trade, or to be designed for it, if there were found on board hatchways with iron gratings instead of the common wooden ones, or a store of planks fit for forming a flying bridge, or chains and handcuffs, or a greater provision of water than was required for the wants of the vessel, or too many mess plates and cans, or too large a quantity of rice, corn, cassada, Indian corn, &c.

Chains and handcuffs might certainly be considered proofs of criminal intent; but was not the settling that a ship might be diverted from her destination, cut off from her trade, and dragged into port to undergo the delays and disagreeables of a law-suit, because it pleased a foreigner to find too much corn or rice on board of her, a caricature of the right of search, and a complete change of its character? Was it not exposing the mercantile navy to vexations of all sorts, which could only be met by brutal reprisals? Strange that the cabinet of the Tuileries, so enamoured of peace, should have exposed it to the merest mercies of chance; strange to allow it to depend on the injustice or overbearing conduct of the first seaman who should exercise the right of search in a bad spirit! Is more required to show the imperious character of English influence at the Tuileries at this period?

The conduct of the French ministers towards Portugal was as unequivocal an index of their timorous and yielding policy. That country

* M. Schœlcher, the most worthy and earnest of all the defenders of this celebrated treaty, could hardly have sufficiently considered this point.

had been long troubled by the contest between the two brothers, Don Pedro and Don Miguel, who pursued it with implacable fury—the crown being the prize. After numerous vicissitudes, the father of Donna Maria had made himself master of Oporto; to which Don Miguel laid siege. Oporto was but a small point on the map of Europe; yet on this all eyes were fixed, as on a spot whence might flash the first sparks of a general conflagration. An avowed despiser of modern charters, and a declared despot, Don Miguel had the sympathies of the ultra-monarchical powers of the continent, and received both encouragement and assistance from them. Besides, he depended on the people; whose ignorance is so easily led to make a compact with despotism in every country in which superstition has sway. Don Pedro had carried to Portugal a charter after the English fashion, and consequently appealed to Great Britain and to France to support the rights of Donna Maria, his daughter.

The French government put up vows for Don Pedro, but durst go no farther. General Solignac, summoned to Oporto to give the benefit of his military talents and long experience to the constitutional cause, met only reserve and coldness from the cabinet of the Tuileries. No sum of money was put, even secretly, at his disposal. A timid tolerance was extended to the steps he took to secure the assistance of his brothers in arms; but no precaution was neglected to be able to deny all official participation in the movement. The Duchess of Braganza, who was then at Paris, and who would have willingly pawned her diamonds to have purchased available assistance, was obliged to resign herself to a state of mind rather anxious than hopeful; and, in short, General Solignac could only throw into the balance the weight of his name and of his sword.

And here we must say that the conduct of the cabinet of St. James's was more pusillanimous and more hesitating still, than that of the cabinet of the Tuileries. The policy of England, in the hands of Earl Grey and of the Whigs, who had been borne into office by the triumph of reform, seemed to have lost its customary clear-sightedness and vigour. The Whigs could not be ignorant of Don Miguel's hatred of them; and by not lending decisive support to Don Pedro, they exposed themselves to see an enemy installed on the throne of Portugal, which, since the Methuen treaty, had been considered in the light of an English colony. But the policy of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen, predecessors of Earl Grey and Lord Palmerston, had not been less inconsistent, for they had alternately stigmatised and supported Don Miguel. At one time, Lord Aberdeen, from his place in the House of Lords, would launch a thundering anathema against Don Miguel's cruelty and dastardliness; at another, the Duke of Wellington would order the English cruisers to sink the ship in which General Saldanha and some other of Don Pedro's partisans had embarked: a barbarous order, which occasioned it to be said that England had kept in reserve for Don Miguel's use, balls saved from the bombardment of Copenhagen!

In this state of things, Don Pedro was true to himself. Guided by

General Solignac, and powerfully seconded by the intrepid adventurers furnished him by France—this nation of soldiers, he defended Oporto with remarkable constancy, but with efforts which threatened to exhaust his resources. Don Miguel had an army of 6000 men on the south of the Douro, and, on its northern banks, one of 17,000, whilst the besieged army barely amounted to 13,000. At one time famine pressed hard on the city; the cholera had left cruel marks of its passage there; the patience of the inhabitants was nearly exhausted; there was no hand powerful enough to keep the bonds of discipline much longer united in a garrison composed of men of so many different countries; Sartorius, the commodore of Don Pedro's fleet, had openly revolted, had left the coast, and it had been found necessary first to appease him, then to find a substitute for him:—abundant, indeed, were the reasons for bringing matters to a crisis! This was General Solignac's opinion; and, in a council of war, called with the object of coming to an energetic and definitive resolution, he proposed to march right against the enemy, cut through them, and appear sword in hand before Lisbon. All his dispositions were taken, he had studied the ground, weighed the courage of either army, and answered for the victory. The majority of the council, however, came to a different decision; and it was determined to send a body of 4000 men into the province of Algarva, which required but the signal for insurrection, whilst Don Pedro should wait the result of this diversion where he was. General Solignac, who was conscious that a spirit of insubordination was spreading, and who, notwithstanding he was commander-in-chief, had not the necessary influence, having had, too, the mortification of finding his own aide-de-camp, M. Duverger, oppose his opinion in the last council of war, laid down his command and withdrew from Oporto, with every apprehension that Don Pedro would lose the game, through lack of nerve and boldness.

But new and happy circumstances came to aid the fortunes of Don Pedro. The Duke of Palmella, who, as an English instrument, was to Portugal what Talleyrand was to France, and M. Van de Weyer to Belgium, had been busy negotiating a loan in England for the constitutional cause, as successfully as M. Mendizabal had previously been in the same country and for the same end; and this money quickly brought levies of volunteers to Oporto, together with English sailors, commanded by Captain Napier, a true seaman. From this moment, Don Pedro enjoyed a succession of triumphs and of good fortune. The Duke of Terceira overran Algarva, and the flag of Donna Maria soon floated over the whole province. Napier encountered the Miguelite fleet off St. Vincent, consisting of two ships of the line, two frigates, three corvettes, two brigs and a xebeck; and, although he had only three frigates, a corvette, a brig, and a small schooner, notwithstanding this inequality of force, he immediately fell upon it with irresistible impetuosity, and gained a complete victory. Don Miguel's fleet annihilated, a profound consternation takes possession of his army. The Duke of Terceira hurries towards the capital, carries the town of Setubal, and cuts in pieces a body of 6000 Miguelites, whose leader, Telles Jordao,

is killed on the spot. The Duke of Cadaval, governor of the capital, flies terror-struck; Lisbon opens her gates; her population throngs to meet the conquerors with those confused shouts which hail all victories: and at the head of 1500 men, the Duke of Terceira takes possession of the town in the name of Donna Maria. This was on the 24th of July, 1833. On the 27th, M. de Bourmont, who had arrived a few days before at the camp of Don Miguel, made a furious but useless assault on Oporto, in which blood flowed like water, and the trenches were filled with dead bodies, and he withdrew to his camp in agony of mind. Although the struggle might yet be for some time prolonged, every thing seemed to presage the downfall of Don Miguel, and the French legitimatists already saw him bearing away with him the last remaining shred of monarchy.

The news of these events was doubly agreeable to Louis Philippe, as serving to strengthen him on his throne, and without compromising him in the eyes of the continental powers. But Spain was preparing serious uneasiness for him.

Auguring from the sudden turns and unlooked-for fluctuations which rendered the political physiognomy of this country so changeable, one would necessarily have concluded that the fate of the nation depended upon the time the king would take in dying; and the conclusion was warranted by the extraordinary scene enacted the preceding year in the palace of La Granja, when Ferdinand VII. had seemed on the point of expiring. An old servant of his, M. Calomarde, who had become by degrees his minister and favourite, took possession of his bedside, and, having been gained over by the Apostolicals, the moment he saw Ferdinand's naturally weak mind utterly sinking, and the shades of death thickening around him, exerted the mastery he had acquired over him, and extorted from his trembling hand the revocation of the pragmatic act which left the youthful Isabella heiress of the Spanish crown, to the exclusion of Don Carlos. As soon as this is effected, the report is spread that Ferdinand has breathed his last, and that Don Carlos is his successor. Hereupon a universal movement takes place; the people begin to be agitated, the ambitious prepare themselves for coming events, the liberals are disturbed by fear, and the Apostolicals in their rising joy insult their dejected enemies. In her inexperience and trouble, Christina is at a loss to know what ought to be done or what should be dared, when the infanta, Louisa Carlotta, suddenly hastens from the south of Spain, appears unexpectedly at the palace of La Granja, and as indignant as Christina, but more resolute, insists on seeing Calomarde, upbraids him in violent terms, threatens him, and, it is even said, strikes him: so that round the bed on which lay a half-expiring monarch in all the nothingness of human grandeur, his relatives, ministers, and servants were tumultuously contending for the prizes of his death—a spectacle worthy of the beneficial influences of a pure monarchy! But a startling incident occurred—Ferdinand did not die. The sequel may be guessed. It was the turn of the Apostolicals to tremble, and of the liberals to insult. Ferdinand gained strength by

degrees; the pragmatic act was restored to honour, Calomarde banished, and Christina resumed the management of affairs.

But, at the same time, M. Zea-Bermudez was recalled to power. Now, his policy was reducible to two principles—first, the maintenance of absolute government combined with certain administrative reforms; secondly, the establishment of the rights of Isabella: and, indeed, some petty ameliorations were attempted, and the Cortes convoked *by states* to Madrid to take the oath of fidelity to Isabella II., declared princess of the Asturias. But to desire the confirmation of despotism was to provoke the opposition of all the partisans of the young queen, who coveted a constitution, whilst the recognition of Isabella equally offended and alienated the friends of Don Carlos, so that nothing could be more impolitic or less durable than M. Zea's policy, and its consequences were fantastic in the extreme. Although the contest between Don Carlos and Isabella in Spain, that between Don Miguel and Donna Maria in Portugal, and the contest between Louis Philippe and the Duke de Bordeaux in France, were different in origin and character, there nevertheless existed a very strongly-knit political bond between Don Carlos, Don Miguel, and the Duke of Bordeaux on the one hand, and Isabella, Donna Maria, and Louis Philippe on the other; and this M. Zea altogether overlooked. As the subject of Isabella he had to oppose Don Carlos; whilst, as a supporter of despotism, he countenanced Don Miguel, by whom Don Carlos was encouraged and assisted. Never were the errors of a system of policy revealed by more contradictory results. However, the system being based on M. Zea's own convictions, he followed it up with a calm and noble firmness for which the greatest ministers might have taken credit to themselves; and on strenuous representations from England, respecting the mode in which he displayed his sympathy for Don Miguel, he did not hesitate to return haughty replies, declaring that if the English should enter Portugal in the name of Don Pedro, he would march his Spaniards into it in the name of Don Miguel.

Such was the policy of Spain when, on the 29th of September, 1833, Ferdinand VII. gave up the ghost. His life had been a series of low buffooneries mingled with the cruelties of an animal nature; and his weak and sanguinary character had made him by turns the slave of those who surrounded him, and the tyrant of his people. He died, leaving to his young widow a stormy regency, to his infant daughter a disputed throne, and to his country civil war.

The death of the King of Spain was no sooner known at Paris, than the council met to discuss the question of the recognition of the youthful Isabella.

To recognise her was to destroy the work accomplished by Louis XIV., when he had secured, not alone the sovereignty of Spain for his grandson, but the adoption of the Salic law, so peculiarly French, by that country; and the maintenance of which law there was of the highest moment to France, since it sheltered her from all the perils of a marriage which might render Spain English, or which might revive

the Austrian interest in Madrid. Was it right to incur the chance of another Charles V.? Was it provident to keep the gate of the Pyrenees open to the English, so that they might come to attack us by land? They cannot disembark on our own coast without running the risk of being driven into the sea; but, on the side of the Pyrenees, they can commence operations much more safely to themselves and more dangerously for us. In a national point of view, therefore, it was our interest to side with Don Carlos, and so hinder a woman from some day inviting a foreign prince to seat himself on the throne of Spain, and depriving us of an indispensable alliance.

The objections to these arguments were, firstly, that the upshot of the marriage might be in our favour, and, indeed, was more likely to be so than in that of any other power; and, secondly, that to support the rights of the male branch in Spain was to crown, in Don Carlos, the bitterest enemy of the house of Orleans and of its new-made dynasty.

The first of these considerations had little weight with Louis Philippe, who stood in too much awe of the other continental powers to cherish the hope of making one of his sons the husband of the youthful Isabella: but the whole aim of his policy being to secure the French throne in his own family, the idea that the triumph of Don Carlos might pave the way for the return of the Duke of Bourdeaux, was sufficient to decide him. The opinion of the king was that of his ministers, who unanimously approved of the recognition of the Queen of Spain, although Christina had retained Don Miguel's partisan, M. Zea: and M. Mignet was instructed to be the bearer of this important announcement to Madrid.

M. Thiers had begun to exercise in the council, even on questions which did not come within the province of his own department, the influence to which his universality of talent, his insinuating manners, his activity and incontestable endowments, entitled him. He was, moreover, liked by the king, because the latter, finding him easy and careless, he flattered himself that he ruled him. M. Thiers took advantage of these circumstances to turn the policy of the cabinet into that route in which he proposed to lead it on, in conformity with views which we shall hereafter have occasion fully to develope. He showed his colleagues and the king that the recognition of the Queen of Spain implied the obligation of aiding her in case of need; that it became a country like France to attach to its acts of courtesy the value of a real benefit and the authority of a high patronage; that the tempest collecting above the Pyrenees, and which might burst upon our southern provinces, ought not to find us unprepared; and that, in short, it would be useful, and was even necessary, to levy an army of observation of 50,000 men.

Although systematically opposed to all strong measures, the king approved of the suggestion. Besides, the raising an army of 50,000 men was not pledging himself to employ it, and this was enough to decide him, for he is completely deficient in foresight. Endowed with

unusual powers of judgment on matters of the moment—on the isolated accidents of politics, he is unable to embrace a comprehensive view of a question, and to seize its logical consequences. The faculty of generalization is wanting in him to an extraordinary degree. He will often admit a principle, certain to try afterwards and wriggle out of its inevitable results by painful and dangerous artifices. The proposition of M. Thiers involving, as he supposed, no offensive or decisive step, he did not hesitate to adopt it, for want of perceiving its bearing and its remote consequences. We must add that, as a general rule, Louis Philippe, who had struck root in peace, nevertheless lent himself, and very willingly, to every measure which aimed at the increase of the army. "How glorious," he once exclaimed to one of his ministers, who was laying before him the amount of his disposable troops,—"How glorious to have so large a force at command, and to make no use of it!" A saying which might have appeared philosophical and profound, had the national guard alone been employed to overawe malcontents.

After having secured the king's consent to this levy of 50,000 men, M. Thiers had no difficulty in obtaining that of Marshal Soult, the minister of war. He was no favourite of the marshal's, for whom, on his part, he entertained little liking; but his brilliant eloquence was so much at his service in parliament, that he at last made his way with him.

There was now only the finance minister for him to gain over, but here he had to encounter an obstinate opposition. M. Humann conceived the art of finance to lie in petty savings, and of all expenses, those for the increase of the army were the least to his taste; so he took care to object to M. Thiers the want of the necessary funds, the danger of asking from the Chamber a vote of credit which might be refused, the certainty of parliamentary difficulties, the end of which could not be foreseen; and he concluded by declaring that he had no relish for hazarding his responsibility on a throw of the dice. M. Thiers insisted on his point, urged that the cause of Christina was that of the revolution of July itself, undertook to carry the measure through the Chamber, and at last gained the day.

The matter was debated several days, and the council had met for the last time to put the measure into a formal shape, when, to the astonishment of the king and of M. Thiers, Marshal Soult suddenly exclaimed, in reference to the new troops it was proposed to levy—"I want none of them!" This burst, so unexpected by every one, violently excited the king, who, so runs the report, was hurried into saying, "Marshal, you are making a mess of the matter," (*vous faites du gâchis;*) to which the minister, stifling with anger, retorted, "Marshal Soult is making no mess of it," and flung out of the room. This sudden change of opinion was attributed by some of his colleagues to the base suggestions of an understrapper, who had persuaded him that the measure was only brought forward to compromise him with the Chambers, and to subject him to the mortification of an unfavourable division.

Nothing was more improbable. However, as his resignation seemed likely, the king wrote a soothing letter to him; to which he returned for answer that he would see what was to be done. On this it became necessary to think of giving him a successor, and Marshal Maison was suggested; but soon thinking better of it, the old minister of war timely resumed his functions, and harmony once more prevailed in the council.

Such is the picture of the foreign policy pursued by the French government in 1833, which presents itself for the judgment of history. In the East it was uncertain, ill-considered, blind, and contradictory; with regard to England, it was summed up in the rashest of all engagements. Absolutely null with respect to Portugal, it assumed towards Spain a character of decision, which would deserve praise had it been followed up. On the whole, the year 1833 was marked neither by the number nor brilliancy of its events; but the solution of many questions was commenced in it, and Providence submitted to the passions of men more than one important and formidable problem.

CHAPTER IV.

We are now entering upon a stormy epoch. The spirit of revolution which, in 1833, sank, as it were, into a disturbed sleep, was destined to a sudden and terrible awaking at Lyons.

The storm, whose clouds had begun to collect in Geneva, whence they were about to darken the whole of Italy, first burst forth in Savoy. Strictly speaking, these first movements appear unconnected with France; but they emanated from the revolution of 1830, and were calculated to have a powerful influence upon its destinies; they were ultimately connected with the movements of the French mind; they kept awake, in the heart of attentive France, noble sympathies and hopes which sought for encouragement; in short, they were linked with the efforts of the democratic party in the Jura, at Lyons, and at Grenoble; and from all these considerations they deserve our devoting a few pages to them, the more so that they have been hitherto imperfectly known and ill-understood.

Charles Albert had become, from conspirator, King of Sardinia. His treasons were no mystery to any of his former accomplices; and yet, when the old *carbonari* saw one of their fraternity on a throne, they could not refrain from a feeling of hope and pride. Would not the monarch keep some of those promises which the prince had made? Many thought so; and a letter was published which recalled his former career. Charles Albert's reply was prosecutions and threats of proscription. The Italian patriots then understood that a prince who had them for his confidants, could only be their enemy; and an association was organized, known under the name of *Young Italy*.

Young Italy, the reverse of carbonarism, which had been sceptical

and liberal, was profoundly religious and democratic. Its founder and head was M. Mazzini; its aim, the independence and unity of Italy; its symbol, a branch of cypress, with the device—"Now and always," (*Ora e sempre*); its means, insurrection and propagandism, the conspirator's sword and the journalist's pen. *Young Italy* spread its principles through the medium of a newspaper established at Marseilles, and prepared for its revolutionary campaign by mysterious committees formed in Lombardy, Tuscany, the Papal States, and latterly at Naples. The conspiracy soon reckoned numerous recruits among the youth of Italy, and struck root in the army, and, more particularly, in the artillery. The plan was for a few men, chosen from different provinces, to form the insurrectionary government—a provisional power, which was to have expired with the insurrection, that is, as soon as Austria no longer possessed an inch of ground in Italy. On that day a national congress was to assemble at Rome, and supersede all the authorities which had sprung out of the necessities of the moment. Attempts from without were to be combined with this internal movement. The system of *guerilla warfare* was adopted, because, in Mazzini's opinion, this harmonized best with the inspirations of patriotism, because it hallowed, by some brave deed, every corner of the soil, because it did not crush under the weight of military discipline the spontaneous feats of patriotic valour, and because, in short, as Napoleon had said, it was not by parade movements that Thermopylæ was defended.

Unfortunately, one false idea prevailed throughout these plans. The feeling of patriotism had been weakened in Italy, even among the truest lovers of their country, by the custom the Italians had acquired since 1830, of looking to France, and resting their hopes in her alone. Mazzini and his associates wished to counteract this tendency, but they set about it too ardently. Victims of an honourable delusion, they imagined that a summons to independence would be sufficient to make battalions of citizens start out of the very earth, forgetting that the denizens of their beautiful clime wanted the energy which the extreme of destitution imparts. They fancied that Italy, enervated by a long slavery which its physical and material advantages prevented from galling, would, nevertheless, start up to commence a revolution for herself, instead of waiting to be impelled by France, and would lead the world in the march of democracy. This was a great and a fatal mistake. The leaders of the conspiracy were stopped at each step by the inexperience, mistrust, want of energy, and doubt, which were the bitter fruits of four centuries of the spy system and of servitude. The Sardinian government was aware that plots were hatching, and was on the watch, when a trifling circumstance put it on the track of the conspirators. Two subalterns of artillery, one of whom had begun to sound the other on the subject of joining the conspiracy, fell out on a love affair, and drew on each other. They were arrested, and some words of vengeance uttered at the moment excited suspicion. Government ordered a strict search to be made throughout the baggage of the artillery; some fragments of pamphlets and a list of names are found, and arrests follow.

Terror is at its height in Genoa, Turin, and Chambery. All means are put in action to obtain confessions; friends, by deceitful promises, are tempted to betray friends; the fears of sisters, wives, and mothers are turned to account to procure information; and the dungeons themselves swarm with spies. A serjeant of the sappers, named Miglio, one of the arrested, was put into the same cell with a stranger, who made him believe that he was a fellow-conspirator, and giving him to understand that he had still means of communication with his friends, the hapless man fell into the snare, and entrusted the wretch with a letter for his family, which he had managed to write with his own blood for ink. This letter was produced on his trial, and condemned Miglio to death. The frightful power of moral tortures had been tried upon a gentle and noble-minded young man, M. Jacopo Ruffini. He opposed to them silent contempt, and calm indignation; and, during the night, he severed the tie which bound his generous and wounded soul to its earthly covering by means of a nail, which he forced out of his prison door. In a short time the prisons were filled, and numerous victims delivered over to the executioner.

The blow fell rudely on *Young Italy;* which, however, was neither subdued nor broken up. In the course of 1833, Mazzini repaired to Geneva, where he organized an expedition, which, traversing Savoy, was to invade Italy; but the ill success of the previous attempts made against him. There was associated with him General Ramorino, of a Savoyard family, who, since the Polish insurrection, had been the hero of the Italian youth. Mazzini had his doubts; he distrusted those rapidly made reputations, and remembered that *Young Italy* was vowed to the worship of principles, and not of names. But the general was forced upon him by the committees of the interior, and by those who supplied the funds, who were almost all Italian refugees. He feared, too, the being accused of jealousy, if he declined receiving him; so he summoned him to Geneva, after having had his character studied by two agents whom he had kept near him. In their first interviews it was agreed that Italy should be invaded by two columns, one setting out from Geneva, the other from Lyons. General Ramorino took the care of the last upon himself, under the idea that he had considerable means of influence in that city; and a sum of 40,000 francs was put at his disposal. Accordingly he left for Lyons, taking with him a young Modenese, whom Mazzini had recommended to him as a secretary, but, in reality, to keep a watch on his proceedings.

Mazzini set on foot the conspiracy in Savoy with wonderful activity. He entered into communication with Poles, Germans, with the Swiss carbineers, purchased arms, studied the plan of the approaching campaign, and, in enthusiastic letters, urged the democrats of Paris to try a diversion. He went further. To decide them to the step, he exhibited Italy to them as aroused and already victorious, exaggerated the chances of success in order to increase them, and imagined triumph in order to obtain it. What we ardently desire, we easily believe; and the chiefs of the republican party at Paris were preparing to second vigorously

the expedition of Savoy, when it was condemned as rash, and as contaminated with aristocratic alloy by Buonarotti, the patriarch of the new Carbonarism.

We must here be allowed a brief digression, in order to describe one of the least known, but most remarkable characters of our time.

Buonarotti was born at Pisa, and was descended from Michel Angelo. The gravity of his deportment, the authority of his speech, always unctuous though severe, the furrows imprinted by deep meditation and long experience on his noble countenance, his ample brow, thoughtful look, and haughty curve of lip, on which prudence, however, had set her seal—all conspired to liken him to the sages of ancient Greece. He had their virtue, wisdom, and goodness; and his very authority was tempered by infinite sweetness. Endowed, like all men of pure conscience, with admirable serenity of mind, he had seen death approach him without emotion, and had been raised above the agonies of want by the energy of his soul. Only, his sufferings had left the traces of that august melancholy with which the spectacle of humanity inspires the true philosopher. His opinions might truly be said to be of heavenly origin, since they aimed at reviving among mankind the brotherhood taught by the Gospel: but they were with difficulty comprehended in an age brutalized by excess of corruption—for there are truths which, although most simple, yet are of so sublime a character, that the intellect alone will not take them in; they must be acknowledged by the heart, without whose qualities the most gifted minds possess but seeming strength and false lights. Buonarotti loved the people, but with a profound love; not that intemperate love arising out of the tumultuous feelings of youth, which subsequently becoming embittered by the experience of riper years, ends by turning into gall, often degenerates into ambition, and is then lost in the violence of the unprincipled demagogue. Buonarotti loved the people, and had never ceased to conspire for them; yet with the distrust of an experienced observer, and the calmness of a philosopher, studying men before resigning himself to them, armed with a clear-sightedness akin to suspicion, circumspect in the choice of his allies, and reckoning far less on their number than on the sincerity of their devotion. A witness of our first revolution, to which he had nearly fallen a martyr, and the bed-fellow of Bonaparte in his youthful days, he had divined the new Cæsar, and was not ignorant of the gradual steps which lead from liberty to despotism, and from the agitations of the forum to the discipline of the camp. He also knew how often the best causes are more injured by their partisans than by their enemies. That so constituted, Buonarotti should have declined becoming in France, where he had taken up his abode, the chief of a noisy party, and should have moved, almost unnoticed, on the political scene, is easily conceivable; and yet his action upon it was far from being without power. Poor, and supporting himself by teaching music, nevertheless, in the depth of his obscurity, he held power over generous minds, moved many secret springs, maintained constant relations with the democrats abroad, and, seconded by Voyer d'Argenson and Charles Teste, held,

in the sphere in which his ascendency was exercised, the reins of propagandism, so as to accelerate or restrain its movements. He withheld his approbation from the revolutionary campaign preparing at Geneva, for two reasons; knowing Italy, and informed of the real state of things there by his correspondents, he perceived that the expedition of Savoy could end in nothing; and, on the other hand, he mistrusted some of the individuals engaged in it. The truth is, that all Mazzini's companions were not influenced by the same sacred belief and the same love of humanity as himself. Now Buonarotti thought that the truth ought to have defenders worthy of her, and that they alone are worthy to serve the people who can honour them by their virtue.

However, Ramorino had left Lyons and repaired to Paris, informing Mazzini that he met with unexpected obstacles, and asking for a month to make preparations. Afterwards he asked a second, and then a third month. Mazzini grew impatient at these delays, for the secret was getting wind, police agents flocked to Geneva, some refugees, who only subsisted on the frugal hospitality of the Swiss patriots, threatened to set out; offers came from the French embassy to the Poles who had left Besançon of assistance and their travelling expenses, if they would return to France; suspicion kept watch on the threshold of the conspiracy, which fatigue and discouragement had already crossed—in short, it was time to act. General Ramorino, importuned by Mazzini's emissaries, at last declares that nothing is prepared at Lyons, and that he is beset with insurmountable difficulties; and he returns 10,000 francs out of the 40,000 francs which had been entrusted to him. It was already January, 1834, and the movement, which ought to have been general in the October of the preceding year, was not yet begun.

Uneasy, and a prey to the most painful doubts, Mazzini resolved to bring matters to a crisis. He fixed the day of action, and apprised Ramorino of it. The general was expected on the 20th of January, but did not arrive till the evening of the 31st, accompanied by two general officers, an aide-de-camp, and a medical man. The interview between him and Mazzini was sad and troubled by gloomy presentiments. Mazzini proposed for the basis of operations the taking of St. Julien, where were assembled agents from the different provinces of Savoy, and where the signal was to be given for the insurrection, which, once begun, he thought he could easily defeat Ramorino's disaffection, supposing that his suspicions were well founded. Whether or not he divined this, the general agreed to the plan. The expedition was to consist of two columns. The insurgents who composed the first were to proceed from Geneva and rendezvous on the frontier at Carouge; those of the second, setting out from Nyon, where they had a depôt of arms, were to cross the lake and join their companions on the road to St. Julien. General Ramorino gave the command of this column to a Pole, named Grabski, a brave soldier, but inexperienced in expeditions of the kind.

The government of Geneva could not remain ignorant of the attempt, and had taken steps to frustrate it. The militia was under arms; drums beat in every quarter; gendarmes were posted at the gates of

the *Hôtel de la Navigation*; and the ferry-boats were seized. But the insurgents were protected by the sympathies of the inhabitants, and even by those of the militia, whose officers shed tears whilst arresting them, and, yielding to the entreaties of the townsmen, set them at liberty. The authorities were thus rendered powerless, and the first column began its march under happy auspices.

The fate of the second was different. Two barks had left Nyon, one freighted with men, the other with arms; but a government boat cut between them, and the arms were seized and the men arrested, and led back to the Genevese territory.

On this, General Ramorino, whether thinking the original plan defective, or conceiving the co-operation of the column of Nyon indispensable to its execution, suddenly changed the route of the little troop under his command. Instead of advancing on St. Julien, he proceeded along the shore of the lake. The column marched for a long time towards an unknown destination; the cold was excessive; not a soldier appeared; and composed, with the exception of the Poles, of young men ready for a sudden dash, but unaccustomed to toilsome marches, its progress was slow and painful. Every face wore the impress of gloomy anticipations, and each whispered distrusting doubts to his neighbour. No enthusiastic shout greeted the column in the small towns through which it passed, but only wondering looks. Mazzini, exhausted by his previous labours, had fallen into a state of extreme weakness, and, with the grief of seeing success slipping from him added to his ills, he was attacked by a burning fever. He marched with pain, weighed down by the fatigue of many sleepless nights. He had repeatedly asked Ramorino which road they were going, why they did not march upon St. Julien, why not upon Bonneville; and, whether right or wrong in his suspicions, Ramorino's answers alarmed him as they appeared evasive. He went up to him for the last time when bivouacking at Carra, and found him lying, wrapped in his cloak, near the fire. Mazzini told him in the delirium of his fever that they must march wherever they could soonest bring on an engagement, and that if they could not hope for victory it was at least necessary to prove to Italy that the patriots remained faithful to their engagements and knew how to die. Ramorino answered that to run to meet danger uselessly would be worse than imprudent, and that it would be madness to spend the lives of the flower of the Italian youth without serving the common cause. Mazzini was gazing at him with haggard look, and labouring heart, when firing was suddenly heard. Mazzini runs to a pile of arms, and seizes a carbine—thanking God for sending the enemy. But he was delirious, his companions seemed to him to wear a spectral hue; he tottered, fell senseless, and when he came to himself, found that he was in Switzerland, whither he had been carried back on a cart. The firing had only been a false alarm; but Ramorino had lost all hope of success, and plainly told his companions that the expedition was a failure, and that their only chance was to regain the frontier. Accordingly, the troop broke up.

This deplorable failure was followed by equally deplorable recriminations, as always happens in such cases. Ramorino was accused of treachery, but the charge was not proved, since the facts brought against him were susceptible of another interpretation than was put upon them by suspicion, exasperated by misfortune. On the other hand, Ramorino declared himself betrayed, without furnishing the shadow of a proof, and against all probability.

Men are fallible, but sound ideas are immortal. This was well understood by Mazzini and his companions, and they bore up against all pusillanimous despair; though they could not help regretting having cast a momentary shade over the cause they upheld. For the pride of their enemies rose with their failure. Austria, Russia, and Prussia joined with Sardinia in a common denunciation of the friends of the independence of Italy; and Switzerland, the land of freedom, the last asylum offered to the woes of the exile, Switzerland was forced after a glorious resistance, to put a restraint for the future upon its generous hospitality. It need hardly be added that the French government redoubled its daring, convinced that the democratic party would be long ere it found serious and available support abroad.

A lamentable catastrophe was soon evidently preparing. The *Journal des Débats*, the court organ, urged on the ministry in impassioned articles to the most sinister designs, and sought to excite in the bourgeoisie all the passions of civil war. According to it, the salvation of society from the destruction with which it was menaced, depended on the annihilation of the popular press, the proscription of the republic, the declaring null even the right to form associations, and the shielding the royal person for ever with an impenetrable buckler. This was pushing opposition to violence and despair, and opening to the country a career of blood. But those in power could not restrain their impatience. Vexed at encountering the republican party at every step, uninterruptedly pursued by its eternal shout of challenge, and, as often happens, pushed by excess of fear to the extreme of audacity, they longed to ascertain what extent of danger they had to expect from the depths of that state of society which they were as incapable of lulling as of guiding. The republicans, on their side, perceived the imminency of the attack, and only sought to secure the honour of striking the first blow. The struggle then began. A prosecution was instituted against the *National*, a republican print, on the most barefaced pretences, with the design of ruining it by depriving it of its name. The *Populaire* was attacked in the person of its chief editor, M. Cabet, who, although a member of the Chamber, saw himself dragged before a jury, in virtue of an authority easily obtained from the hostile passions of the majority of the house. Parliament was turned into an arena, and, instead of debates, resounded with interchange of threats.

During the sitting of the 16th of January, M. Larabit complained of the military dictatorship of Marshal Soult, who, in a communication addressed to the officers of artillery in garrison at Strasburg, had taken upon himself to forbid their entering protests, even in legal form. Mur-

murs arose, and General Bugeaud exclaimed—"Obedience is the first thing necessary"—on which M. Dulong warmly observed, "What, if ordered to become a gaoler!" The general walked up to M. Dulong, and, whilst the house was sitting, obtained an explanation with which he seemed satisfied, for it screened the dignity of the offender and the honour of the offended. However, the resentment of individuals is more easily appeased than the passions of party. Amongst M. Bugeaud's friends, there were several who most unwarrantably took upon themselves to resent the insult he had received more warmly than himself; and, in particular, General Rumigny, the king's aide-de-camp, made himself remarkable by his noisy indignation, his animated gestures, and his uneasy walks along the benches of the centre.

In the midst of the hubbub M. Dulong, speaking of the sort of mute and servile obedience required by ministers, had used the word *ignominy*. The *Journal des Débats* took up the word, and, giving it a conspicuous place in its report of the proceedings of the Chamber, made M. Dulong say, "What, if ordered to become a gaoler, to incur ignominy!" What could be the object of this cruel falsification? why did the *Journal des Débats*, alone, of all the papers, exaggerate M. Dulong's words so as to render a duel almost inevitable? So it was, that on seeing this report, General Bugeaud wrote for a further explanation, to which M. Dulong replied by answering, "I am at your service; my friends are General Bachelu and Colonel Desaix." The friends of both parties having met, it was agreed that M. Dulong should address a letter to the *Journal des Débats*, in which he should deny having used the offensive words falsely attributed to him, a course of proceeding which sacrificed neither honour nor truth. The letter was forwarded for publication on the day following, the 28th; but what was the surprise and indignation of M. Dulong, when he read in the ministerial evening papers of the same day, the 27th, the following paragraph: "There appeared in the parliamentary report of yesterday's *Journal des Débats*, some insulting words addressed by M. Dulong to General Bugeaud. It was understood in the Chamber to-day that the general *had asked satisfaction* of M. Dulong, and had *required* a letter from him, which will be published in to-morrow's *Débats*." Thus, the system of provocation begun by one ministerial paper, was continued by another. Thus, the meaning of the words was altered, in the first instance, by an exaggeration; and, in the second, the nature of the explanation to which it had given rise, was misrepresented. What invisible hand was it, that thus prepared a fatal result to the quarrel? How could the *Bulletin Ministeriel du Soir* have any knowledge of a letter confided to the honour and discretion of the *Journal des Débats?* Did the communication proceed directly from the friends of General Bugeaud, or was it only a distant echo of the prating of a few hectoring courtiers? These were the questions everywhere asked; and a strange and terrible suspicion arose in the minds of many.

It only remained for M. Dulong to follow the suggestions of his courage; and he accordingly forbade the insertion of the letter said to have

been *required* of him, and, the first arrangement having dropped, he put the business into the hands of new friends, MM. Georges Lafayette and Cesar Bacot, both belonging to the Chamber.

These gentlemen were at M. Dulong's residence at about eight o'clock in the afternoon of the 28th, together with Armand Carrel, whose noble heart led him to interfere in the quarrel with a view to composing it, when General Bugeaud presented himself, and evinced, both by his words and looks, his desire for an amicable arrangement. Armand Carrel had a long conversation with him, from which he conceived the hope, that all might be settled by M. Dulong's writing a note, which, whilst it satisfied M. Bugeaud as a man and an individual, should preserve M. Dulong's dignity by disavowing, in no particular, the blame with which he had visited the government agent.

At eight o'clock, the same evening, there was a second meeting, at which General Bugeaud's friends, MM. de Rumigny and Laury were present, and it was remarked that the general no longer remained in the same mind. M. de Rumigny declined the interposition of Armand Carrel, on the grounds of his being the representative of the press of the opposite party; and was the first to demand the publication of the letter, although the insolent language of the government evening organ had rendered it clearly impossible. M. Dulong's friends desired to substitute for it such a note as could not be said to have been *required;* but the proposal was met by a pertinacious negative, and a meeting was consequently fixed for the day after. The *Bois de Boulogne* was the place, and pistols the weapons chosen. Dulong was a good citizen, the best of men, and the devotion of his friends to him was such as fine natures ever inspire. All were moved by the danger which he was about to run through an exclamation, dictated by a generous feeling, whilst he, calm and cheerful, reassured his friends. On the 29th, he repaired with his seconds to the *Bois de Boulogne*, in good spirits, for he had cared for those who were nearest his heart, and was quite prepared for the worst extremity.

The meeting took place at ten o'clock. The principals were placed at forty paces from each other, and were to fire as they advanced. They had scarcely taken two or three steps when General Bugeaud fired; and his ball striking the unfortunate Dulong about an inch above his left eye, he fell without uttering a word. In the evening there was a ball at the court; at six, the following morning, the wounded man was a corpse.

Consternation prevails in one half of Paris at the news; and by many, the fatal issue of the duel is felt as a public calamity. Gloomy reports are at first mingled with the regrets which bear witness to the general grief. Soon, a cry is heard, a powerful and accusing cry—the death of the unfortunate Dulong has been planned, the duel rendered unavoidable, the whole has been a piece of court revenge! Each detail given by the opposition papers increases the indignation. M. de Rumigny is accused of being the tool of a bed-chamber plot, and royalty itself is dragged before the tribunal of public opinion.

A particular circumstance gave weight to these attacks. When the seconds of the victim went to General Rumigny to claim the original of the letter which had remained in his hands, he replied verbally, and then in a declaration properly signed and authenticated, that he had it not, that he had promised M. Dulong on the ground to destroy it, and that he had, indeed, burned it in the presence of the king. It was not probable that instead of requiring that the letter, for whose restitution he was about to give such fatal payment, should be given up, M. Dulong would leave the care of destroying it to his adversary's seconds. This was put in the strongest light by Armand Carrel, in an article which bore his signature and the energetic imprint of his talent. What was the meaning of such an accumulation of mysteries; and how came the king's name to be mixed up in a quarrel which blood alone was able to end?

The court was put upon its defence; and one article, composed in the Château by a writer devoted to the royal family, was published in the *Journal des Débats*, in which the charge was vehemently met, and which was applauded by all whose political sentiments found an organ in that paper. What probability was there that the king should have been the secret instigator of the duel; that the honestest man in the kingdom and the most interested in having all on good terms with each other, that a prince hostile to duelling and to the punishment of death, and to all prejudices which jeopardise human life, should have lowered himself to be a vile suborner of intrigue in order to provoke a murder? Did M. Bugeaud, a soldier and a man of violent temper, need any one to teach him to resent an offence? And, when his resentment could be so naturally explained, men could be found to busy themselves in inventing an intrigue as absurd as it was detestable! M. de Rumigny, had interfered; well, what was there surprising in that? Was he not General Bugeaud's friend, his colleague, his companion in arms? M. de Rumigny, who was on duty at the Château on the day of the duel, could not absent himself without the king's leave, and he was blamable for having done so; but was the aide-de-camp's breach of discipline attributable to the monarch? The king had known nothing of the duel until he had to lament its fatal issue; and to suppose the contrary was a monstrous creation of that party spirit which loves to sully every thing with its own venom.

The reply of the opposition prints was that, in the ex-governor of Blaye, it was the uncle of the Duchess of Berri who must have felt insulted; that, consequently, the king was not as disinterested as was wished to be supposed; that eulogies were not reasons, especially coming from a courtly pen; that the king's pretended horror for duelling had not led him, after all, to prevent a duel, all the preparations for which were made under his eyes, although a word of his to his aide-de-camp, or to General Bugeaud, would have been sufficient for the purpose; that, once for all, that it was by facts and not by invectives that charges founded upon such clearly established and connected facts were to be met. They compared all the circumstances of the deplora-

ble business; the exclamation of M. Dulong immediately followed by an explanation with which General Bugeaud seemed satisfied; the exasperation caused by the false report given in the *Journal des Débats;* the arrangement which had been entered into and was immediately afterwards broken by the irritating commentaries of the evening organ of ministers; the amicable feelings evinced by General Bugeaud in the morning changed by evening into reserve and bitterness; the frivolous rejection by M. de Rumigny of the entirely pacific interposition of Armand Carrel; the desertion of his post at the Château by M. de Rumigny to fulfil a task which any other friend of General Bugeaud's could have undertaken as well; the deferring to give up the letter until after the duel, as if it had been kept back to use in case of need against Dulong, should he have been the victor; the subsequent burning of the letter in the king's presence; and the persisting in giving the ball in the evening of the fatal day instead of countermanding it, although under the circumstances nothing could have been in better taste, especially if it had been true, as the *Journal des Débats* stated, that the result of the duel had excited the liveliest grief at court!

We have softened down the features of this dispute, which rose to the highest degrees of violence and passion. Enough has been described to show the excitement which prevailed, and how far party dared to go.

Dulong's relative and dearest friend, Dupont de l'Eure, was absent from Paris when the melancholy catastrophe occurred. The deputies in opposition addressed a collective letter to him, expressing their participation in the grief which awaited him, and which was poignant in the extreme. Finding he could not summon nerve to return to an assembly where death appeared to have made one place vacant for ever, and convinced besides, that France could not soon be stopped on the road down which she was precipitating herself blindfold, he resigned his seat, preferring to lament in solitude his own woes and those of his country.

Dulong's obsequies, like his death, formed a truly political event. His hearse was followed all along the Boulevards by an innumerable multitude. Government, fearing an outbreak, called out all the troops at its disposal, and separated the procession at different points by movements of horse and foot. His friends ranged themselves in profound grief around the resting-place where the good man was to sleep his everlasting sleep, and MM. Salverte, Tardieu, Cabet, Langlois, Armand Carrel, and Dupont (the barrister), delivered, in turns, valedictory addresses. The latter concluded his address with the following beautiful words: "We live in one of those corrupt periods of the world in which the conscientious man, except he choose to give the lie to truth, ought to be ready to back his thoughts with his sword. Dulong understood the sad age in which he lived. His life no more belonged to him than ours to us. His life belonged to truth, and when truth asked it from him, he satisfied the covenant, he gave his life."

Paris was still under the impression of this tragic event, when scenes,

in which ignominy and atrocity marched hand in hand, suddenly filled it with grief and shame.

A law had just been passed which submitted to the formality of a preliminary authority granted by the police, all writings sold, distributed, or cried in the public streets. Why should we hesitate to speak the truth—the criers sent into the squares and streets by the enemies of government were often only the porters of scandal, the heralds of revolt; and, in the libels which they distributed, the falsehood of the attacks was not unfrequently matched by the gross language and coarse banters in which they were conveyed. Now, flattering the people is cowardice, deceiving them is crime. For the government to interfere to put a stop to such disorder, was its duty. But how could it—accustomed to meet defamation by defamation, and lie by lie,—it, which had never hesitated upon attack or upon defence by the very same agents, and by employing the most abject libellers, how and with what face could it abandon the exclusive freedom of the streets to the hirelings of the secret-service money? For this was, in fact, to create a monopoly of calumny. It was exalting above the nefarious power of the magistracy the preventive power of the police, and on the great question of the defence of order, lowering the judge before the spy.

Trouble was anticipated; and it came. The execution of this law was neither more nor less than a sentence of death pronounced on certain popular prints; and their proprietors did not choose them to disappear without giving at the least public testimony of their indignation and their courage. On Sunday, February 23, a general distribution of these prints being to take place in the square of the Exchange, an immense crowd had collected there, perfectly inoffensive, tolerably quiet, but every moment increased by the tide of foot passengers. Of a sudden the gates of the Exchange are opened, and there pour forth, on the square, police agents, habited in the *blouse* of the working man, and armed with clubs, headed by some of the town-guard (*sergents de ville*) in full uniform. These wretches rush with furious shouts upon the crowd, which falls back in astonishment, dealing out their blows at random, adding insult to cruelty, and revenging themselves for the horrors they inspired by the most shocking brutality. There is a general rush to escape; the street *Neuve-Vivienne* is blocked up with fugitives who fill the air with their cries; women are thrown down and trampled under foot; children, falling under the bludgeon, stain the pavement with their blood; peaceable passengers are assailed by fiends who beat them down and stamp upon them; and when a commissary of police interferes to put an end to the shameful scene, so far from acknowledging his authority they threaten him. M. Argout himself was a spectator of the drama. Some troops of horse were sent for, but when the brave fellows saw the wretches with whom they had to act, they blushed for shame, and gently urged on the multitude before them with friendly gestures and sympathising looks.

All Paris was indignant. Among the wounded were many citizens attached to the government! the victims belonged to every class of

society and every shade of opinion; the whole population felt itself humiliated. The *Journal des Débats* had the grace to keep silence on the subject; and M. Salverte, ascending the tribune, summoned the minister to account to the country for this vile and premeditated attack on the people. M. d'Argout, who was deficient neither in firmness nor talent, broke down under the weight of the accusation. He declared that recourse had been had to police agents in disguise, as they were the most capable of distinguishing the innocent from the guilty—and yet the attack had been indiscriminate. He pretended that bodies of the police had been employed in order to avoid the destructive charges of cavalry; yet, M. Gisquet's agents, with their bludgeons, had just displayed a bloodthirstiness which equalled the worst that bayonets could do! His defence was an insult; and, besides, he gave no reply to the charge of having usurped an authority beyond the laws. Unluckily, the enemies of government served its cause by their dishonest exaggerations and false tales, which furnished the majority with an excuse, of which it took advantage, for acquitting the ministers. By proving the falsehood of many of the charges, facts which could not be disputed were thrown into the background; and a bill of indemnity was passed amidst the most odious sneers which had ever affected the dignity of a public assembly. Thus the government was acquitted by the Chamber; but it had been, and it remained, condemned by public opinion.

All this, however, was but the prelude to greater calamities. The law proscribing associations, which had long been looked for by some and dreaded by others, was at last laid before the Chamber. It aggravated the famous 291st article of the penal code—that legacy bequeathed to the Restoration by the despotism of the Empire, and against which the liberals, with MM. de Broglie and Guizot at their head, had so violently protested. The 291st article proscribed every association of more than twenty persons, which had not received the sanction of government; but the new law proposed to extend its provisions to every association divided into sections of fewer than twenty persons. The 291st article was restricted to associations meeting periodically; the new law was unfettered in this respect. The 291st article attached penalties to the heads of illegal associations only: the new law included all the members. Lastly, by a gross violation of the Charter, offences against the 291st article, thus altered, were to be brought, not before a jury, but the police courts (*tribunaux correctionels*).

The famous debate on this law, which was to end in a civil war, was opened on the 11th of March. There was not a heart but was filled with trouble, not a face but what wore the marks of the liveliest anxiety. It was well known that if such a law passed, it could only be met by the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* with open resistance; and, therefore, greater sensation than astonishment was excited in the Chamber when M. Sudre launches from the tribune these bold and terrible words—"The *Société des Droits de l'Homme* will begin no tumults; but were it not resolved to wait until the French people shall declare

their sentiments, the number and courage of its members might perchance impel it at once to arms." Such was the declaration with which the debate opened, and personal attacks were the order of the day. Allusions were made to three individuals sitting on the ministerial bench, of whom one (M. de Broglie) had opened his house, during the Restoration, to the *Société des Amis de la Presse;* another (M. Guizot) had been the prime mover in the *Société aide-toi le ciel t'aidera*, and the third (M. Barthe) had been an associate of the *Carbonari*. The allusion was understood by all present, and M. Pagès (de l'Arriége) overwhelmed ministers, especially M. Guizot, with his sarcasms on that point. The only answer the latter could make was by explaining away the views and intentions of the *Société aide-toi*, when he belonged to it —a pitiable begging of the question unworthy of him, and of which he was, doubtless, conscious, since his humbled pride sought refuge in passion. Pale, with head erect, body trembling with emotion, and extended arm, he hurled at the republican party insults for their defiance. Quick at making up for the weakness of his defence by the haughtiness of his attacks, he was great in his bravado and contempt. "Man vexes himself, God leads him," he exclaimed, quoting Bossuet; and, according to him, the paths of ministers are God's ways in France.

Many speakers took a part in the general discussion before the bill went into committee, and, among its supporters were MM. Keratry, Fulchiron, Viennet, and Hervé; and, amongst those who spoke against it, MM. Portalis, Salverte, Garnier-Pagès, Bignon, de Sade, and Mérilhou. An amendment, moved by M. Bérenger, gave precision to the debate.

M. Bérenger desired the recognition of the principle of the right of association, whilst its exercise should be submitted to legal restraint: and he, therefore, moved that associations might be formed without any preliminary permission, being simply bound to communicate to the authorities their rules and object; that the mayor of the commune should have a right to be present at their meetings, and disperse them if he thought fit; and that government should have the power of dissolving associations esteemed dangerous, but should be accountable to the Chamber for the exercise of the privilege. Thus, this amendment of M. Bérenger's substituted the repressive system for the preventive countenanced by the government bill.

The amendment, ably proposed, was most eloquently seconded by M. Odillon Barrot.—What! were civilization and human reason to be outraged by the abrogation, under form of law, of a right without which society could not exist, and which is the most imperious and inevitable of all necessary rights? What! was not this self-same 291st article the offspring of the imperial dictatorship, and which, under the Restoration, had seemed so crushing, sufficient for the wants of a revolution brought about in the name and for the service of liberty? Government sought to live; but was the destruction of the generative principle of society essential to its existence? Did the necessity for regulating a right imply the necessity for denying it? Were we compelled, like

savages, to cut down the tree in order to gather the fruit? Submit the right of association to the permission of government—why, it was placing in the hands of authority an arbitrary power before which might disappear the charter, its guarantees, the right of election, the liberty of the press—everything; since, when citizens endeavour to come to an understanding with regard to the candidate who best deserves their votes, they clearly associate; when they combine their means or thoughts to start, write, or edit a paper, they clearly associate; were the opposition electors, when combining to return a deputy to the Chamber, to have to appeal to the pleasure of government? Then, no more freedom of election. Were journalists to depend on the sufferance of the authorities? Then, the liberty of the press is gone. The proposed law was insolent beyond all example in the sweeping nature of its propositions, and was, besides, impossible to carry into effect. By the 291st article, as it stood, the offence could at least be defined; the facts of the meeting of more than twenty persons, of its periodical character, and of the bearing of the law on a given number of individuals, furnished so many means for the substantiation of the charge. But what were the means of proofs, with the article altered as proposed? Could the offence be specified under all that variety of forms which it can so easily assume? Could it be punished in the persons of an illimitable number of the guilty? The proposed law, brutal in theory, would be in practice childish and ridiculous.

M. Thiers replied in a shrewd and guarded speech, that every right in civilised society required legislative regulation, that it was a strange pretension that political societies—fomenters of discord and schools of sedition, should be exempted from the necessity for preliminary permission to which anonymous and even benevolent societies were subject; that the strength of government in a country with a population of thirty-two millions of souls, resulted, not from its having some thousands of placeholders and two or three hundred thousand soldiers at its disposal, but from the means it possessed of making its will reach everywhere, of concentrating its power through the agency of a well-constructed hierarchy, and, in short, of being present everywhere at once; that leaving so valuable a power to individuals was unseating authority for their profit, and gifting them with all the might of government; that the danger of this was incalculable; that, introduce but the smallest degree of regularity into revolt, or discipline into anarchy, and the state was ruined; that the law against associations was, consequently, a law securing the public safety; that, as regarded M. Bérenger's amendment, it placed a useless weapon in the hands of government, since as soon as an association was dissolved under one name it might reappear under another, and, dying as the *Société des Droits de l'Homme*, might revive as the *Société des Amis du Peuple*; that, with regard to the probable abuse of the law, the public might be at ease on that head, since government had no wish to meddle with mechanical, literary, scientific, religious, or benevolent societies, and was

only interested in breaking up political societies—the entrenched camps of faction.

This speech, which M. Thiers wound up by a skilful and life-like retrospect of the policy of the Empire and of the Restoration, compared with that pursued since Louis Philippe came to the throne, produced a very deep impression on the Chamber. The amendment was rejected M. Thiers was certainly not in the wrong, when he described the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* as an army, which, shifting war upon the nation, might at any moment change the apparent destiny of France. Without the law against associations, not as understood by the opposition, but as asked by the government, the constitutional monarchy was at an end. This was a certainty; and they who doubted it, like MM. Bignon, Bérenger, and Odilon Barrot, did not know the strength and vigour which an organized democracy would have had. Yes; M. Thiers rightly said, "We must have this arbitrary power, or we are lost." But this very confession was a demolishing condemnation of the system represented by the speaker. What a government must that be, which cannot maintain itself without such destructive resources! What a government must that be which is acknowledged to be at an end, if the most necessary and sacred of all rights be not put at the capricious mercy of seven or eight individuals! The measure of the weakness and illegitimacy of a power is the extent of the resources which it consumes. It is unworthy to exist, if the interests which it arms against itself are so numerous and powerful, that contact with liberty must be mortal to it; and, if it can only exist by absorbing the life-blood of a people, why should it exist at all?

It is obvious that, to have opposed the law to any purpose, the foundations of the system which had rendered this law so monstrously necessary, ought to have been boldly attacked. This the opposition durst not do, and the triumph of ministers was complete. Various amendments were moved by MM. Taillandier, Corcelles, Anglade, Glais-Bizoin, de la Rochefoucald, Dubois (*Loire-Inférieure*), Teulon, Roger, and Charamaule,—all designed to counteract the fatal tendency of the proposed law; but they were rejected in succession by a systematic majority, and associations, whether for the promotion of industry, science, letters, religion, or charity, became no otherwise lawful than as it pleased ministers. This was the decision of 246 votes out of 400. However, civilization was not so far outraged without having had energetic defenders. M. Berryer exclaimed, in one of those transports of feeling which lightened up his countenance and shook his voice—"There is something more disgusting than revolutionary impudence; it is the impudence of apostacies;" and M. Pagès (de l'Arriège) thundered forth the following protest, which must for ever stigmatise this law:—"If any Frenchman, an honest man, desires to found an association for the propagation and support of Christianity, I am his man, despite your ministers and your law. If any Frenchman, an honest man, desires a greater diffusion of the knowledge which paves the way for the morality of the future, and the happiness of humanity, I am his man, despite

your ministers and your law. The slave of all just, the enemy of all unjust laws, I will never hesitate between persecutor and victim. I know no human power which can make me an apostate to God, humanity, and France; and, to obey my conscience, I will disobey your law."

Among the deputies who sided with government, there was one who did not give his vote until he had explained, that he only voted for the law as one of public expediency. This deputy had only recently been returned to the Chamber; but two speeches had caused him to be hailed as one of the masters of eloquence. One half his genius had long been patent. This deputy was M. de Lamartine.

In appearance, M. de Lamartine is the nobleman. His features are finely chiselled, his figure tall and slight, his manner easy, though dignified, and he adds to the style of the perfect gentleman the spontaneous elegance which is composed of exquisite nothings. Only, his addiction to poetry having accustomed him to pomp of diction, he is unskilled in the language of the drawing-room, the light and lively babble of the day. That such a man should be a democrat was astonishing to some, though nothing, however, was more true. And if democracy had not been his first worship, it was because he had only seen her through the dust raised by the battles of half a century; because he had seen her bleeding, tattered, always ready to treat with death, and knowing neither how to set restraints upon herself, nor to perpetuate her triumphs. How was it possible that the poet of the *Meditations*, so calm and gentle, that he was himself almost a breathing lyre, should not have been revolted by such a spectacle? How was it possible that so harmonious a soul should not have been troubled by those numerous hymns chaunted in honour of slaughter? But false appearances only exercise a passing influence on superior men. They easily perceive the march of grand ideas through the disorders which reveal, even whilst obscuring them. Moreover, we do not love the people for their virtues. We must love them, gross and vicious as they are, for the virtues which they have not, but which they certainly would have had, if they had not been deprived of the education which was their due, and stinted in the happiness to which they had a right. M. de Lamartine was a Christian, heart and soul, and to do the people this justice was a sentiment not too lofty for him. And then, like all the truly great and strong-minded, he could comprehend, that they only deserve empire who are borne to it by public acclaim; that the hallowing of any prescriptive right, which delivers the people to the guidance of pastors chosen by chance, is madness; and that to resign the government of human affairs to folly or baseness is a great impiety. Unfortunately, M. Lamartine is impassionable to a degree which sets the suspicious on their guard against him. He was ardently desired as an ally—but was one sure of him, was there not a danger of losing him? The magnanimity with which he would acknowledge an error, and the intrepidity with which he would announce a change of opinion, gave a tone of indecision to his policy—and he was lowered by it to his real exaltation. On the other hand,

he seemed as ill-calculated for the leader of a party as Chateaubriand. Not that he neglected the practical side of things. On the contrary, he would busy himself in such matters with a sort of childish anxiety, as if he dreaded that his fame would otherwise suffer, and that poetry should be exposed, in his person, to the scorn of men of business. But to be leader of a party is to be its slave; and when command becomes a haughty form of obedience, then a total renunciation of self, of one's own ideas, and, at times, a servility of ambition, are required, of which men of genius are incapable. A demagogue, M. de Lamartine could not become. He was never seen to give way in the Chamber to that hostile look, menacing gesture, sudden start, or unexpected burst, which challenge and provoke passion, and act on an assembly like tempestuous winds on the billows of the sea. His action was deliberate; his words, of purple and gold, fell from his lips with slow and measured cadence: his lofty figure preserved a coldly dignified port; and, if we may so express ourselves, the pulsations of his eloquence beat too temperately and uniformly. But there is one glory which is indisputably M. de Lamartine's. At an epoch when many republicans had not got beyond the notion that the substitution of a consul for a king would insure the weal of the people, he, a legitimatist but newly converted, already heralded social reform. The ancients, as all know, honoured poets with the designation of *Vates*, or prophet; and M. de Lamartine was a poet in the noblest acceptation of the word, since there came a time when courageously shaking off the prejudices of half a life, and deserting the cause of power, that is, of force, he riveted the attention of his fellow-men by the noise of his illustrious defection, and pointed to the luminous path which will be run by future generations.

M. de Lamartine had voted for the law against associations, through his fear of seeing political societies wage war on government and heap ruin on ruin. He did not perceive that this very law was about to give the signal for the battle, so much dreaded by him; that from that moment every sword was half drawn from its sheath, and that from one end of France to the other there were preparations for war.

Now, no impending crisis had ever found the executive a prey to greater divisions. War for place was eagerly pursued, until a more terrible war should break out. Beset with intrigues, two members of the cabinet were on the point of succumbing; and the Duke de Broglie, the object of a secret and persevering hate, was himself about to resign.

The claim made on the French government by that of the United States for twenty-five millions of francs was not the cause, but the occasion of the Duke de Broglie's retirement. Was France really indebted in the sum of five-and-twenty millions to the United States? What was the origin of the American claim? How far had the pretensions of America a valid foundation? These were the questions which the Chamber had to examine, but we shall pass over the debates to which they gave rise, reserving an explanation of the subject until it

shall be again brought up in 1835, and merely observing that the claim was at this time unhesitatingly rejected.

In its excessive desire to preserve peace, the ministry had tried their utmost to induce the Chamber to vote in favour of America; and yet the backstairs men of the Château managed to drop black balls into the balloting box.

This was an extraordinary fact; for there can be no doubt that the king attached the utmost importance to the acknowledgment of the claim, and therefore M. de Broglie's friends saw in this result only the triumph of intrigue, and remained convinced that as he was disagreeable to the king, the vote was designed to get rid of him. It is true that the court had to resign itself to a painful defeat, but M. de Broglie's retirement made amends for it. A rejection of the claim did not prevent its being renewed, whilst the minister's retirement might be considered definitive; and, in the eyes of the courtiers, the advantage of this way of reckoning exceeded the inconvenience.

Certain it is that the count did not mistake M. de Broglie's susceptibility; for, as soon as the house broke up, he went straight to the king and offered his resignation.

The king had little feeling for parliamentary scruples, and openly laughed at them; to suffer self-love to interfere with business, seemed to him in the highest degree silly and dangerous. His opinion was, that the making all important questions, cabinet questions, was elevating the power of parliament on the ruins of the royal prerogative. M. de Broglie was far from partaking these sentiments, but he was aware of them, and naturally expected to see the king hesitate before accepting so sudden a resignation. On the contrary, M. de Broglie was suffered to leave as soon as he manifested the wish. The king's efforts to retain him were confined to those mere expressions of politeness prescribed by modern courtesy, and by which M. de Broglie could not be deceived, since Louis Philippe betrayed himself by a particular expression of countenance which he could not hide, and the secret of which his ministers had learned to divine.

It is not the least doubtful that the Duke de Broglie's retirement occasioned the liveliest joy in the Château. As we have intimated, the king had a personal objection to him. He found him stiff, obstinate, coldly dignified, and impenetrable to all minor seductions; and he felt ill at his ease with a minister with whom he hardly dared to be familiar, and who could detect the secret meaning of royal condescension. On the other hand, M. de Broglie had the fault, in courtly eyes, of meddling with matters of business, and this in a department in which the king disliked all control. In short, the retirement of the minister for foreign affairs was but the beginning of a plan long in embryo. A thorough understanding between the Duke de Broglie, M. Guizot, and M. Thiers, would too often have counteracted the king's personal policy, and it was deemed expedient to sow the seeds of distrust between them, and set them against each other by a dark and persevering appeal to feelings of jealousy. Up to this period the plan had made little progress. The

friendship of M. Guizot and the Duke de Broglie had remained free from clouds; and if their intimacy inspired M. Thiers with any uneasiness, he did not yet suppose that it would be to his advantage to break with them. But the Duke's resignation was the signal for a complete change. M. Guizot and M. Thiers were placed face to face, without any bond of union between them, with different characters and aims, rival talents, and equal pretensions. This was a state of things easily to be turned to the account of the king's wish to govern uncontrolled!

A new minister for foreign affairs had to be found in the Duke de Broglie's stead. Marshal Soult retained the presidency because his military reputation carried weight with it, and because his political importance in the council was not sufficient to awaken jealousy. The foreign office was offered to M. de Rigny, who was with difficulty persuaded to accept it. A sailor, he felt himself at his ease as minister of marine, the duties of the office not being beyond him; but could he keep the post to which he was invited? Would not the thread of diplomatic intrigue break in his fingers every moment? and how could he reply to attacks in the Chamber made on every point of European policy. He distrusted his capabilities, and, after long hesitation, only consented to take the post on the understanding that he would receive the benefit of M. de Broglie's experience and advice. The ministry of marine was intended for Admiral Roussin, then on service; but, on his declining it, was given to Admiral Jacobs.

Other changes were in contemplation. M. d'Argout, a well-informed, pains-taking man, and who was passionately fond of all business connected with numerical details, had shed no brilliancy on the office of home secretary, and had even lost in the estimation of his colleagues. M. Thiers, on the contrary, although confined to the less conspicuous department of the ministry of commerce, had made his influence felt in every other. His friends desired a higher position for him, but he clung to his office, disregardful of its secondary and non-political character, aware that he acquired but the more lustre from it, and satisfied with dazzling the Chamber with his displays on the questions which more particularly belonged to his colleagues. Nevertheless, he suffered himself to be persuaded, especially by M. Bertin-de-Vaux, all powerful as editor of the *Journal des Débats*, and who considered it indispensable that M. Thiers should become minister for the interior. Consequently, an intrigue was set on foot in the council itself for the exclusion of M. d'Argout, and M. Barthe entered into it without a suspicion that he was himself the object of a similar malevolent plot; for he was looked upon as worn out, and M. Bertin-de-Vaux was secretly planning to instal in his stead, as minister of justice, M. Persil, a morose, but stout-hearted magistrate, who had been made a marked man by party resentment. We shall not degrade our history by entering upon the shameful details of the intrigues which were to remodel the cabinet. Sufficient to state that one day, while M. Barthe, seated in the Chamber on the ministerial bench, was quietly flattering his senses with the sweets of power, M. Dupin aîné was called out to receive the important communication that the office of minister of justice was at his service. The offer was made

with the hope that he would refuse it, since they durst not give it to M. Persil without having first offered it to him; and he did refuse. On that very day M. Barthe learnt from a friend the intrigues of his colleagues against him; and, in his indignation, he resolved at once to give loose to his wrath, and, the council meeting that evening, out it came. This was the crisis, and MM. d'Argout and Barthe were replaced by MM. Thiers and Persil. To dismiss them without some mark of favour would have been imprudent. M. Barthe received the presidency of the *Cour des Comptes*, from which it was necessary to remove M. Barbé-Marbois, whose austerity in the famous Kesner affair had been offensive; and the Duke de Gaëte had to yield to M. d'Argout the magnificent functions of the Governor of the Bank of France. The ministry of commerce, vacated by M. Thiers, was given to M. Duchatel, one of the most able defenders of the treaty of the twenty-five millions: a clear proof that this onerous treaty was again to be brought up, and that M. de Broglie had not been so eagerly sacrificed to the sovereignty of the Chamber alone.

But whilst these intrigues were going on in the cabinet, the nation was fermenting beneath; and the interests, so directly threatened by the law of associations, were at every quarter preparing for a vigorous effort. Meetings were held at Paris, sometimes at General Lafayette's, sometimes at the house of one of his most intimate friends. The question of the line of conduct they should pursue was there discussed. But what was to be done, if by trampling the most inviolable principles under foot, liberty was to be violently assailed by power? should force be met by force? How can we hesitate? said some. Government begins the attack, and will go on to the end; and will dare all against us if we dare nothing against it. If we give way we are lost. The majority, with Garnier-Pagès at their head, objected the vastness of the enterprise, the insufficiency of the preparations, the difficulty of managing the daring spirits which would embark in the enterprise, the want of organization, the number of troops that would be opposed to them, and the absolute impossibility of exciting the bulk of the bourgeoisie to insurrection. A singular suggestion was that of a literary man noted among the republicans for the savageness of his disposition and storminess of his character, but, at the same time, for his intellectual endowments and heroic disinterestedness, who proposed that since there is a surprising fascination in suffering for a cause, so that one martyr makes many, the republicans should strike a covenant with death, and shutting themselves up in a house, should defend the principle, attacked in their persons, to their latest breath. It was not, however, the chiefs of the party whom the suggester designed to fill the parts in this drama. "These," he said, "shall reserve themselves for the assault; we will be the fascines to fill up the ditch." The only feeling to which such strange ideas could give rise was that of astonishment. Each asked the other if they were seriously intended, and it was supposed that they were only meant to try the devotion of some whose zeal for the cause was suspected.

The committee of the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* meanwhile redoubled its activity. By a system of correspondence, indefatigably

kept up, it accelerated the work of organization which had been begun in the provinces. By bold manifestoes, it fostered the spirit of the hundred and sixty-three sections into which it had divided the capital. Cartridges were manufactured, muskets purchased, the garrisons of Versailles and Vincennes tampered with, and the leaders of the sections were ordered to acquaint the committee with the resources of the different quarters of Paris, and with the number of men on whom they could rely. But funds failed; the zeal manifested did not rise to the level of the prevailing agitation; and when the means at the disposal of the committee were ascertained, they fell far short of previous expectation.

The *Association pour la Defense de la Liberté de la Presse*, of which General Lafayette was president, and MM. Marchais and Etienne Arago, the secretaries, exerted itself in like manner. It promoted its professed object by cherishing friendly relations between the various republican prints, by forwarding the publication of the works of poor citizens, and by raising throughout France, subscriptions to cover fines. But, pacific as the nature of the association was, it favoured the movement by the personal inclinations of its members, by its branch societies in the provinces, and by its eagerness to circulate news of an exciting character. Unfortunately there existed between it and the *Société des Droits de l'Homme*, a sort of secret rivalry of which, it was to be feared, the enemy would take advantage at some decisive moment.

Affairs in the provinces were neither less menacing nor less complex. In the next chapter we will show the state of Lyons. A central committee, established at Perpignan, and communicating with the committee of the *Association pour la Defense*, &c., at Paris, managed the department of the Eastern Pyrenees, the birth-place of the illustrious François Arago. The republican party was dominant in the Jura, and, under the management of a nephew of General Bachelu's, showed itself all powerful in the town of Arbois. At Dijon, Clermont-Ferand, Châlons-sur-Sâone, St. Etienne, Besançon, and Grenoble, the elements of resistance abounded. At Epinal, where M. Mathieu, the *avocat*, had great influence, *carbonari*, and the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* daily acquired new and important members. At Luneville, a M. Thomas, quarter-master-general of the 9th regiment of cuirassiers, had formed the daring project of drawing over to the republican side the four regiments of cuirassiers stationed in that town since the breaking up of the army of exercise, collected there in 1833. Enterprising, devoted, full of intelligence and courage, M. Thomas had made certain of the assistance of many of his comrades, had entered into communication with the republicans of Nancy, had advised the Paris committee of the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* of his designs, and only waited the signal for action.

Had all these movements been combined and directed by one common and vigorous will, there can be no doubt that the government would have been overthrown. But its leaders, hurried away as they were by the whirlwind of the moment, could neither give the necessary care nor time to its proper organization.

The signal for action ought properly to have been given by the *Société des Droits de l'Homme*. For some time, however, it had been torn by grievous divisions. It had received into its bosom young men burning with fiery passions, and impatient of the yoke of the committee, which they charged with lukewarmness because it suffered prudence to regulate its zeal. The policy of the committee was to hold all ready for battle if it was forced upon them; whilst these youths despised arming on the defensive and were all for attack. The committee conceived that the injuries of which the country complained might be redressed without volunteering a direct and unmeasured assault on the bourgeoisie; whilst these young men scorned all politic management as timorous. These divisions occasioned the formation of a second committee, under the title of *Comité d'Action;* and the consequence was, an ill-will among the *sectionaires*, which was carefully fomented by the police, whose agents penetrated everywhere. After fatal recriminations, the original committee triumphed; but the junction of the two committees was not effected without concessions, of which the smaller but bolder party took advantage.

Moreover, the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* was far from comprising the whole of the republican party. The *Tribune* newspaper, although violent in its doctrines, was independent of the society, to which its editor, M. Armand Marrast, did not belong. It was the same with MM. Armand Carrel at Paris, Anselme Petetin at Lyons, and Martin Maillefer at Marseilles; who all three felt a repugnance to any hazardous attempt, which they did not try to conceal. Naturally averse from all the artifices of the demagogue, and accustomed to the regularity of military discipline, Armand Carrel was troubled at the display of forceful, but irregular passions, always threatening to overshoot the mark; but was too keen-sighted not to detect the elements of power half hidden in the confusion. If he was alarmed by the exaggerated views of some individuals, he yet found in the very vigour of their flights something pleasing to his own courage, and which filled his impassioned soul with emotion. He was often on the point of publicly breaking with them, but at the very moment he was about to attack them in the *National*, his paper, he would hesitate and then dismiss the idea, not choosing to afford the common enemy the triumph of exulting over the disunion of the republicans, and preferring, after all, tumult to selfishness, inconsiderate rage to base insolence, and the very faults of the rebels to the lying wisdom of their oppressors.

To this difference of view as to the degree of energy to be imparted to the movements of the republicans, were added very serious differences of opinion. For instance, M. Godefroi Cavaignac, in the committee of the *Société des Droits de l'Homme*, and M. Armand Marrast, in the *Tribune* newspaper, professed ideas with regard to the principle on which the authority of government should be based, and on centralisation, which were not altogether shared either by M. Armand Carrel, M. Anselme Petetin, or M. Martin Maillefer. Armand Carrel, however, was shaken in his opinion, and finally gave it up with the courageous

good faith which was his characteristic; but MM. Mailleſer and Petetin clung tenaciously to theirs, and were but little moved by the necessity for strengthening and centralising power after having provided for its tutelary character, being much more occupied in devising means for securing the liberty of the individual by solid guarantees, and for keeping Paris in check.

If the republicans had felt themselves less strong, and had not fancied they were on the eve of realising all their hopes, perhaps they would have been less warm in the intellectual struggle by which the party was internally agitated. But the party was so headlong in its resolve to conquer, and was animated by such exuberance of life, that it conceived power was within its grasp, and that it was about to pass from theory to practice, from the direction of passions to that of interests. For we must observe that in the very bosom of the *Société des Droits de l'Homme*, and at the height of its enthusiasm, it had actively carried on the peaceful labour of organizing a plan by which the passions of revolt should be subjected to the rules of science. It had therefore to come to an understanding on the means by which the nation should be aroused, directed, governed, defended; it was necessary to be prepared, at one and the same time, for battle and for meditation, to provide for the wants of the moment, and to ponder on the calls of the morrow—an additional incentive to enthusiasm, but also to division and passion.

In addition to the foregoing we must observe, that although there were many *charbonniers* in the *Société des Droits de l'Homme*, the chiefs of this society and of the *charbonniers* did not move quite in concert. In the aged Buonarotti the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* had a much more severe and imposing judge than Armand Carrel. The supreme director of the mysterious movements of *charbonnerie*, Buonarotti, had no confidence in a conspiracy which openly blazoned its plans, published every morning the name of its leaders, and beat up for recruits in the face of day. As matters stood, he was in the right. A conspiracy against government cannot succeed, even when it affects no secrecy, except its leaders are kept in the background. The fact is that the *Société* had all the inconveniences and none of the advantages of *secret societies*. Excellent for the work of propagandism, it was impossible for it not to be thrown into confusion on the eve of a struggle by the single step of arresting its leaders. Its founders, in separating their course of action from that of the *charbonniers*, had committed a fault which they had dearly to atone for; since the first summons to arms was heard by most of them in the depths of a dungeon.

CHAPTER V.

The progress of our narrative has led us up to the 9th of April, 1834; but to understand the events which make this date a bloody epoch in the annals of Lyons, we must retrace our steps a little.

Lyons had long been in a state of excitement; and all conspired to conjure up there a vaster and more terrible tempest than that dreadful storm of November, the roar of which still echoed through France.

The insurrection of November had taken government by surprise; and therefore it had neglected nothing to efface the shame of its defeat. The garrison was increased beyond all proportion; troops, divided amongst the neighbouring towns, were kept ready to march at the first signal; the national guard was rudely disarmed; fortifications arose around the city, and the cannon which were to restrain or destroy it were placed no more than from 1500 to 2000 mètres from the Hôtel-de-Ville, which is situated in the most central and richest quarter of the city; the war-office purchased, without appearing in the transaction, and repaired, a high wall, that served to isolate the Croix-Rousse, which had been the cradle of the insurrection of November; government managed to fortify various points, even in the interior of the city; in short, Lyons became a battle-field prepared for anticipated and inevitable contest. At the same time, the military authorities appeared to take a pleasure in a display of force as menacing as it was haughty. The Lyonese often found, the first thing in the morning, the squares covered with armed soldiers; and trouble, terror, or rage possessed every soul.

The republican party, on its side, had increased there, was fully organized, carried itself loftily, and assumed possession of the public mind with its customary impetuosity. Along with the *Précurseur*, a republican paper, conducted with much talent by M. Petetin, but upon principles of decentralisation and notions that lacked boldness, another paper, the *Glaneuse*, was established. Its finances were supplied by M. Albert, who placed his fortune and the advantages of his social relations at the disposal of the party.

In the month of April 1833, two suits, commenced simultaneously against the *Glaneuse*, gave occasion to a regular review of the forces of democracy. M. Dupont, an *avocat* of the Paris bar, was invited to Lyons to afford the aid of his eloquence to the incriminated paper. M. Garnier-Pagès, to whom the republican Lyonese had already in the preceding year given a dinner attended by 2000 guests, prepared also to proceed to Lyons. M. Philippon, editor of a very celebrated satirical journal, M. Saint Romme, an *avocat* of celebrity in the department de l'Isère, and M. Trélat, representative of the republicans of Auvergne, came to the rendezvous. Fifteen deputations were sent by the adjoining departments; preparations were actively made for a banquet, for which 2000 subscribers were reckoned upon; 6000 presented themselves; the banquet was fixed for the 5th of May, 1833, and no pains were spared to give this manifestation an imposing character.

The executive took alarm; the men who under the Restoration had decreed a decidedly revolutionary ovation to Lafayette in the name of persecuted liberalism; these very men vowed that the proposed banquet should not take place even should civil war resume the work of destruction begun in November. The prohibition was expressed in a decree

which rested upon no written law. The stewards of the dinner declared the decree illegal, and continued to make their preparations: but suddenly, an agitation of a mysterious character broke out; unknown and sinister faces appeared in the thoroughfares; stupid shouts were raised, and the town was inundated with false circulars, some calumniating the weakness of the dinner committee, others calumniating its audacity. Had the police excited this movement? The committee was convinced of this, and being fully determined not to overstep the law, it adjourned the dinner to the 12th of May, after having had an opinion drawn up by four *avocats* of the Lyonese bar, in which the illegality of the prefect's decree was demonstrated. The committee wished to signify this to the *prefect* through a *huissier*, but not one ministerial officer would venture to take the business upon him. An appeal was laid before the *procureur du roi*, M. de Chégaray; he replied that any *huissier* who should sign the notice should be dismissed. All legal means were now exhausted. The police gave notice to the proprietor of the garden where the banquet was to be held, that his property would be occupied by the military. Thousands of soldiers were to be brought together; nothing therefore remained to the committee but a call to arms; they shrank from the effusion of blood, but by the demeanour of the republicans, by the energy of their proceedings, by their untamed pride, by the magnitude of the measures which it had been necessary to employ against them, one might already judge of their commanding influence.

Some days afterwards the editor of the *Glaneuse* was summoned before the jury. Lyons still remembers the harangues of M. Dupont. All that is loftiest in argument, all that is most cogent in logic, the most caustic irony, the most impassioned eloquence of the heart; all this M. Dupont displayed in this celebrated cause, but that which lay at the root of the matter was war, always war. The *Glaneuse* was acquitted upon the first trial; there was a verdict against it on the second. The penalty was terrific; fifteen months' imprisonment and 5000 francs' fine, and as if such a sentence were not enough, it was aggravated by the enforcement of the prison discipline, fitted only for the lowest criminals. The writer was seized by gensdarmes, and was transported from brigade to brigade to Clairvaux, along with eighteen hundred robbers; and the men who proceeded to the accomplishment of such acts of vengeance were the same who had cried out anathema against the Restoration for its conduct with respect to MM. Magalon and Fontan!

Thus were the causes of irritation and revolt accumulating, but disunion had crept in among the Lyonese democrats. *Charbonnerie* in Lyons wanted a solid organization; several *charbonniers*, with a singular ignorance of what constitutes the force of secret societies, complained of the mystery with which the members of the *haute-vente nationale* remained shrouded; and they made no secret of their aversion blindly to obey orders, the origin of which was as carefully concealed from them. Two Lyonese, MM. Martin and Bertholon, having been elected presidents of *ventes*, required of the *dicastère* that they should

be initiated into the secret of the constitution of the *vente nationale*. A half promise was made them, but either there was no intention or no ability to fulfil it: unpleasant bickerings ensued; the dissenters named commissioners; a new system of rules was prepared, and the reconstitution of the society was imminent.

All this took place in the month of July, 1833. M. Cavaignac, whose opinion it was that the executive ought to be resisted in the open day, in the face of the sun, arrived unexpectedly in Lyons. He immediately had interviews with the most influential democrats, and inquired into the state of public opinion, and a meeting was held in his presence, in the office of the *Précurseur*, which was presided over by M. Jules Séguin. After a close investigation into the resources of the party, it was admitted that there was no opportunity just then for an open display of force; that the party should confine itself to the energetic propagation of its opinions; that even supposing an insurrection should be begun in Paris, Lyons could not take part in it unless with the voluntary and spontaneous adhesion of the working men; that it was important consequently to strike root among the people; and that meanwhile in anticipation of the crisis it was expedient to create a power representing all the living forces of the city, and destined to centralize the action of the party, whether it should have to sustain an open conflict, or whether it should be necessary for it to secure the people the advantages of victory. It was, therefore, at one and the same time a committee of resistance and a provisional municipality, which it proposed to institute, but in order to invest the committee with sufficient strength, a mode of election was agreed upon which was calculated as much as possible to conceal from the electors all knowledge of the elected. Every one wrote out his list, and, the meeting having dispersed, the president alone read the result of the votes, which he communicated to those who were elected. Their names became known at a later period; they were MM. Jules Séguin, Lortet, Bertholon, Baune, Charassin, Poujol, Jules Favre, Michel-Ange Périer, Antide Martin, Rivière cadet.

M. Cavaignac chose for correspondents MM. Bertholon and Martin, gave them the names of all the provincial members with whom active relations were to be publicly kept up, and returned to Paris.

The hour seemed approaching when the republicans would rule in Lyons. In vain was their ascendency there resisted with energy; they tended more and more to gain the upper hand by their courage. On the 29th of July, 1833, in the course of a review of the garrison troops, some national guards having loudly protested against the bastiles, and some one in the cortège of Lieutenant-General Aymar having cried out, "There are Austrians here," two republicans, MM. Jules Séguin and Baune, hurried up to Lieutenant-General Aymar, who was surrounded by his staff, demanded an explanation of him, and obtained a public disavowal.

The strength of the party had nevertheless need of guidance. The committee formed subsequently to M. Cavaignac's journey, and which was called the *invisible committee*, did not act, and seemed to have no

intention of doing so. As for that dissenting *charbonnerie*, of which we have already spoken, it had set to work; but certain divisions produced by personal antipathies—supineness—the difficulty of organizing a secret society without limiting its scheme; all this had concurred to render the endeavours made wholly unproductive. Out of the principal remains of *charbonnerie* was formed, under the name of *Société du Progrès*, an association, which was at first semi-public rather than wholly public, and of which M. Lagrange was the soul. The *Société des Droits de l'Homme* came next, and was modelled upon that of Paris. Created in the month of October, 1833, it began on electing a committee of five members, MM. Martin, Bertholon, Baune, Hugon, and Poujol. On the 25th of December, 1833, a general meeting of the sectionaries having taken place, the rules were laid down. Two new leaders, MM. Albert and Sylvain Court, were nominated, and the society was definitively constituted.

From that moment, the influence of the republican party extended with extraordinary rapidity. At the conclusion of the year 1833, the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* embraced the whole city of Lyons; radiating over the adjoining departments, it had created corresponding centres wherever it had exerted its formidable and irresistible propaganda, that is to say, in the most important towns of l'Isère, Drôme, Ardèche, Loire, Jura, and Saône-et-Loire. There its domination was so absolute, and the voice of its representatives so respectfully obeyed, that at Romans, for instance, M. Baune extended his protection to the prefect of Drôme, who had come with gensdarmes to arrest him, and saved that functionary from the fury of the people. It would be hard to conceive an idea of the intensely impassioned spirit which prevailed in Lyons at this period. Upon certain days strange clamours rose in the air, and then a threatening and haggard population were seen flocking together to the open places; a sort of human tide that seemed ready to engulf everything. The soldiers were worn out with extreme toil and watching; the cavalry were always in readiness to mount. Sometimes it was ballad-singers whose voices they had to silence; because such sounds appeared fearful in those days of universal perturbation. Sometimes it was, as in Paris, the public criers, whose arrest was to be attempted in the midst of a raging crowd. The authorities engaged in a vehement struggle against the criers in the month of January, and were defeated. Exasperation was at its height between the prefect and the mayor of Lyons, MM. Gasparin and Prunelle. An order, issued by the latter, frustrated the despotic measures recommended by the former. Protected by the municipal authorities, and by the law, the public criers were enabled freely to distribute all the writings which had not yet been judicially condemned to seizure, and the city was deluged with political publications.

Such was the state of things at Lyons and in the adjoining regions in the beginning of the year 1834. Mutualism then entered the arena, and added to the complications of the times.

Mutualism was the association of the master silk-weavers; it was

purely an industrial affair, and its origin went back to 1828. Its statutes excluded, in the most formal manner, all discussion of religious and political matters. Founded, in the first instance, with a view to mutual assistance between the working men, mutualism was divided into lodges of less than twenty persons each. Eleven lodges, naming each of them two delegates, thus formed a central lodge, and the guidance of the whole body belonged to the council of the presidents of the central lodges. The power of the *présidents des centrales* had continued till the end of 1833, when it was broken up. The association wished to extend its action; it wished to employ the strength it derived from the union of its members towards hindering the decrease of wages; it wished to oppose a counterpoise to the hypocritical tyranny in the struggle between the poor man and the rich, which is impudently called freedom of business. But for the accomplishment of these new views, a new power was requisite. The *présidents des centrales* were deposed, and their authority passed into the hands of the executive council, which was itself but the instrument of the association democratically constituted, and deciding everything by election.

Meanwhile the condition of the working man was becoming worse. By a melancholy and too frequent effect of competition, orders had diminished. The activity of the Lyonese manufacturers was found to have notably decreased during the first months of the year 1834. A sad contrast! Never had the gaiety of the rich been more obtrusively displayed. Balls followed balls with a rapidity in which there was something like an ostentatious defiance. Lyons resounded with the noise of festivities; the poor man trembled with indignation, and anger stole into his heart and sat there beside despair. The crisis was, therefore, become imminent; it was hurried on by a reduction of twenty-five centimes per ell in the price of plushes. This reduction was not in itself very considerable, but it bore upon wages, already insufficient; and as it opened a way to more disastrous encroachments, it was but a first application of the law of the stronger. The plush-weavers called in the aid of their brethren of the other classes, and then the mutualists' society, in pursuance of their leading principle, took into consideration a general stoppage of the looms.

Considered in its physical results the measure was a disastrous one; regarded as to its moral principle there was something in it singularly exalted. What could be more affecting than to see 50,000 working men all at once suspending the labours by which they live, and resigning themselves to the hardest privations to protect from every unjust encroachment 1200 of their most unfortunate brethren! Accordingly, such a determination, had it been possible for the workmen to have upheld it, would have produced incalculable effects. With regard to the working class it was the theory of association applied on a grand scale, and at the cost of sacrifices which rendered its effect more imposing. With respect to the *bourgeoisie*, it was a terrible but peremptory demonstration of the vices of the industrial *regime*, which, founded upon an antagonism of all interests, lives only by the perpetual

triumph of the strong over the weak, and keeps up a flagrant hostility between those two elements of production, capital and labour.

All this was perfectly understood by the leaders of the majority; 1297 votes out of 2341 were given for the stoppage of the looms; and as a great number of working men did not belong to the association, the latter sent emissaries into various quarters of the city with orders to compel every Lyonese factory to obey the common law. Some workmen wished to resist, they were threatened; this was a culpable violence, and one which gave the colour of injustice to a just cause. The interdiction had been pronounced on the 12th of February; two days afterwards 20,000 looms had ceased to ply in Lyons.

It is impossible to describe the consternation which this news spread through the city. One would have said that the gory phantom of November had suddenly started up before the affrighted imaginations of men. Nothing was to be seen on every hand but anxious or threatening visages. Men gazed at each other with perplexed and inquiring looks, every bosom laboured with that heavy air which announces the approach of a tempest. Every day the *Place des Terreaux* and the vicinity were filled with crowds, the aspect of which was not so much excited as sullen. Every day the streets were filled with emigrants, for terror having seized upon most of the manufacturers, they had suddenly cut short their business, shut up their houses, and were hastening to the country in search of an asylum.

Others remained; and these, far from taking alarm, began to encourage each other to savage vehemence, saying, that the time was come for them at last to put an end to all this; that they had a revenge to take since November; that it was the recollection of their deplorable victory that had encouraged the insolence displayed by the mutualists, and that it was absolutely necessary to give them a severe lesson. Such were verbatim the terms employed by the *Courier de Lyon*, the passionate organ of the manufacturing aristocracy of the city, and these feelings agreed but too well with those of the authorities. The government was not ignorant that the republican party was then engaged in an immense task of self-organization. It beheld the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* extending, increasing in hardihood and discipline, and casting its inevitable net even over the towns of the second and third order. It foresaw that the promulgation of the law against associations would become the signal for a resistance, which showing itself in all points of the kingdom simultaneously in obedience to orders from the capital, would throw the whole realm into confusion, and bring the monarchy to the verge of ruin. Hence its forwardness to anticipate a crisis which had all the character of fatality. Since it was impossible to avoid the battle, it was better to engage in it, whilst the choice still remained to it of circumstances, time, weapons, and ground; since it was necessary either to overthrow the republican party, or to perish beneath its blows, it was better to attack it whilst embarrassed with the details of the unfinished organization, and before it had spread its ar-

rangements throughout all France and terminated its preparations. Lyons was much better suited to the government than Paris as the field of battle; centralisation having conferred upon Paris the exclusive privilege of achieving decisive victories in times of revolution.

Thus the manufacturers and the executive were both alike interested in hurrying on the *dénouement;* the former, in order to fix their own position definitively, and to avenge their humiliated pride; the latter, in order to deprive its enemies of time to make their arrangements, and regulate their order of battle.

But what the executive and the manufacturers were interested in wishing, the mutualists and the republicans had reason to fear.

The mutualists were in general neither sufficiently instructed, nor sufficiently filled with the importance of political forms, to long for a struggle in which they would have had the government for their enemy; only let the question of wages be settled in their favour and they desired nothing more. As for the *Société des Droits de l'Homme*, its members burnt for the fight and they did not conceal the fact; but the most intelligent amongst them dreaded lest they should be forced into the fight too soon, and they wished to wait before taking up arms; first, until the departmental organisation should be completed, and then until the promulgation of the law against associations should render the attack general.

Facts proved that such was the moral situation of the confronted parties. The mutualists made overtures of accommodation; they were repulsed with cold disdain. "Stand firm," was said to the manufacturers, "the working men cannot fail to give way when pressed by hunger; and if they proceed to a revolt, it will be the last, for we have at hand cannons and thousands of bayonets." Repulsed by the masters, the mutualists invoked the mediation of the authorities. M. Gasparin replied that the executive had no title to interfere in the quarrels of the manufacturing world, since all transactions between capitalist and workman ought to remain free. So that they dared to speak of freedom in business transactions at the very moment when the despotism of famine was relied upon as a means of forcing the working man to submission.

Lamentable scenes then took place. Among the workers in silk there were some who, though in a condition to support the suspension of employment, grew tired of a state of things of which they perceived only the present sterility. There were others, who, being too poor to endure idleness, could not bear to see around them their wives languishing and their children deprived of bread. Division sprang up in the mutualist society, some demanding that work should be resumed, others resisting this; broils ensued, and thus the workmen went on exhausting their strength, whilst their masters looked on in triumph. Had the leaders of the republican party in Lyons really wished to descend into the open forum, they would have done so then. The opportunity appeared so favourable! Would not the *Société des Droits de l'Homme*, which numbered in its ranks a considerable number of mutualists, have itself brought about the explosion by insisting upon the continued sus-

pension of business? No, it did precisely the contrary, and this was the occasion of one of the most violent storms within the sections. Perfidiously urged on by police agents disguised as sectionaries, some hot-headed republicans were amazed at the inaction of their leaders at a moment which seemed so propitious. What can they be waiting for? Is it conceivable that they do not take advantage of the distress and despair of the silk weavers to bring them over in a mass to the party and march forward with them? Such language was soon heard in every direction. Its tone was embittered by persons of dubious character; the credulity of some sectionaries, more zealous than enlightened, was abused; and the members of the committee, openly accused of treason, were subjected to the threat of the dagger. But they had invincible grounds for resisting the torrent. To anticipate the movement of Paris, and that of the provinces, in Lyons, would have been to jeopardise everything; arms, besides, were wanting; the amount of the monthly contributions imposed upon the sectionaries not being sufficient even to cover the expenses of the numberless publications issued for several months from the presses of the society. It was indispensable, at least, that the society should be able to count with certainty upon the insurrectional aid of the silk-weavers who formed the bulk of the working population in Lyons, and that aid had till then never been offered or promised.

We have said that a considerable number of mutualists had entered the *Société des Droits de l'Homme*, but they had done so only as individuals, for, as for the mutualist society, considered collectively and in its tendency, it is certain that, at the period in question, it was governed by a narrow corporate spirit; above all, it was bent on preserving its industrial physiognomy, its originality, and all that constituted for it a situation apart amongst the working classes. No doubt there were amongst it men exalted above corporate interests, by the strength of their intellect and the generosity of their feelings; but these men did not constitute the majority, all whose wishes might have been thus summed up—increased wages for the silk-weavers. The thing, alas! was quite natural. Who had taken upon him to instruct that portion of the people, to give it notions of morality, to instil into it the precepts of charity, to teach it the everlasting rudiments of the Gospel? And, on the other hand, how should it have given itself up with entire confidence to a political association in which, along with intelligent and courageous citizens, there were found so many men of restless and impatient ambition, so many grossly ignorant demagogues, so many men of doubtful character and purposes, so many noisy and aimless agitators? The influence of the clergy, moreover, over the class of silk-weavers in Lyons, had always been rather considerable. Now, the following was the spirit in which was exercised this influence, of which women were the inconspicuous but efficient agents. The clergy, beholding in the manufacturers but liberals and sceptics, had felt no inclination to damp the disposition to revolt which animated the workmen against them, but, at the same time, it urged the latter to distrust the republican party, while taking advantage of its sympathies.

Now this was, in fact, precisely the conduct observed towards the *Société des Droits de l'Homme*, by the leaders of mutualism; for whilst they suffered themselves to be charged with republicanism, and availed themselves against the manufacturers, of the popular diatribes in the *Glaneuse*, they spared nothing to deaden the republican propaganda in the lodges, and, in their orders of the day, they ceased not to inculcate upon their friends the observance of the rules forbidding the discussion of political topics.

Add to this, that societies swarmed in the town. There was the *Société du Progrès*, directed by MM. Lagrange and Léon Favre; that of *La Liberté de la Presse;* and again, that of *Les Independens*, and that of the *Hommes Libres*. It is true that these various associations were partly composed of the same men, which somewhat mitigated their discordance; but if they tended to one common goal, they advanced towards it with unequal steps. The committee encountered, likewise, a serious obstacle, in the tendency of the Lyonese towards ideas of decentralisation, ideas which were those of the editor of the *Précurseur*, M. Petetin, and which were shared, at least in a philosophic point of view, by M. Lortet, one of the most respected and worthy members of the party. What, then, was to be done? Which way was the helm to be turned, in such a chaos of uncertainties? Breakers and tempests were on every hand.

And yet it was impossible to pause; the fermentation was becoming every hour more intense; the collision of so many passions was daily scattering a thousand sparks; already the impatient crowd, heated, and urged on by real traitors, panted and chafed for action. The committee did not feel itself sufficiently strong to bear up against such a state of things; the reins were falling from its hand; it resolved to seek direct assistance from the capital, and M. Albert was despatched thither.

His orders were to lay the state of things before the Parisian committee, to consult with it, and to bring back to Lyons M. Godefroi Cavaignac, or M. Guinard, who were exceedingly popular from their energy, and whom the Lyonese committee thought alone capable of influentially restraining, if need were, those who were hurried away by blind and undisciplined zeal, or of giving a sufficiently vigorous impulse to the movement, should it come to that, in order to secure success. M. Albert had been advised not to call either upon Armand Carrel, or Garnier-Pagès; the former, because he was not a member of the *Société des Droits de l'Homme;* the latter, because he appeared too moderate.

It was not without difficulty that the committee succeeded in subduing the effervescence whilst waiting the return of M. Albert. One day M. Martin was informed that several leaders of sections were holding a tumultuous meeting in the Rue Tapin; that the speakers there loudly denounced the wariness of the leaders as treason, and talked of shaking off their authority. M. Martin immediately went in quest of M. Hugon, and they set off together in all haste to the place. There were about forty sectionaries assembled, and their rage was manifested in their

faces. One of them, named Mercet, was particularly remarkable for the warmth of his language. The members of the committee demanded that the persons present should form themselves into a regular meeting. This was done with closed doors, and M. Martin ascended a sort of tribune to address the sectionaries. He represented to them that nothing was ready for a serious engagement; that to provoke a struggle would be to hurry the party upon its destruction; that patience, too, has its courage; that great care ought to be taken not rudely and impatiently to break off the relations already formed between the committee of Lyons and those of the neighbouring towns. He then acquainted them with M. Albert's journey, and read to them several letters received the preceding day, one of which was signed Maximilian. The energy and prudence of this letter were admirable; it recommended caution and moderation as the virtues most necessary to republicans. M. Martin did not choose to make known the author; it was Buonarotti. The same spirit prevailed in the warm letter of adhesion of M. Ménard, formerly *procureur du roi* at Châlon sur Sâone, and in other letters, which all promised an active but prudent co-operation in ordinary circumstances. Language like this hardly accorded with the passions of the assembly. MM. Bertholon and Baune came in, and when the most refractory began to vent their dissatisfaction in threats, M. Baune addressed the meeting. He declared that the committee would not give way, that the refractory leaders of sections should be cashiered, and that they should find if need were that they could be answered according to the manner usual with men of courage when they are affronted. The energy of the committee saved it, and most of the leaders of sections returned to their allegiance. Some, instigated by Mercet, who was afterwards discovered to be a police agent, persisted in their blind schemes and succeeded that evening in exciting to a riot 500 or 600 men, whom they hurried about the town singing the Marseillaise. Fortunately the authorities did not interfere, and the men dispersed.

Meanwhile M. Albert had arrived in Paris. In pursuance of the instructions he had received, he proceeded first of all to the committee of the *Société des Droits de l'Homme*, and made known the object of his journey to the members composing it. But MM. Cavaignac and Guinard were detained at Paris by important duties, and would not separate from each other. M. Albert sought advice of M. Cabet, who had much influence over the people of the faubourgs. The interview took place at night in the office of the *Populaire*. M. Cabet was altogether in favour of a resistance strictly within the pale of the law; he did not hesitate to assert, that to try the fortune of arms would be a glaring, an irreparable folly; and more strikingly to express all the depth of his conviction upon this point, he exclaimed, "We ought rather to fight to prevent fighting." Similar language was held by M. Garnier-Pagès, whom M. Albert went to see at his invitation. But what M. Albert had come to Paris to look for was not merely opinions deprecatory of movement, but a man sufficiently energetic, and sufficiently popular to restrain it. The anxiety of the Lyonese envoy was therefore extreme, and he was

preparing to return home when Armand Carrel sent M. Marchais to request an interview with him. "If no one will accompany you to Lyons," said Carrel, "I am ready to do so."—"You!" replied M. Albert, astonished at this unexpected proposal; "what sort of reception do you expect in our town? Are you aware that it is only by overstepping my instructions that I have been able to hold an interview with you?"—"What if I went to Lyons with Godefroi Cavaignac?" replied Carrel.—"Oh! that indeed—God grant it may be so."

Some slight cloud had passed across the friendship that subsisted between Cavaignac and Carrel, still they were in the habit of seeing each other, and as they were both animated by the loftiest sentiments, they had no difficulty in coming to an understanding. The journey was determined on. It was wished that M. Lafayette should take part in it on account of his name and the recollections he had left among the Lyonese population, but he was then seriously ill: "I feel," he said, "an extreme regret that I cannot personally share in the dangers of so courageous and honourable an enterprise, but I will give these gentlemen letters which will be useful to them, and I will authorize them to present themselves as my lieutenants."

Everything was settled; M. Albert was about to precede his friends, and a post-chaise was already waiting for him, when it was suddenly announced in Paris, that the city of Lyons had become tranquillised, and that the executive council had ordered that work should be resumed. This news rendered the journey, if not useless, at least less urgent. It was given up, and M. Albert contented himself with writing a letter to this effect: "Abstain from offering any provocation. Paris is not like Lyons; it has no need of being curbed, it rather wants the spur. Nevertheless, should the government attack and reduce you to the necessity of defending yourselves, Paris would back you."

The moral situation of the leaders of the republican party is wholly revealed in these letters. If they had no thought of permitting the government to lay rude hands upon the liberties which had been thought to have been for ever secured in 1830, neither had they any intention of drawing the sword unnecessarily, and at the caprice of wild or guilty passions. Nothing proves this more clearly than what passed at Lyons during Albert's journey to Paris. Several Lyonese republicans, of deservedly high repute among their fellow-citizens, had been the first to interfere between the manufacturers and the mutualists. A letter, advising the latter, in noble and impressive terms, to resume their suspended labours, was signed by MM. d'Epouilly, Léon Favre, Lortet, and Michael Ange Perier. MM. Baune and Jules Séguin went also from workshop to workshop, preaching resignation and tranquillity. The executive council of the mutualists was already disposed to this, but, acting merely as a medium of transmission, it had no orders to give. Thanks to the suggestions of the republicans, it assumed a more active part, ordered the workmen to resume their suspended labours, and was obeyed. On the 22d of February, 1834, all the looms of Lyons were plying as usual.

Quiet had thus returned to the city, but the law against associations soon became known there, and the people was violently driven back upon revolt. A fearful clamour arose among all the trades' bodies; the mutualists saw themselves directly menaced, and assembled tumultuously; a protest was published by the *Echo de la Fabrique*. It was signed by 2540 persons, and concluded with these words: "The mutualists declare that they will never bend their necks beneath so brutalising a yoke; they declare that their meetings shall not be suspended. Taking their stand upon the most inviolable right, that of living by the labour of their hands, they will know how to resist, with all the energy that characterizes freemen, every brutal attempt against their immunities; and they will not recoil from any sacrifice for the defence of a right which no human power can wrest from them."

The executive, upon its part, seemed to invoke general war on Lyons. As long as the strike had lasted, no workmen had been arrested; after work was resumed, and at the moment when it was least expected, six mutualists were imprisoned as coalition leaders. Immediately there was a burst of indignation at Croix-Rousse, Saint Juste, and Saint Georges, and the workmen encouraged each other to resistance. "We too," said twenty master weavers, in a letter to the *procureur du roi*,—"we too were members of the executive council; we demand to be partakers in our comrades' fate."

The law against associations was an incumbrance to the trading societies, as well as to those of a political character; the scheme of resistance became universal. Mutualists, tailors, shoemakers, hatmakers, workmen of every kind, and members of the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* all became soldiers in the same cause; all hesitation, all wavering, was at end. The cry of *Vive la Republique!* should be raised, and then to battle. Girard, one of the members of the executive council, took the first step. The various trades' unions delegated several of their members to give a common direction to the common resentments of all, and a *Comité d'ensemble* was formed. The *Société des Droits de l'Homme* could not be represented in that committee without being absorbed by it; and this actually happened, for nothing could depict the fierce enthusiasm with which the trades' unions were animated. They accused their central committee of languor and supineness, and burnt with desire to come to blows. "Beware," said influential mutualists to MM. Baune, Martin, and Albert, "if your sections do not turn out into the street, we will do so without them;" and when a voice cried out, "But we want arms," a thousand voices replied, "The soldiers have them; and the soldiers will refuse, as they did in July and in November, to kill their brethren." Involved in this irresistible whirlwind, the committee of the *Droits de l'Homme* knew not whether it ought to urge or restrain the insurgents. Tortured at once with rage and anxiety, the inexorable rapidity of events overwhelmed it. It had, besides, within it a principle of weakness; there existed between MM. Albert, Martin, and Hugon, a community of ideas and feelings which was entirely shared by M. Baune. As for M. Bartholon, having

sion to make a short journey, his return to Lyons was to be anticipated by the conflict; and M. Poujol was dying. Thus the committee would have looked upon the existing state of things with more dread than hope, but for the confidence it derived from the demeanour of the troops. It is certain that the spirit of revolt had been breathed into them with formidable effect. The committee of the *Droits de l'Homme* kept up correspondences with almost all the regiments, above all, with the artillery corps; and so close were these relations, that M. Baune was enabled to know, from hour to hour, the direction and the intention of the military movements. Such was the state of things and of feelings when the 5th of April arrived, the day on which the arrested mutualists were to be brought to trial. In order to glorify the conduct of their leaders, and perhaps to dismay the judges, a great number of mutualists repaired to the Place Saint Jean, where the criminal court stands. This, however, was as yet but a demonstration, and it was agreed that the people should be sedulously upon their guard against spies and false instigators. But the presence of a witness accused of perjury, and the insolence of an imprudent *gendarme*, sufficed to rouse the multitude. The *procureur du roi* came up; he was insulted and hustled; the *gendarme* was pursued with threats, and some soldiers appearing, "Down with your bayonets!" cried the workmen. The soldiers complied with this call, and some of them went so far as to fraternise with the people in the Place Saint Jean and in the yard of the court.

That same day a mutualist had died, and the next day 8000 working men, following the remains of the unknown defunct, passed slowly through the dismayed town.

From that moment threats gleamed in every glance, and the word "Fight" was upon every lip. Excited by the results of the 5th, and by the display of their force on the 6th, the workmen believed themselves already masters of the town. The trial of the mutualists had been postponed to Wednesday the 9th of April. It is on the 9th that the battle is to be fought, and no one in Lyons has now any doubt of the matter. The committee *d'ensemble* assembles during the night to discuss the momentous question, and resistance is resolved upon. The people will not attack, but it will hold itself in readiness to repulse any attack; the sections shall remain permanently constituted; the watchword adopted is *Association, resistance, and courage.* M. Lagrange, who deemed the struggle premature, is nevertheless appointed to direct it, if needful, and he is given, as well as M. Baune and some others, the command of the insurrection, not so much prepared as foreseen. Thus there was no well-determined plan, no fixed order of battle; but complete uncertainty as to the manner in which the shock should be sustained, as to the occupation of military points, as to the communications between the various posts, and as to the tactics to be observed in the insurrection, should it be provoked. It was reasonable that the members of the committee should make trial of their influence in so critical a moment; they therefore appealed to a new election, and, being unanimously re-elected, they found themselves charged with the capital responsibility of the plot.

Then it was that M. Martin drew up a proclamation, which was to be read the next day; it breathed an angry spirit, and yet was not an appeal to arms. Unfortunately the public effervescence was increasing hourly; alas! how many would gladly pause at the entrance of that obscure path, upon which they were perhaps to stumble over so many corpses. How many felt themselves perplexed and troubled in their inmost hearts!

The executive alone might have extinguished, or, at least have postponed the explosion had it pleased. Everything combines to prove that it had not the wish. In vain the president of the tribunal, M. Pic, demanded that the affair of the mutualists should be transferred to another court, a right which the law provides for certain extreme cases. M. Pic's application was refused. The opportunity had never been more favourable for striking a great blow in Lyons, and crushing republicanism there. Accordingly the executive had made its arrangements for taking advantage thereof. Fifteen battalions, four companies, seven squadrons, ten batteries of artillery, two companies of engineers; that is to say, nearly 10,000 men were the forces with which the executive was backed, without counting the aid to be sent it during the fight from the nearest garrisons. The chief editor of the *Precurseur*, M. Petetin, called upon the prefect, on the 8th of April, to ask what might be the meaning of those boding preparations. M. Petetin had constantly repudiated the idea of an insurrection, however remote: an insurrection was at hand, and his anxiety was immense. M. Gasparin received him politely, and by no means made any secret of the military resources upon which the confidence of the executive reposed. Some hours afterwards, in the evening, MM. Gasparin, Duplan, Chégaray, Lieutenant-general Aymar, and some officers of the staff, met together. General Aymar was of opinion that the Place St. Jean should be occupied by troops, so as to prevent the mob from approaching the court. How much blood might then have been saved had this wise measure been adopted; but M. Chégaray eagerly opposed it, and his opinion prevailed. Now, it is worthy of remark, that throughout the whole course of this and subsequent events, the military authorities constantly showed a disposition to the least violent measures, and was as constantly overruled by the civil authorities, the implacable will of which was personified in MM. Gasparin and Chégaray.

Final orders were issued on the night of the 8th, the various corps were dispersed through the town, and day broke upon a city converted into a camp.

The troops were disposed in such a manner as to intersect the insurgent body from the commencement of the action, and the troops had been ordered to carry their colours with them, in order to justify the shooting of every deserter upon the spot. The lieutenant-general was posted upon the Place de Bellecour, General Fleury at Croix-Rousse, General Buchet at the archbishopric, and Colonel Dietmann at the Hotel de Ville. Each soldier had received three packets of cartridges, and their muskets were loaded. The 7th light infantry (it was a com-

pany of this regiment that figured in the fraternal scenes of the 5th of April) was in full uniform, and stationed near the Place St. Jean. The cathedral adjoining that place was crowded with troops, and bayonets glittered amongst the gothic arches of the sacred edifice. The city, thus guarded, presented a horrible aspect. Agitation prevailed in it; but a mute, indefinable agitation. Upon the same spot succeeded each other, from moment to moment, strange multitudinous movements and solitude.

Three men met, at daybreak, upon the Quai St. Antoine; these were MM. Baune, Albert, and Limage. The first of these, though ill, went to visit the central quarters; the second repaired to the place where the committee was accustomed to hold its sittings; the third was prepared to obey orders. They had but to look around them to be aware that the die was cast. They parted after grasping each other's hands with convulsive emotion. "Doubtless we shall never see each other again," they said. One of them, M. Limage, was dead before the close of the day.

It is about half-past ten. The Place St. Jean, for a moment covered with people, is suddenly deserted. The people fall back into the adjoining streets, where some children attempt to form barricades, while the crowd looks on in silence. In the interior of the court, confronting the arrested mutualists, the judges were upon the bench, labouring to assume a composed demeanour, struggling hard against the thoughts that engrossed their minds, and lending but an absent ear to the pleadings of M. Jules Favre. Suddenly an explosion is heard. Avocats, judges, prisoners, and spectators all turn pale, all spring to their feet. Presently a man, covered with blood, is brought into the yard of the court: "It is an insurgent," say those who accompany him, "who has been shot by a *gendarme* in the act of making a barricade." Every one presses round him, but what is their surprise, when, upon opening his clothes, they perceive the belt of a police agent. The wretch, whose name was Faivre, soon breathed his last. Thus, it was the troops who fired the first shot, and it was the police who furnished the first victim.

The signal had been given; the soldiers of the 7th rush into the Place; the working men, driven back into the adjacent streets, crowd upon each other in their flight. Some endeavour to return to their own quarters; others stop at the corners of the streets to close them with barricades; others, in undetermined fury, run about mute and bewildered. The leader of a section runs into the house where MM. Martin, Albert, Hugon, and Sylvaincourt are assembled, crying out, "We cannot keep our men back any longer; they are frantic and determined to fight." A voice then exclaimed, "Well, then let them turn out." In the state in which things then were, such an order really went for nothing. Far from having given the signal to begin, the committee had been, really, carried away by the movement; but, after all, had the executive wished to prevent the insurrection, and had it believed it could do so by arresting the members of the committee, nothing could have been more easy for it than to do this, for it had been made acquainted,

that morning, with their intended meeting; it knew the place, and the road to it was open. What mysterious motives induced M. Gasparin to forbear? Are we to suppose that he was restrained by the fear of committing an arbitrary act, when a civil war was to be prevented in a city inundated with soldiers?

One order had, besides been given to the military, which did not indicate any very great legal scruples; "Fire upon whoever appears in the streets;" a terrible order which, it is true, was not general, which existed only with regard to certain quarters, but which produced inconceivable scenes of horror and dismay where it was acted upon. Can it be believed? In order that judges and barristers might come out, even in their robes, from the court which they had attended upon the affair of the mutualists, and that they might not be exposed to become the victims of this frightful order, it was necessary that a superior officer should escort them, and that a special order should be given to protect their retreat.

Already, in fact, Lyons was in a state of open civil war. Stationed upon the principal *quais* and *places*, as if impelled by some electric agency, the troops fired in every direction; the cannon boomed upon the Place Louis le Grand; the grape firing had begun, strewing the pavement with men, women, and children.

How was an attack so abrupt, so violent, to be resisted? For the communications had been cut off by the soldiers, and the greater number of the sectionaries and working men found themselves isolated and circumvented in their respective quarters, without being able to concert together or to assemble. As for those insurgents to whom the order to fight had arrived, and who had turned out into the streets, they were for the most part without arms. They had reckoned upon depôts of muskets; a mere illusion! They had hoped that the insurrectional spirit would lay hold upon the army; and all measures had been taken to preserve the soldier from all contact with the citizen. It was from a distance and with cannon shots that the revolt was combated. The insurgents had believed in an organization, and they now perceived around them nothing but horrible disorder. They cast their eyes around in search of leaders, and many of these were absent; thereupon they almost all withdrew discouraged, and with imprecations upon their lips. The most desperate determined to remain and die upon their posts, defeat having anticipated the battle.

And yet, in this immense confusion, it had been contrived hastily to form six centres of action, but without any mutual connexion. One in the quarter of St. Jean, St. Paul, and St. Georges; one in the quarter of the Cordeliers; one in the Rue Neyret, and those adjoining it; one in the Clos Casaty comprised between the Grand Côte and the Côte St. Sebastien; one in the Croix-Rousse and one at La Guillotière. The fusillade continuing, skirmishes had taken place in various directions; some insurgents barricaded the bridge du Change, and four companies sent thither were forced to retreat. In the Rue de St. Pierre le Vieux, the troops were fired upon from the top of a house; it was blown up

with a petard. The Prefecture, menaced by a small body of the insurgents, was rapidly cleared, and the soldiers drove back the insurgents to the entrance of the Rue Mercière and the passage de l'Argue. There the republicans wheel around. Master of the passage, they sustain the assault for some time, but a cannon loaded with grape comes up. It is fired; the windows are smashed, the lustres shattered to dust, the shops reduced to ruins. The passage being thus cleared, the soldiers run into it. A barricade had been erected at the end of the gallery; it is obstinately defended. At last the insurgents are repulsed. They were six in number! During this time, the troops gain the Rue Mercière, and they establish a permanent communication between the Place Bellecour and the Place de Terreaux, after having blown up a house in the Rue de l'Hôpital, where a violent conflagration begins, and is increased by a breeze from the north.

The day was approaching its close; silence had fallen upon the town —a sudden silence, almost more fearful than the tumult. The inhabitants of the quarters exposed to the fire, imprisoned in their houses, remain in torturing ignorance of all that is going on around, and all that awaits them. Night came on; it was but a pause in civil war.

The first few hours of the next day, April 10th, 1834, were tolerably quiet, but the conflict once begun became furious. What a day! The soldiers occupied the main thoroughfares, filled the forts, covered almost all the open places and the bridges, and with their cannon and muskets pointed towards the streets which lead to both rivers, effectually debarred the people from all access to those quays, over which the solitude of death now reigned, and across which every step of the people had been marked, since the preceding evening, by long tracks of blood. Artillery roared in Lyons, as on a field of battle; shells flew in every direction, spreading conflagration at random.

And yet, that same day, the insurrection gained ground. Stealing along the heights, at whose base flows the Saône, it won each point, and soon bursting out at once throughout the whole range, it enveloped the town. The Faubourg de Vaise was already on foot, and here some disciplined men rising, swelled the opening revolt. The Caserne des Bernardines opposed its menacing, impracticable front to the moving fortifications, with which La Croix-Rousse bristled. La Guillotière was overrun, and kept in a state of breathless agitation by bands of insurgents. The tocsin sounded from the belfries of the Cordeliers, and of St. Nizier. The black flag floated from the top of the church of St. Polycarp, and from the Lunatic Hospital. Horrible was the spectacle now displayed. Petards blew up houses, whose windows were thronged with insurgents. The barricades were assailed and overthrown by cannon balls. Bomb-shells showered down upon the Faubourg de la Guillotière; and in every direction, subjected to their ravages, unfortunate wretches were seen seeking to escape along the roofs of their neighbours' houses, from the burning ruins of their own. In the centre of the town, the same scene of desolation was presented. The college took fire, the flames were twice extinguished by the students, and burst

out for the third time, during the fight. Around the Hotel de Ville, soldiers and insurgents were seen pursuing and firing at each other on the slippery roofs of the adjacent houses. Further on, the two toll-houses on the Pont Lafayette, which had fallen into the hands of the insurgents, were being battered down with cannon balls; while on the river, a hay-barge set on fire by a shell, descended the Saône, burning fiercely, and running against the Pont de Chazourne, consumed three of its arches.

The military throughout were as cautious in their movements as they were implacable. They had received orders, which they duly obeyed, to avoid all the narrow winding streets, to advance only step by step, always to keep the length of a street between themselves and the insurgents, and to oppose one barricade to another; either because there was a wish, as some have thought, to protract the struggle, in order to swell the triumph, or because the military leaders had formed an exaggerated idea of the material force of the insurrection.

In the latter hypothesis they made a profound mistake, for the number of republicans in arms was very limited. Dispersed in small groups of ten, twenty, thirty men, over an immense extent of ground, commanded by chiefs of the moment, having no communication, no settled plan, having most of them no arms beyond a sabre, or a pistol or two, they had to derive their force from their daring, and their daring from the very greatness of the danger. In one point alone did the insurrection occupy a favourable position; this was in the centre of the town, on the Place des Cordeliers. There the republicans had got possession of the church, had made it their head-quarters, and surrounding it with barricades, rendered hostile approach on every side an attempt of mortal peril. Nothing could be more striking or strange than the interior aspect of this temple of God, which had thus become the seat of a desperate revolt. In one of the naves, workmen were making powder; while, seated round a large fire, others were casting bullets. One of the side chapels had been converted into a temporary hospital. Here the wounded were carried, their sufferings soothed and cheered by pious priests, their wants attended to by the charitable benevolence of a girl whom love, that strongest of all devoted impulses, had brought amidst these scenes of horror. The person in command here was a young man, tall, dark-eyed, with a countenance full of haughty energy. His name was Lagrange. And never did chief exercise sovereignty more sovereignly. Prompt with expedients against every new danger, he hurried from one barricade to another, animating his companions by voice and gesture, setting and relieving sentinels, despatching succours to all the menaced points, and covering, with a magnanimous protection, the quarter itself in which civil war had assigned him his fatal post. An agent of police, Corteys, had crept in among the insurgents; he was detected and about to be shot, when Lagrange saved him. This interference gave rise to some murmured expressions of suspicion on the part of those around him: as his only answer, he leaped over the barrier, walked tranquilly to and fro before the military stationed at a

short distance from him, underwent a discharge of their musketry, which failed to hit him, and then returned absolved from what some deemed untimely generosity by his undaunted courage. And a similar spirit animated all the chiefs of the insurrection: Carrier and Ganthier at La Croix-Rousse, Réverchons in the Faubourg de Vaise, Despinasse in the Faubourg Guillotière, all by their moderation and their humanity, did honour to the cause, which they were defending at the peril of their lives.

The struggle went on, victory remaining uncertain, disasters multiplying hour after hour. So protracted an interruption of the daily business of life, added fresh misery to the permanent distress of the people; in some of the more retired quarters, citizens were seen going about begging in lamentable tones: "Bread for the poor workmen!" But elsewhere, in the vicinity of the troops, all was solitary, desert; whenever the musketry ceased for a while to roar, the tocsin to peal, the drum to beat, these sounds of destruction were succeeded by the silence of death, a fearful silence! Not a cry escaped from any of the houses, which remained all closed up and mute as the tomb; for sad experience told their inmates, that wherever a window opened there death made its way. All circulation about the streets was forbidden to the citizens, an extreme measure, which rendered every innocent passenger a rebel, which converted every person, who, for whatever cause, crossed the threshold of his door, into a shooting butt for the soldiers. Women, children, old men, were pitilessly massacred at the corner of streets. One young man was prostrated by a bullet on the body of his brother, whom a soldier had just shot, and whom, overwhelmed with grief, he was about to raise from the blood-stained earth. Hence the interior of many houses soon presented a spectacle well nigh as mournful as that of the streets. In some the inmates were in actual want of bread; in others they trembled for the safety of a father or a husband absent, perhaps, ere this, murdered; and there was this aggravation of their misery, that they could not even go forth in search of the lost one; in other houses, people were dying for want of assistance; or were lying dead, and could not be interred.

The terror on all sides was as unbounded, as the ferocity of the soldiers was implacable, particularly in certain quarters. And, as is always the case, those of the military fought against the insurrection with the greatest fury, who had kept up dangerous relations with the insurgents.

Near the Place Sathonay, at the entrance of the Rue St. Marcel, a barricade had been constructed; the soldiers sent against it appeared to hesitate. Colonel Monnier, dashing forward, fell dead, but his men carried the place; and forcing their way into the houses which had been marked out for vengeance, overran them, frantic with blind rage. A citizen of highly honourable character, M. Joseph Rémond, was seated peaceably at his fire-side; he was killed. Close by, the dwelling of M. Baune was invaded in like manner. The evening before, M. Baune, though well nigh exhausted with illness, had crawled out into

the town; excessive suffering, however, had forced him to return, and he had ever since been lying in bed, tortured with a paralytical attack. His wife and youngest child were with him when the soldiers entered the room. As they were running forward to kill him, he with great difficulty half rose from his recumbent position, and, collecting all his strength, exclaimed: "As a republican, it is in the open streets I should be shot. You will not massacre me in the presence of my wife and son!" At the same moment, the officer in command, struck with pity at the sight before him, his eyes moistened with honourable tears, dashed in between the soldiers and their intended victim; but his authority would hardly have availed to stay their mad fury, had not the circumstance of M. Baune being in possession of important information, which the authorities hoped to extract from him, brought a messenger, at the critical moment, to back it, with a distinct order from the local government, that he should be preserved as a prisoner; he was accordingly dragged off to the Hotel de Ville, the soldiers all the way loading him with abuse, which he met with lofty defial or silent contempt.

Blood intoxicates as well as wine; there are no atrocities which the fumes of slaughter will not give rise to, in fierce and uncultivated natures. There were fearful examples of this on the 10th of April. On the bridge of Tilsitt, some grenadiers were seen, dragging along a prisoner, whom they had determined to throw into the Saône. On reaching the middle of the bridge, the victim seized one of his murderers round the body, and clasped him in a desperate embrace. A shot was fired, and the unhappy man fell writhing on the pavement. The soldiers then drew back a few paces, and, aiming at him all at once, terminated his misery. They then raised the corpse, balanced it to and fro, *one*, *two*, *three*, amid Satanic laughter, and sent it over the parapet. Some piles rising from the stream, caught the body, and the grenadiers amused themselves for some time riddling it with bullets, using it as a target!

There were noble exceptions, however, to this appalling ferocity. At several points the wives of insurgents who had been taken prisoners by the soldiers that were bivouacked in the streets, were treated by them, not merely with consideration, but with generous kindness, and had a share of their captor's rations. An insurgent had discharged his pistol at an officer, within a yard from his breast; the ball glanced off against a button; the man immediately uncovered his breast, and, with the utmost coolness, said to the other, "Now it's your turn: fire away!" But, acting under a noble inspiration of generosity, the officer replied, "It's not my way to fire at such close quarters upon a defenceless man. Get you gone!"* The history of civil wars is full of such contrasts.

* We borrow this anecdote from a pamphlet, published by M. Sala, entitled, "Les Ouvriers Lyonnais en 1834," in which the author, a man of considerable talent, has manifested, towards the republicans, though a legitimatist himself, a spirit of fairness and justice, which is worthy of all praise.

M. Sala was arrested on the 12th of April, at Lyons, at the same time with M. de Bourmont, jun.; but they were both soon set at liberty.

Meantime the devastation of Lyons was followed up with terrible vigour; the troops battered the town in every direction, as though each house had been a fortress occupied by a thousand enemies. Now, the insurgents actually under arms were scarcely three hundred in number, and, too well aware of their own weakness, they were utterly astonished at the prolongation of the struggle. The most ardent workmen of the suburbs, had come into town to hear the trial of the mutualists, and had not been able to regain their own districts, so as to give the signal of battle. In La Croix-Rousse, the remoteness of which placed it under peculiar disadvantages, M. Carrier had but a very small body of men under his orders. In the Faubourg of Vaise, M. Reverchon had made energetic attempts to collect the materials for an effective resistance, but failing, he had retired in the hope of raising the country districts. In the Faubourg de la Guillotière, insurrection was giving way to the prayers and tears of the inhabitants. Daring men had gone through the adjacent parishes in search of muskets, but had failed to procure any, even under threats. Insurrections were to have simultaneously burst out at St. Etienne, at Grenoble, at Vienne, but not a word was heard about them. Even the moderation of the insurgents operated against them. If, when they had made their way into houses, which were then quite at their mercy, they had demanded arms, they would have got them; but merely asking for them, unaccompanied by any menaces, they experienced nothing but refusals. The insurrection, besides, floated about purely on the waves of chance; the direction of it having got out of the hands of those who were naturally called to carry it on, and the dispersion of the committee of the *Droits de l'Homme* being complete; for MM. Hugon, Martin, and Sylvaincourt were, at the outset of the affair, at a distance from the various centres of action, and M. Baune was awaiting, in the dungeons of the Hotel de Ville, the decision which his enemies might think proper to form as to his fate. As for M. Albert, separated in like manner from his friends, and too well known in Lyons to show himself there with impunity, he had at first sought shelter with one of his friends, in the very house inhabited by M. Chégaray; but after a while, impelled by a very legitimate anxiety, he ventured out into the town diguised as a priest, and carrying pistols under his borrowed attire.

Thus, on the evening of the 10th of April, a mere breath would have well nigh sufficed to extinguish the insurrection. And yet, remarkable fact! the military authorities, on that very evening, discussed and determined upon the evacuation of the city! The civil authorities, however, perfectly well acquainted, by means of their agents, with the real state of affairs, obtained a revocation of the order already issued, to retreat; and it was arranged that the army should continue encamped amidst the smoking ruins it had made.

For the second time since the commencement of the outbreak, the arrival of night suspended hostilities. The weather was dreary, the snow fell thick. The soldiers sat watching around huge fires, the flame lighting up their anxious faces, pallid with weariness. Here and there

were seen crouching on straw, women and children detained as prisoners, their only crime having been that of passing the threshold of their homes. Lyons was plunged into a silence, unblessed with repose, and interrupted only, at intervals, with a musket shot, fired in the distance. All at once amongst the troops posted in the Quartier St. Jean, there circulated a rumour that they were about to pass over to the other side of the Saône, the leaders having determined it indispensable to concentrate their forces. The Quartier St. Jean was inhabited by several functionaries, and among others, by M. Duplan, a man of great moderation, who in the exercise of rigorous duties, had obtained for himself the esteem of his adversaries; and who, probably on this account, had not been initiated so thoroughly as his subordinate, M. Chégaray, into the mysterious instructions received from Paris. Having an intimation, in the course of the night, that the military were about to abandon the Quartier St. Jean, and that it was high time for him to take measures for his own security, he immediately hastened to the prefecture, less alarmed than surprised. There he found, stretched on a mattrass, with all his clothes on, General Buchet, to whom he expressed his astonishment. What irreparable checks, he asked, had the troops experienced, that it was necessary so soon to concentrate them between the two rivers, and to leave the west bank of the Saône a prey to insurrection? Why encourage the insurgents of St. Just and St. George by this retreating movement? Was there no danger that it would enable the factions to obtain possession of the cathedral, to fortify themselves in it, to convert it into a citadel? And once they were established there, would the authorities, employing artillery to displace them, ruin utterly that magnificent monument of Catholic art? M. Duplan insisted especially upon the necessity of saving the archives of the court of justice. He concluded with demanding to see M. Aymar. But General Buchet said, "I will go and speak to him myself, and convey your representations. Wait here a few minutes." In a very short time the general returned with a revocation of the order.

It has been said,—and it is less to Lieutenant-general Aymar than to M. Gasparin, that the charge applies,—that to aggrandise the importance of its victory, the executive deliberately prolonged the struggle; that, for this purpose, it gave up positions which were not previously menaced; that, resolved to terrify once for all, Lyons and France itself, it took no steps to prevent, as it might easily have done, many perfectly gratuitous calamities; that it was in order to render the republicans odious to the people of property, that it declared war, in such a fierce and indiscriminate spirit, against the houses, throwing conflagration wantonly and needlessly around in every direction; that it enjoined upon the soldiers a caution which was productive of terrible disasters; and gave to the means of defence an extent proportioned to its hatred, rather than to the danger of the case. However improbable, from their very gravity, such accusations may seem, coupled with the almost insufferable difficulty of proving them by official demonstration, still it must be admitted, the facts are by no means of a nature to invalidate

them. It is certain that La Croix-Rousse would have been much sooner tranquillised but for the perfidious instigations of a man named Picot, a villain who went about stirring up men to become his accomplices, that he might afterwards betray them; and the impunity extended to whom was a subject of indignant remark. It is equally certain that in the Bon Pasteur Barracks, which the troops had abandoned without any apparent reason, the insurgents found fifty muskets, which seemed to have been left on purpose for them. Again, in the night of the 10th, Fort St. Irénée, which was not at all menaced by the insurrection, was evacuated, as in the daytime, the Bon Pasteur Barracks had been, and here two pieces of cannon were found so ineffectively spiked that the next day, with the work of a few minutes, the insurgents were able to put them in perfect order, and dragging them to Fourvières, to make use of them in the Place Bellecour, employing bits of iron and powder dried in the sun as their ammunition.

Be this as it may, the struggle was renewed on the 11th, and continued throughout the day, with the same circumstances and in the same spirit. But on the 12th it became manifest beyond a question, that to master thoroughly the city, the troops had only to will it. Then it was that, perforce, a vigorous effort was ordered; and while the Faubourg La Guillotière, which offered no resistance, was quietly taken possession of, that of Vaise, which offered very little more, was furiously attacked, and acts of cruelty were committed which the pen hesitates to retrace. A shot having been fired, in the Rue Projetée, in front of the house of the innkeeper, Chagner, the soldiers rushed into the inn, determined to slay every one they should find there. An old man, seventy-four years of age, named Meunier, was in bed; he was fired upon, and so close, that the coverlid was set in flames; as he still breathed, he was dispatched with a hatchet. Claude Combe, who was watching by the bedside of his dying brother, was dragged into the street, and shot. Jean Claude Passinge, thrown out of the window, was brained on the pavement by the butt-ends of muskets. Prost and Lauvergnat were massacred, after having been tied back to back, in memory, doubtless, of the hideous marriages of another epoch. A perfectly unoffending man, of the name of Dieudonné, was found in his room, with his little son, five years old, in his arms. On seeing the furious soldiers, the poor child cried: "Do not kill papa!" But the father, violently torn from his little boy, was thrust down stairs. Here the officer gave the signal for murder: "Spare the man," said a soldier, "to bring up his child!" but, ere the words had fully left his lips, the unfortunate Dieudonné, lay quivering on the earth, thrust through and through. Let us abridge the lamentable details, that we may reserve sufficient courage for following the blood-ensanguined track, which, commencing at Lyons, in the Faubourg de Vaise, terminates at Paris, in the Rue Transnonain. Sixteen innocent victims, sacrificed in a few minutes—sixteen deliberate and cruel assassinations—such were the first effects of the method adopted for putting down the insurrection.

The only place which now remained in the hands of the insurgents,

was the Quartier des Cordeliers. Two companies, supported by cannon, attacked the barricades there, and carried them after a terrible struggle. The insurgents still occupied the church of the Cordeliers; the doors were battered, and at length gave way. What a spectacle did this temple of God now present! A sergeant, blackened with powder, stood in the front, animating his followers to carnage. A furious discharge of muskets re-echoed beneath that vaulted roof, hitherto accustomed only to the sound of pious melody. It was all in vain that the priests, ministers of a merciful God, implored pity for the conquered; there is no pity in civil wars, such as these. Of the insurgents, some took shelter behind the massive pillars, others in the obscurity of the side chapel; while others stood steadfast, raising to Heaven hymns of liberty, and soothing themselves, as it were, into the arms of death, with these solemn but glorious sounds. One of these, standing erect upon the highest steps of the altar, his arms crossed upon his breast, his face radiant with enthusiasm, his look full of rude energy, exclaimed: "This is the moment in which to die for my country!" The soul of this brave man had already taken its eternal flight, when, pierced with wounds, his body fell prostrate at the foot of the altar of sacrifice. Ere long, gory streams covered the floor of the temple; eleven corpses lay weltering in their blood.

Next day the last traces of insurrection disappeared from the heights, and a proclamation informed the inhabitants that *the town of Lyons was pacificated!*

Thus the Faubourg de Vaise had had its Days of September. Nay, the terror of those days had here been surpassed; for when in the month of September, the order was given to massacre the prisoners, Paris heard the cannon of the invaders of France roaring at its gates; Paris believed it was lost for ever, unless it took steps for hopelessly compromising itself; Paris was mad with despair, and powerful voices had sounded in its ear these words, comprehending every virtue, every excess: "The country is in danger!" But here what—I will not say excuse, for excuse there is none for such atrocities, but what pretext was there for these base and cowardly murders? Was not the insurrection in the Faubourg de Vaise effectually quelled? Had not the danger completely disappeared? Was not the measure of evil full to the brim? Was it possible to make even the most fanatical believe, that to illustrate, to improve the triumph, it was necessary to offer up all this innocent blood? It may be quite true; admit it fully to be so, that no order to shed this innocent blood emanated from the authorities, civil or military; but the question is, why did authority, after it had been urgently appealed to by the public, remain motionless, mute, apparently indifferent? Why, subsequently, did it not deem it one of its most sacred duties to make a searching inquiry into the whole matter? Fortunately, God did not permit such fearful outrages to be sheltered from the judgment of history. Attestations were drawn up with scru-

pulous care; were authenticated with all the legal forms, and constitute an imperishable and damnatory memorial.*

* These attestations are due to the zeal of a private individual. M. Chanier, who had the courage to fulfil, after the frightful events at Lyons, the duty which the public authorities neglected. We subjoin some verbatim copies of these documents.

"This day, 1st May, 1834, we the undersigned, Bonnaventure Galand, dealer in wood, Grande Route de Paris, and Berthelemy Dupernay, shopkeeper, Rue Projetée, No. 8, and Honoré Picotin, wine-dealer, Ancienne Route de Paris, and Jean Chagny, innkeeper, Rue Projetée, No. 9, bear witness to this true fact: Marie Grisot, wife of Louis Sanguier, workman in muslins, living at Vaise, Rue Projetée, No. 14, flying from her own house to take refuge in that of the Sieur Coquet, locksmith, Route du Bourbonnais, where she thought she should be in greater safety, it being not so much in the faubourg, was shot in the street, without having given the least cause, in any way, for being so treated, leaving her husband, a man of irreproachable character, with four children, of whom three are quite young. In testimony whereof we have here signed our names, at Vaise, this 1st of May, 1834.

"Picotin, Dupernay, Chanier, Galland.

"Sworn at the Mairie, this 1st of May, 1834.

"The Mayor,

"Erhard, Mayor's Deputy."

"We, the undersigned, all inhabiting the district of Vaise, bear witness to this truth, that Claude Sève, an old man, seventy years of age, living with his daughter, Marie Sève, washerwoman, Route de Bourbonnais and Rue Projetée, in the house of M. Sourdillon, second floor, was, on the 12th of April, 1834, shot and then pierced with bayonet wounds lying, as he was, in his bed, and then thrown out of the window, by soldiers of the 28th regiment of the line. We add that they tore, broke, and threw out of window, all the linen and goods of the daughter, who was absent at the time. In testimony of which, we have here signed our names, at Vaise, this 28th of April, 1834.

"Cimetier, Simonaud, Benoit Noel, Chanier, Plagne, Antoine Verne.

"Sworn, this 28th of April, 1834, at the Mairie.

"The Mayor,

"Erhard, Deputy."

"Monday, 1st of May, 1834, we the undersigned, Bonnaventure Galand, dealer in wood; Honore Picotin, dealer in wine, both householders, living in Vaise; François Foucret, tin-beater, and Jean Chainier, householder, also living in Vaise, bear witness, that the Sieur Jean Barge, muslin manufacturer, living in Vaise, Route de Villefranche, No. 19, was violently dragged from the house of the Sieur Laffay, No 7, Rue Projetée, where he had taken refuge, in a perfectly peaceable and inoffensive manner, from the danger he saw about him; that the soldiers dragged him away as far as the Nouvelle Route de Bourbonnais, to massacre him, without listening to a word he had to say in explanation, though he gave them the most satisfactory statement of who he was, and showed that they had no cause of complaint against him. The unhappy man, left pierced with wounds in the street, managed to crawl to the house of the Sieur Foucret, tin-beater, living near the place where he had been so cruelly used, and there received every possible assistance, which only served to prolong his agony for about an hour, in the course of which his wife had him carried home, where he was accompanied by Dr. Guichanet, who had been called in to assist him. The deceased left Barthellemye Saunier, his widow, mother of two children, the one aged thirteen, the other fifteen, without any pecuniary resource. In testimony of which we have here signed our names, the day and hour above stated.

"Picotin, Chanier, Galland, Foucret.

"Sworn at the Mairie, &c. as above."

"We the undersigned, all inhabitants of Vaise, bear witness that Mathieux Prost, coverlet maker, living at Vaise, Rue Projettée, Maison Feuillet, was, on the 12th of April, 1834, torn from his house, where he was seated quite peaceable and inoffensive, by some soldiers of the 28th regiment of the line, who would not hear a word of the full and satisfactory explanation he sought to give them, and shot him at the door of his house. In witness whereof, &c.

"Vaise, 28th of April, 1834.

"Chanier, Ant. Verne, Picotin, Vincent.

"Sworn, &c. as above."

With reference to the insurgents, there is one tribute of justice which even the vindictive passions of their enemies cannot refuse to concede

"We, the undersigned, bear witness that the Sieur François Lauvergnat, the younger, silk weaver, living in Vaise, Rue Projetée, was torn from the house of his neighbour, the Sieur Veron, coverlet maker, where he was sitting down quite peaceably and inoffensively, by soldiers of the 15th regiment of the line, to be shot, without being allowed to give the least explanation, though he could have offered a most satisfactory account of himself. In testimony of which, we have signed the present paper, to serve his widow.

"Vaise, Faubourg of Lyons, 29th of April, 1834.

"J. PELAGAND, DAMET, GALLAND, BERTHAUD.

"Sworn, &c., this 30th of April, 1834, as above."

"We the undersigned, attest that the Sieur Etienne Julien, silk weaver, living in Vaise, Rue Projetée, No. 7, Maison Magny, was torn from his home where he was sitting quite peaceable, by soldiers of the 28th, and other regiments, to be shot, which we ourselves saw done on the instant, he not having been allowed to give that explanation which he could have given of his conduct, and which would have been fully justificative. In testimony whereof, &c.

"TRIDON, ESCOFFIER."

"This 1st of May, 1834, we the undersigned, Jean Chagnier, innkeeper, and Jean M. Emouton, master mason, both householders residing at Vaise, attest, in order to render homage to truth, that on the 12th of April, André Dejoux, muslin worker living in Vaise, Rue Projetée, No. 6, was dragged from the house of the Sieur Alexandre Markof, silk weaver, living in the Grande Route du Bourbonnais, No. 32, by soldiers, who shot him in spite of all the explanations he offered. He left Marie Béal his wife, and soon about to become a mother, a widow, utterly destitute of pecuniary resources. In testimony of which, &c.

"CHANIER, EMOUTON.

"Sworn, &c., as above."

"We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the district of Vaise, attest that the Sieur Benoit Heraut, journeyman mason, living in Vaise, Rue Projetée, No. 7, Maison Magni, was dragged from his home, where he was perfectly peaceable and inoffensive, by soldiers of the 28th of the line, and other regiments, to be shot, without having a word listened to of the explanation which he could have given of himself, perfectly sincere and justificative; further, the soldiers broke open the cupboard and destroyed all the things in it. He has left a wife, pregnant, and two children, the eldest of whom is only five years of age. This poor family is thus reduced to the greatest misery, unless some assistance is given. In testimony of which, &c.

"ANT. VERNE, CHANIER.

"Vaise, 28 April, 1834.

"Sworn, &c., as above."

"We, the undersigned, all inhabitants of the district of Vaise, bear witness that Joseph Naudry, currier, living in Vaise, in the Route du Bourbonnais, in the house of William Laroche, innkeeper, was on the 12th of April, 1834, dragged from his home, where he was perfectly peaceable and inoffensive, by soldiers of the 28th regiment of the line, who, tearing him from the arms of his wife, shot him at the entrance of the passage into his house, without listening to a word of explanation; he has left a child two years old, and a widow quite destitute, and the more so, that the soldiers broke and carried off his goods, linen, &c. In testimony whereof, &c.

"LAROCHE, BENOIT NOEL, MARTIN, SIMONAUD, BARCEL.

"Vaise, 28th of April, 1834.

"Sworn, &c., as above."

"We, the undersigned, attest that Pierre Vairon Lacroix, aged 27, living in Vaise, Rue Projetée, No. 7, Maison Magni, was, though perfectly peaceable and inoffensive, torn from his home by soldiers of different regiments, to be shot, without being permitted to say a word in his own justification. In witness, &c.

"ANT. VERNE, PLANCHE, J. PELUGAUD, DUPEREY.

"Vaise, 27th of April, 1834.

"Sworn, &c."

to them; namely, that they all acted with rare moderation and generosity, having the utmost regard for persons and property, protecting the weak, sparing the lives of the conquered, and invariably abstaining from devastation as a means of either offence or defence. They were at one moment, indeed, on the point of setting fire to the Minimes Barracks, but desisted, on an inhabitant telling them, which was a falsehood, that they were about to destroy private property. The representatives of power, it has been seen, had not allowed themselves to be stopped by any such scruples.

Accordingly, the blood which stained the streets of Lyons was not yet effaced, when property demanded with loud cries compensation for the losses it had sustained. A committee was appointed to inquire into the nature and amount of these losses, and, in support of the claims which they were directed by their fellow-citizens to make upon the government, a memorial was drawn up, the following passage in which will evince the spirit of the whole document: "The government cannot wish that the triumph of order should be the source of tears and regret to the friends of order. It knows, that time, which insensibly effaces the grief which is occasioned by personal losses, even of the most afflicting description, is powerless to remove the recollection of *losses of fortune, destruction of property.*" Yet the persons who drew up this precious memorial, were of the class which had now become all-important in France, erewhile the land of chivalry, of poetry, of imagination!!

As to other points, it was set forth in the memorial that the national

The circumstances attending this last-mentioned murder were atrocious in a degree amounting to the improbable, though the fact is but too true. When the military presented themselves before Vairon, he declared that he was a soldier, invited them to sit down at his table, and ate and drank with them. They nevertheless insisted upon conducting him to their officer, and it was while he was unfolding his leave of absence to show this person, that he was shot.

We have now before us this leave of absence stained with the blood of the victim!

To complete this mournful series of documents, we will add the petition which was addressed to the king by the father of the unfortunate Lauvergnat.

"Sire, the reign of truly great kings is one of justice! Monarch elected by the nation, King of the Barricades! I demand justice in the name of my unfortunate son; I demand it in the name of a hundred persons, victims like himself, of the most criminal atrocity!

"On Saturday, 12th of April, between twelve and one o'clock, my son, taking some money with him, set out to rejoin his mother and my eldest son, who had left Lyons for the village of Ecally. Before he had long left his house he was met by some neighbours and friends, who asked him where he was going; he went to speak for a moment with the Sieurs Veron and Nérard, in the house No. 7, Rue Projetée, where he found another friend, the Sieur Prost; these individuals had their wives with them. Meanwhile the troops entered Vaise, and took possession of all the outlets; the soldiers of the 28th, the 15th Light Infantry, and the Sappers then burst into the houses in every direction, and amongst the rest into that where these persons were. My son, Veron, and Prost, having been pierced with bayonets, and received several balls, expired in the passage at the bottom of the stairs. The Sieur Nérard alone escaped, as if by miracle: at the same moment a number of other innocent persons perished in the immediate neighbourhood. The Sieur Coquet, locksmith, Rue Tarare, No. 9, was killed in his house with Dame Saunier; he was an old man of 62."

"(Signed) LAUVERGNAT, coverlet maker, Vaise, Faubourg of Lyons, 12th of May, 1834."

guard at Lyons, being dissolved, the town had been placed, for its protection, under a purely military jurisdiction; that the isolation of the citizens had been complete, all circulation in the streets having been rigorously interdicted, and the inhabitants having been forbidden, under pain of death, to open, even partially, their doors or windows; that, finally, the garrison had added to the effect of its numerical force, by means of devastation and incendiarism.

While the movement at Lyons was in course of extinction, a military insurrection was preparing at Luneville. To raise the three regiments of cuirassiers in garrison there, to dash with them, sword in hand, to Nancy and Metz, to stir up the people in both these places, with the cry of Vive la Republique! then to push straight on to Paris, rolling before them the ever swelling wave of revolted troops and people, such was the design formed by the sub-officers, Thomas, Bernard, Tricotel, de Regnier, Lapotaire, Birth, Caillé, and Stiller, all men of resolution and courage. On the 12th of April, 1834, the very day wherein at Lyons, civil war was throwing out its last fires, everything was ready at Luneville for the execution of the plot. The sub-officers had opened a correspondence with Epinal; they had an understanding with active men in Nancy; the committee of the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* were acquainted with their projects; and Thomas had made very successful use of the influence which the comprehensive and commanding character of his mind gave him over the soldiers; inflaming some of them with topics of patriotic and professional indignation; opening to them the prospect of a brilliant future under a different government, inspiring all with an enthusiasm for country, for glory, for liberty, and for a republic as the means of saving the country, of gaining liberty, and of opening the road to glory. But it was hardly to be expected that the secret of such a conspiracy should not, in some way or other, transpire; and it appears that for some time past, the authorities had managed to get scent of it. On the 13th, Guary, ex-quarter-master of the 7th dragoons, was suddenly arrested at Epinal, and important disclosures were extracted from him. They were communicated to the military authorities at Luneville, and Thomas was directed to appear before General Gusler. This officer, however, was well acquainted with his resolute character, his ascendency over his comrades, and he had considerable doubts as to the fidelity of his troops. He therefore contented himself with addressing to the person whom he might have arrested as a conspirator, remonstrances which he took care to convey in language of very modified severity. Thomas replied firmly and cautiously; but his resolution was immediately taken. Perfectly well convinced that all this excessive mildness and moderation merely covered a plan to entrap him, and that, at the first favourable moment, the utmost rigour would be exercised, he determined to hasten the catastrophe. On the morning of the 16th, the *National* and the *Tribunal* having brought to Luneville the erroneous information that the garrison of Befort had proclaimed the republic; Thomas, Bernard, and Tricotel met, and, after a brief deliberation, decided upon

action. Tricotel, in full uniform, immediately set out for Nancy, where his comrade Stiller was to place him in communication with the chiefs of the republican party. An unusual agitation soon pervaded the quarters of the three regiments; the rumour spread that they were about to march on Paris. Directed to keep themselves in readiness to mount, the soldiers saddled their horses, packed and mounted their havresacks, and brought provisions and flints. The conspirators no longer made any secret of their intentions. Seeing a cuirassier engaged in polishing the handle of his sabre: "You'd better sharpen the blade," said Regnier. Meantime Thomas and Bernard occupied themselves in going round to all the other sub-officers, inviting them to attend a meeting in the Champ de Mars, in the evening. Accordingly at eight o'clock, there were to be seen, proceeding in a mysterious manner towards the place of meeting, parties of three or four, who, assembling on the great square of sand at the extremity of the Champ de Mars, formed an aggregate body of about eighty men. Thomas ranged them according to their regiments, and then addressing them, explained the reasons which had induced the formation of the conspiracy, the plan which had been arranged, the resources at their disposal, the chances of success, and the necessity of acting with promptitude and vigour. Warmly supported by Bernard, the address excited in the minds of those present, a stern enthusiasm. Some sub-officers of the 10th alone appeared to hesitate. "We'll set fire to the quarters of the 10th," exclaimed a voice. The doubters gave way; the die was cast, and the assembly separated, saying to each other: "At midnight."

But how great was the surprise of the conspirators, when, on returning to their quarters, they found the officers actively engaged in getting chosen men under them. It was evident that treachery had been at work. And such was indeed the case; a traitor, hastening from the Champ de Mars, had informed General Gusler of what had taken place there, and the sub-officers were anticipated in their movement. Several of them were arrested and forwarded to Nancy, under a guard of gendarmerie. As they passed the barracks of the 4th regiment, "To arms!" exclaimed Quarter-master Lapotaire; "shall we suffer our comrades to be carried off in this manner?" But the opportunity had passed by, and could not be recalled. Fifty cuirassiers, who started for Nancy to rescue Bernard, suffered themselves to be persuaded to return to Luneville, and the insurrection was thus stifled in its birth.

We shall pass rapidly over the other minor disturbances in various parts of France, repercussions, as it were, of the terrible shock at Lyons. They merely served to evince how incomplete as yet was the organization of the republican party, and how superior to it the government was in celerity and promptitude. Bodies of men walking about for a while in a menacing manner, threatening shouts and cries, tumultuous assemblages soon dispersing, a few sentinels disarmed, false intelligence circulated,—such may be described as the extent attained by the disturbances at St. Etienne, Grenoble, Clermont, Ferrand, Vienne, Chalons-sur-Saône, Marseilles. In the department of the Pyre-

nées-Orientales indeed, a formidable rising was on the point of taking place, and would certainly have been operated had the storm which muttered around not dispersed so suddenly. There was also, something very alarming for government in the attitude of Arbois. Masters of that town, the republicans had made every disposition for a vigorous defence of all the approaches, and their resistance might have had very formidable results, had it been at all supported from without. As it was, it came to nothing, and the movement died away of itself.

It is time that we should describe what, amidst this universal agitation, was the situation of Paris. Following the old established and most deplorable rule of misrepresentation and bad faith in such cases, each party there had given to the events at Lyons, before the real facts and results were known, the aspect suggested by its own particular hopes and fears; and thus while the enemies of government exaggerated the gravity of the danger to which authority was exposed, in order to dispose men's minds elsewhere to revolt, the *Moniteur*, surpassing any thing it had ever achieved in the way of impudent mendacity, dared, in its number of the 12th, to publish the following announcement: "By four o'clock on Wednesday," (Wednesday, it will be borne in mind, being the 9th), "the action was over. Some two or three musket shots, indeed, may have been heard here and there in the little streets in the centre of the town, but the troops did not find it necessary to take any further steps."

On this same 12th of April M. Thiers rushed to the tribune for the purpose of giving the lie direct to the triumphant assertions of the government paper; and, in the course of his speech, whether from imprudence or design, he said that Lieutenant-general Aymar occupied, at Lyons, an impregnable position; implying that insurrection had been acting on the offensive. If the phrase was intended to alarm the bourgeoisie, and, by operating upon its fears, to obtain its sanction for the strong measures which were in contemplation, it was eminently successful. Never was an adult assembly seized with such general consternation, and the efforts made by M. Thiers to modify the impression he had produced, only served as usual to aggravate it. Every body looked at every body with horror and affright depicted on his countenance. It was Catiline at the gates of Rome over again.

Soon the fearful word, getting out of doors, was transmitted from mouth to mouth, and some members of the committee of the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* learned from M. Marchais what had taken place in the Chamber. The question instantly presented itself. Could they hesitate? Had they not undertaken to aid the Lyonese by an energetic diversion in the capital? And ought they to draw back, now that an inexorable concurrence of circumstances called upon them, vehemently urged them to try the fortune of arms? They determined that they could not in honour withhold their active co-operation, and a proclamation accordingly was hastily drawn up. But in violently suppressing the *Tribune*, M. Thiers had deprived insurrection of its *Moniteur;* a brutal order had deprived of his printer's license, M. Mie, a

man who had already made courageous sacrifices to the republican cause; M. Marrast had been compelled to get out of the way of an order for arrest which had been issued against him, so that all the printers in Paris were completely panic-struck. It became necessary, therefore, to take the proclamation to the *National* office, and it would have appeared in that paper the next morning, had Armand Carrel given less way to the hesitation and mistrustings which his soul, as irresolute as it was heroic, was subject to. So that, on this verge of a crisis, the insurrectionary spirit was without an organ in a country where the press alone has the privilege of letting loose successful revolutions!

There was another source of weakness for the republican party. The direction of the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* had a public character, and this, as we have before observed, was a capital defect, on the eve of a contest. It is indeed true, that in anticipation of the fate which menaced the leaders, they had taken the precaution of establishing a secret committee; but even had its sphere of action been more definite and determined, its importance was not sufficiently recognised. The result was, that in order to knock the insurrection on the head, government had only to carry into effect, at the proper moment, a certain number of arrests; and the temerity of its enemies lending effectual aid to its policy, it laid hands upon all those whom it was important to it to reach.

Meantime, an order had been given to several sectionaries to go into the streets and squares, to remain for a few moments in cautious attitude, and then to retire. "What you have to do," said the chiefs to these men, "is not to commence the attack; but to throw straws into the air, whose agitation will show what is the disposition of the people." This order was ill understood, or ill executed. On Monday, the 13th of April, in the Rues Beaubourg, Geoffroy Langevin, Aubry-le-Boucher, Aux Ours, Maubuée, Transnonain, Grenier St. Lazare, barricades were constructed by a handful of enthusiasts, whose ardour it is well known was treacherously urged to its height by agents of police.*

Forthwith, there arose on all sides the sound of arms, and the monotonous but terrific roll of the drum; the patrol went their rounds with redoubled care and caution, and ever and anon horse soldiers dashed along the streets in various directions, the bearers of terrible orders. For the government had determined to make another display of all its resources on this occasion; and it was with an army of nearly 40,000 men, with the assistance of the suburban National Guard, with thirty-six pieces of artillery mounted in different quarters, that Generals Tourton, Bugeaud, Rumigny, and De Lascours, took the field.

The attack commenced about seven o'clock in the evening, and such as it was, involved several families in mourning. An officer of the staff of the National Guard, M. Baillot, jun., was carrying some orders to the Mairie of the 12th arrondissement, attended by four chasseurs,

* The reader will find, further on, in the April trial, the proofs of this assertion.

when a ball mortally wounded him. M. Chapins, colonel of the 4th legion, was severely hurt in the arm. Soldiers and insurgents fell, never to rise again, but the struggle was a very short one. At nine o'clock, the main part of the affair was quite over, and the authorities, in all security, put off till the next morning the capture, now obviously a perfectly easy affair, of the barricades which still remained in the Rues Transnonain, Beaubourg, and Montmorency.

Add, that at this moment the committee of the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* no longer existed for any practical purpose; that victims of a sudden violation of their homes, the majority of the leaders were already expiating in dungeons their blind confidence; that the order to fight, issued by those who still remained at liberty, could not reach the sections, the messengers entrusted with the transmission of such directions being all arrested or dispersed. Thus, thanks to all sorts of misconceptions, to an utter want of proper discipline and organization, to the suppression of the *Tribune*, the indecision of the *National*, the inconsiderate ardour, the rash daring which delivered over numbers into the hands of an arbitrary power which foresaw everything, and employed police agents to aid in bringing about that which it foresaw, and which it desired to accomplish, the materials for a powerful resistance to the government vanished in an hour or two; and it was no longer possible to assemble, in one common effort, the members of that *Société des Droits de l'Homme*, which once believed itself to bear, and which in reality did bear, a revolution in its bosom.

The consequences may readily be imagined. The executive easily gained the day over an army which did not present itself on the field of battle. On the 14th, during the morning, it enjoyed the glory and satisfaction of triumphantly clearing away the stones which obstructed a few streets of the metropolis. And would to God that nothing had occurred to sully this facile victory! But, alas! it was destined that the house No. 12, Rue Transnonain, should be the scene of scenes still more abominable than those of the Faubourg de Vaise; the voice of destiny had said, that in the 19th century, in the heart of Paris, in the centre of a city which piques itself upon being the capital of the civilized world, the re-establishment of order should be disgraced by all the horrors of savage warfare, should furnish work for assassins!

Will the reader have courage to go through to the end, details which we, whose rigorous duty it is to set them forth, are hardly able to transcribe? The facts relative to the massacre which took place in the Rue Transnonain, in Paris, on the 14th of April, 1834, were collected together by M. Charles Breffort, brother to one of the victims, and recorded in a memorial, which M. Ledru Rollin invested with the authority of his name, and which is not sufficiently known; they enforced an inquiry; they gave rise to a judicial proceeding. We extract two or three pages from this terrible record:

"Madame d'Aubigny: At five o'clock the soldiers came from the Rue de Montmorency; after a sustained fire they got possession of the barricade.

"A short time after another party of voltigeurs came down the Rue Transnonain,

fallen enemy. On the 15th, M. Persil, keeper of the great seal, proposed to the Chamber of Deputies a Draconian law against the holders of arms of war. The same day, an ordinance, in utter violation of the charter, transformed the Chamber of Peers into a court of justice, and fourteen millions of extraordinary supplies were demanded to enable the government to keep up the effective force of the army at 360,000 foot, and 65,000 horse. Assuredly a strange demand! for how could a power which boasted itself so firmly based in the true interests and good will of the people, require so many soldiers to keep that people in order? But ministers were eager to take advantage of the public stupefaction. Affecting terror which was no longer justified by the danger, they surrounded royalty with the miserable lie of anxious solicitude for its safety, fostered and encouraged in it the desire to usurp the dictatorship, and offered it the whole nation to trample under foot.

The impulse once given, the reaction was rendered perfectly furious, by the eagerness of the base wretches who had been watching to see the turn of affairs. In the intoxication of success and of their own passions, the conquerors formed the idea of comprehending in one vast prosecution, the whole of the movements of the month of April. A monstrous blunder, which threw out into perfect relief the mediocrity of the men who were at the head of affairs. For in placing all at once for solemn trial before the Chamber of Deputies, now constituted a court of justice, so many enemies, who, taken in detail by the various local tribunals throughout the kingdom, might have been crushed without creating very much public attention, they gave them, in the aggregate, an unprecedented importance, and from the ashes of civil war, thus imprudently stirred up, they ran the risk of educing fresh calamities. But anger is a bad counsellor. Republican after republican, real or reputed, was hunted out, and the prisons were speedily gorged with this species of offender.

Still the executive retained sufficient discretion to bear in mind that policy required a certain amount of caution and management to be observed towards certain parties. M. Voyer d'Argenson, for instance, was a man of high position and brilliant connexions; it would never do to implicate him in the charge of conspiracy, which was brought against so many of his friends. There was another consideration; each defendant being liable for the whole amount of the costs, as far as his means would go, there was reason to fear that this liability would swallow up the whole of M. d'Argenson's fortune. It so happened that he had M. de Lascours, peer of France, for a son-in-law; it would never do to strike such a blow at M. de Lascours. In the same way, in order to save themselves the extreme embarrassment of placing the illustrious Lafayette at the prisoner's bar, they resorted to the expedient of omitting from the prosecution, even the most deeply compromised members of the association *for the Liberty of the Press*, and among others, MM. Andre Marchais, and Etienne Arago.

Death, however, soon delivered the executive from the apprehension with which it constantly viewed him, who, on the 31st of July, 1830,

gave Louis Philippe, on the steps of the Hotel-de-Ville, the investiture of royalty. On the 20th of May, 1834, Lafayette breathed his last sigh. His dying moments were filled with bitterness; the ingratitude with which his services had been repaid, had been the slow poison of his old age; and words of malediction not unnaturally marked his parting adieus. His funeral was rendered truly magnificent, by mourning hearts, and tearful downcast eyes. In M. de Lafayette the republican party lost that which had been almost more useful to it than even an active chief—a name.

Thus everything turned out advantageously for the House of Orleans; and all that the followers of that dynasty now wanted, was moderation; but for this they had not sufficient strength of mind. We have mentioned with what eagerness they availed themselves of an hour of triumph to obtain authorization to levy, in the height of peace, an army large enough for a vigorous and extensive war. The spirit of the reign was here fully manifest.

And all this while the bourgeoisie, the rival power of royalty, looked on and applauded with imbecile ardour, not seeing that everything that was taking place tended to undermine and destroy its own domination. Had it been less profoundly blind, it would have comprehended that in the service of one man, soldiers became, sooner or later, satellites; that, if one day they are called upon to preserve order, they may be to-morrow called upon to protect tyranny; that there is no longer liberty, no longer security for the people, no longer any distinction between legitimate resistance and flagitious rebellion, when repression may strike where it will, without giving a reason for it; that parliamentary authority ceases to be independent when, in place of its military, the national guard, the executive power, at its will may substitute the army; that, in a word, the intervention of the war-men in the arrangement of domestic affairs, is utterly irreconcilable with the political preponderance of a class which is based upon and supported by industry.

CHAPTER VI.

Let us now turn our regards from this mournful picture and see how France was represented abroad; while at home, with its own hands, it was thus tearing itself to pieces.

The representative of the cabinet of the Tuileries at St. Petersburg was at this period Marshal Maison, who in the beginning of the year 1833, had been appointed successor there of Marshal Mortier. The treatment of the latter, throughout the whole of his embassy, had been a mere series of cruel mystifications. While loading the old soldier with attentions and kindnesses, the Emperor Nicholas had made a point of humiliating the diplomatist; he would talk to Marshal Mortier by the

hour of Napoleon, his projects, his battles; he said no more to the ambassador of France about Louis Philippe than if there were no such existence in the political life of Europe, or in the family of sovereigns. Marshal Maison would by no means have anything to do with such a part as this. Before accepting the embassy he demanded whether his diplomatic character would be equally respected with his person, and he would not set out for St. Petersburg until he had obtained from M. Pozzo di Borgo the most explicit assurances on this head. His stay at Berlin was marked by several significant circumstances; one of these deserves to be related.

The marshal had a habit, whenever anything of importance had happened, of boasting that he had foreseen all along it would be so and so. One day he had given way once or twice to this habit, in the presence of the Prussian princes: "Well, M. le Maréchal," said, jestingly, the youngest of these; "since you are so well acquainted with futurity, tell us what will happen in the next five years." "Sir," replied the marshal, drawing himself up with the air of an old soldier, addressing a flippant lad, "we shall see in the next five years what we have seen hitherto; a great deal of barking but no bite." This little touch perfectly characterizes the marshal. At Vienna he was firm, almost haughty; and by a happy combination of these qualities with polished urbanity, he more than once disconcerted the Princess de Metternich, who, conceiving a great dislike of him, took it into her head to declare a war of words against him. Habitually rough and abrupt from his soldier's life, but retaining all the shrewdness of an intelligent peasant, he had no sooner arrived at St. Petersburg than he formed the resolution of taking his stand there as an independent, plain-dealing, plain-spoken man. His first interview with the emperor passed off auspiciously. A number of Russian officers and noblemen were waiting in an anteroom, where were also the marshal's two aides-de-camp, MM. Delarue and Chasseloup-Laubat; but, though the former had before visited Russia, and formed an intimacy with several persons of the court, none of them ventured to recognise him until they had taken their cue from the looks of the emperor. By and bye, their master entered, looked graciously at the two aides-de-camp, advanced towards M. Delarue, whom he had known as aide-de-camp to the Duke de Ragusa, and taking him apart into the embrasure of a window, conversed with him in a marked tone of favour. The next moment, M. Delarue was the object of the most eager and universal attentions; every body came up to him, everybody asked him questions, everybody remembered that he had seen him on a former occasion, everybody remembered that M. Delarue had honoured him with his friendship. This scene, the very puerility of which is fruitful of reflections, distinctly announced that the French embassy was about to assume, at the court of St. Petersburg, a better attitude than before.

And so it turned out, for the position of Marshal Maison, from the very first day, grew more and more important. Certain private circumstances contributed to this effect, which at first sight, might seem

to have been calculated to produce quite a different result. One day, at a grand dinner-party given by the French ambassador, the conversation having fallen upon the first wars of the revolution, the marshal found occasion, incidentally and without the least affectation, to mention that he was the son of a peasant of Epinay. It is easy to imagine the effect produced upon a circle of aristocrats, nurtured in idle vanities, by an admission such as this, made with perfect ease of manners, nay, with the pride of a man justly proud of having owed all to himself. The emperor was very speedily made acquainted with what had taken place, and it probably increased his esteem for the marshal. Even the very faults of the marshal were of service to him. He had retained, from his soldier's life, a license of manners which he took no pains to conceal, and age had not extinguished in him the fires of youth. At St. Petersburg, a passion for a dancer took possession of him, and he disdained to make a secret of it. The imprudence of this was great; for Nicholas, careful of his dignity, affected extreme austerity. But he liked the marshal's open ways, his military frankness; and the escapade was not only overlooked, but there was established between the emperor and the marshal, an intimacy, wherein a freedom of conversation was permitted, which no Russian courtier, however great his credit at court, ever dreamed of aspiring to. There is a severe chastisement which pride in high places receives at its own hands,—ennui; and the haughtiest sovereigns are so much the wearied slaves of their own lofty and isolated majesty, that, to relax a little, they are sometimes compelled to descend. Whether from this weariness of supreme rank, or from exceptional tolerance, the emperor came at last to lend an affable ear even to the most free-spoken temerities of Marshal Maison, and the latter profited, as ambassador, by the influence which was accorded him as soldier.

There at this time prevailed at the court of Russia, not precisely two hostile parties, but two different tendencies. One of these was directed by Marshal Paskewitch, Prince Wolkonski, the minister at war, Tchernichef, and some others, who brought to the consideration of national questions an exclusive and violent spirit: they were true Russians. The others, such as MM. Nesselrode, Orloff, and Bellendorff, wished that in all things Russia should take into account the general state of Europe, and make, as far as possible, common cause with it. These were Russians softened and polished by contact with the diplomatists of the different courts. Nicholas inclined towards the former; the latter found an auxiliary in the French ambassador; and as his influence went to promote their views, far from seeking to lessen it, they endeavoured to render it still greater, by a systematic deference in all things to the opinions of the marshal.

The position of the French embassy at Madrid was far less difficult to keep up.

M. Zea Bermudez no longer directed the affairs of Spain; he had fallen under the reprobation with which his system had been publicly assailed by two captains-general, Llander and Quesada.

When this event took place, M. Martinez de la Rosa was living at a short distance from Madrid, absolutely concealed under the shadow of a studious retreat, though even from his literary leisure, he followed with an anxious eye the destinies of his country. A poet, he had also produced a great impression upon the political world, into which he had brought that elegance and refinement of mind, that hatred of brute force, which the worship of the muses never fails to inspire. A man of high probity, but timid; a lover of liberty, but deeply impressed with the necessity of keeping it within bounds; courageous, but not rashly daring in his opinions; destitute of that prompt fearlessness which, in stormy times, is often also the most clear-sighted wisdom, the fire of southern imagination did not sufficiently compensate in him for the absent energy of popular passions; and the vivacity of his sentiments only served to throw out in more highly-coloured relief the extreme moderation of his ideas. He was one of those men who have just the peculiar faculty and force for initiating revolutions, which it is for other men, often much inferior to themselves to direct, to precipitate, or bring to a close.

M. Martinez de la Rosa was pointed out to Christina, as the natural successor of M. Zea. But it was not known where he lived; he was sought for in vain, throughout Madrid, and it was not till two days had expired, that they succeeded in withdrawing him from his voluntary retirement, and placing him in the front place of one of the most agitated scenes in Europe. The Spaniards had been eagerly awaiting the inauguration of a constitutional regime: the new minister did not keep them long in suspense. Under the title of *Royal Statute*, he published a sort of forced and laboured counterpart of that French *charte*, which is itself but an awkward imitation of the British Constitution. Strange contradictions! France, whose soil is covered with the ruins of the aristocracy, borrowed the fundamentals of its political constitution from England, a country possessed and overrun, in its length and breadth, by the aristocracy; and now again France, wherein the industrial bourgeoisie is everything, transmits the same boon to Spain where the industrial bourgeoisie is nothing! This double incongruity is of itself a sufficient condemnation of the plan of M. Martinez de la Rosa, nor was it adopted in Madrid without having first undergone some very severe attacks. An equally active opposition was made to the decree organizing the militia. The ministers were bitterly reproached for restricting the right to have a local militia, to districts with at least one hundred houses; with excluding the poorer citizens from the ranks of that national army, an exclusion highly offensive to the people, and which seemed to deliver the revolution defenceless into the hands of Carlism, now doubling its strength and multiplying its blows. The reproach was just, though exaggerated. The direction of a ship in a storm should never be entrusted to men whose cheeks grow pale at the sight of the tempest. The safety of revolutions is in the active employment of all the resources; too much circumspection compromises them, distrust is destruction. As to the charges with which M. Martinez de la

Rosa was assailed for having sought to put a check upon the newspapers, they were all destitute of honesty, and a knowledge of the subject. The liberty of the press is the grand force in times of peace: it is, if we may use the expression, the movement of societies in a state of repose. But in a period of civil war, amidst the shock of armed factions, the absolute liberty of the press is the commencement of weakness, for it is the aliment of anarchy. But leaving this question aside, the tendencies of the measures taken by the Spanish ministry were evidently of a nature to create between it and the cabinet of the Tuileries, a community of interests of the closest description. But though friendly to France, M. Martinez de la Rosa could not view so near a neighbour without a certain distrust and dislike of its power, without apprehensions of its ascendency. England, at a greater distance, was more to his taste, from the very circumstance that it was farther removed from the opportunity of getting a hold upon Spanish independence. Hence the relations which resulted in the Quadruple Alliance.

Whether, in the quarrel which agitated Portugal, right lay on the side of Doña Maria, or on that of Don Miguel, was a point about which M. Martinez de la Rosa felt very indifferent. He merely hated, and had sworn energetically to combat in the youngest son of the modern Agrippina, the protector of Don Carlos, the felon subject, and the rebel prince of Spain. But this sufficed to make him take against Don Miguel the most vigorous measures. Thus the policy of Spain, with reference to Portugal, underwent an entire alteration. Don Miguel, who just before had been highly favoured by M. Zea, now found himself pursued with the fiercest hostility by the new minister of Spain. And there was this curious circumstance in the sudden change thus operated, that the same instrument which had been prepared for the accomplishment of one design was now made use of for the precisely opposite purpose. M. Zea Bermudez had collected a Spanish army, which he proposed to despatch against Don Pedro; M. Martinez de la Rosa resolved to march it against Don Miguel; and as the British ambassador eagerly supported this determination, he requested of him further the co-operation of an English army. The minister replied that the cabinet of St. James's could not possibly undertake so serious a step; that its influence with the parliament was too powerfully disputed, its very existence too uncertain for it to risk such a proceeding. "Well," said M. Martinez de la Rosa, "at least let England furnish us with money, for our treasury is empty." "Even that," replied the British representative, "my government could not do." Excessively mortified, M. Martinez de la Rosa then declared that Spain, by herself, would interfere, but when she chose, and how she chose. The position was urgent; the order to pass the frontier was despatched to Rodil, and the Marquis de Miraflores was instructed to communicate the step which had been taken to the cabinet of St. James's.

The English were too jealous of their exclusive patronage of Portugal, to permit any other power, without their prominent concurrence, to take in hand the affairs of that country. On the other hand, Spain

was perfectly aware how great a moral force would be infused into its enterprise by the adhesion of the English solemnly consecrated by a treaty. This mutual feeling gave rise to a diplomatic negotiation between the two powers, to which, naturally, the envoy extraordinary of Don Pedro was admitted, and which resulted in the drawing up of a treaty, entitled that *of the Triple Alliance.* It was herein stipulated: 1. That Don Pedro should use every means in his power to compel the Infant Don Carlos to quit the territories of Portugal. 2. That Queen Christina, *having just causes* of complaint against the Infant Don Miguel, in *the assistance he had given to the pretender to the crown of Spain,* should send into the Portuguese territory a body of Spanish troops, whose number should be fixed on a subsequent occasion, who should be maintained entirely at the expense of Spain, and who should return home immediately upon the expulsion of Don Miguel and Don Carlos. 3. That England should assist these operations by a naval force!

The whole character and meaning of this treaty was manifest. By it England maintained, with reference to Portugal, that attitude and protection, approaching to the nature of suzerainty, which she had no inclination to lose; and Spain obtained the means of more effectually prosecuting its hostility to Don Miguel, not as the usurper of the crown of Portugal, but as the ally of Don Carlos. The questions of legitimacy and a constitution were kept out of sight with all possible care. The parties even carried their cautious foresight so far as to stipulate in favour of the two infants, immediately upon their quitting the states which their presence now disturbed, for "a revenue suitable to their birth and rank."

There was nothing in all this, it is obvious, resembling an express alliance of constitutional against absolute monarchies. The fundamental idea of the *Triple Alliance*—let it be kept clearly and constantly in mind—was nothing more nor less than *to authorize and give regularity to the entrance of the Spanish troops into Portugal.* This was its sum and sole substance.

In order to avoid complicated difficulties, of an obvious nature, the contracting parties had not thought fit to give any information of the treaty to Austria, Russia, or Prussia; but it is to be remarked, that as little had they thought proper to communicate the affair to France. M. de Talleyrand was neither summoned, nor consulted, nor sounded, nor had a word been said to him about it! It was by mere chance that he heard of the negotiation, just as it was on the point of being published to the world. He immediately took steps to enter into it, fearing, on the one hand, that the absence of his signature from a treaty in which three constitutional powers figured, would betray to the eyes of Europe the secret and subordinate part which he was playing in London, and delighted, on the other hand, at the opportunity which thus presented itself, of making common cause, in a prominent matter, with Great Britain. Lord Palmerston, the Marquis de Miraflores, and M. de Moraes Sormento, had fully intended to dispense with M. de Talleyrand; but he

having made the proposition, they had no serious reason for rejecting it; and, after all, the adhesion of France strengthened the cause of Isabella and of Doña Maria. They accordingly granted to M. de Talleyrand the required favour. The signature which he offered was accepted; the *treaty of the Triple Alliance* became the *Treaty of the Quadruple Alliance* (22d of April, 1834), and a fourth article was inserted, as follows:

"In the event of the co-operation of France being deemed necessary, by the high contracting parties, to the full attainment of the object of the treaty, His Majesty the King of the French undertakes to do that which, for this purpose, may be mutually agreed upon between him and his three august allies."

Thus the co-operation of France was only put into the light of a remote contingency, subject altogether to variable circumstances, and to the ulterior decision which might happen to be mutually agreed upon. Such an engagement as this was absurdly vague, and, as the result showed, calculated seriously to compromise the party in whose behalf it was entered into; but then M. de Talleyrand had the honour and glory of seeing his name figure beside Lord Palmerston's at the bottom of a treaty with a pompous title!

Meantime Rodil had entered Portugal, towards the middle of April, 1834. On the 16th of May, he obtained the victory of Asseicerra, which was immediately followed by the capitulation of Evora, and led subsequently to the embarkation of Don Miguel and Don Carlos. The latter would have fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, but for the English who saved him, and gave him refuge in London. This city, in which he obtained encouragement and assistance from the aristocratic party, he soon secretly quitted, and traversing France *incognito*, passed the Pyrenees, and presenting himself suddenly before his astonished partisans, restored to them confidence and hope. More formidably menaced than ever, the Spanish government became very anxious to extend to Spain the benefits of the quadruple alliance. But this time England was excessively cool and reserved in the matter, for now it was not called on to protect a kingdom subject to its immediate influence. The cabinet of the Tuileries, for its part, trembled at the idea of engaging in a line of policy which it deemed somewhat over adventurous. It was with the utmost difficulty that M. Martinez de la Rosa managed to obtain from these two powers additional articles by which the former undertook to furnish Spain with arms and ammunition; and the latter to prevent any similar supplies from being sent from the French territory, to the Spanish insurgents.

Such is the true history of the famous treaty of the quadruple alliance.

Many who did not even know its clauses set about exaggerating its importance to a most ridiculous extent. If they were to be believed, it was nothing less than a vast and durable confederation of the constitutional monarchies, formed for a really European purpose. A counterpoise had been found for the holy alliance for the whole policy of the

continent. The era of modern diplomacy had begun. To such a pitch were these delusions carried, that, thanks to the commentaries of some ill-informed scribblers in the newspapers, and to the gossiping of some diplomatic understrappers, a mere everyday treaty, which regulated only transient interests, and which, evidently, had no great or lasting import, was represented under imposing proportions; but the most extraordinary thing of all was that M. de Talleyrand obtained by this stroke the very acme of his renown. People failed not to see in a feat, which was far from being his own, the result of his profound meditations and the crowning labour of his diplomatic life. Now so humble, so secondary, so conformable in a word to his mediocrity had been the part assigned him in the negotiation, that Louis Philippe was, for a moment, disposed to express his ill humour to M. de Miraflores upon the subject when there was a question of allotting the usual honorary distinctions to the signers of the treaty.

After all, this English alliance, the merit of having formed which was ascribed to him with equal absurdity and falsehood, was not such a special favourite with M. de Talleyrand that he was not ready to sacrifice it at the first impulse of his offended pride, and we shall see him by and bye himself trampling under foot his pretended titles to immortality, simply for the purpose of reeking his spite upon Lord Palmerston, who had been pleased to leave him waiting an hour in his antechamber.

CHAPTER VII.

The Chamber of Deputies had been dissolved at the termination of the session, and new elections had been called for. Now the result of these could not be doubtful. The republican party, which had just been beaten, obtained but a small number of suffrages in the electoral body. The government, on the contrary, entered the lists strong in the lustre of its recent victory. It had upon its side all those who adulate prosperity; a vile race, everywhere very numerous, but particularly conspicuous in monarchies for its unblushing baseness. Nevertheless, this government, so strong in appearance, bore within it active causes of dissolution; and, perhaps, the reader will thank us for here bringing to light some private scenes that tend remarkably to demonstrate how paltry and miserable is the secret life of monarchies. Nothing more sad, and, often, nothing more instructive than the history of power in undress!

M. Guizot, agreeing in this with M. de Broglie, saw in Marshal Soult only a rude soldier proud of a renown which his capacity did not justify; affecting a pride always mingled with craft, and loading the budget beyond measure by the costly caprices of his administration. Marshal Soult professed, on his part, for M. Guizot, M. de Broglie, and the doctrinaires, a sort of disdain natural to a man of the sword. He

was vexed at their cold and sullen haughtiness, and above all at their talents. Throughout the secret struggle occasioned by these antipathies, M. Thiers had long been, not the marshal's ally, but his officious defender; for M. Thiers, filled as he was with the recollections of the Empire, could never shake off a certain respect for the uniform. Unfortunately Marshal Soult had a subaltern's taste. He was fond of being surrounded with obscure hangers on; and the latter, to give themselves importance in his eyes, laboured to exasperate him against all his colleagues. The result was a jealousy on his part, among the objects of which M. Thiers himself soon became included. Hence there was formed ere long in the cabinet a sort of league, under which it was impossible but that the marshal should succumb sooner or later. Such were the real causes of his fall; the following was its immediate occasion.

Public opinion was at that time very much engaged with the affairs of Africa.* Our conquest in that region was dragging along painfully since 1830, and was not becoming consolidated. Our brave soldiers were worn out with numberless and fruitless expeditions against wild horsemen, masters of the burning soil, who laughed at all attempts to seize them. Our efforts cost us much gold and the best of that generous blood which has always boiled in the vein of France. Intense anxiety ensued. Men asked each other did not the evil flow from the excessive frequency of the excursions, and consequently from the predominance of the military spirit in Africa? They asked would it not be well, in order finally to consolidate our conquest at Algiers, to send thither a civil governor to whom the general should be subordinate. This opinion gathered strength, it spread widely, and took hold of the Chamber after having prevailed in the press. It was indirectly subservient to the views, or rather the repugnances, of the *doctrinaires* with respect to Africa. "Algiers," said M. de Broglie, "is a box at the opera. France is rich enough assuredly to have a box at the opera, but this one costs too dear." Now, since M. de Broglie had left the council, his notions had been represented there by his friend M. Guizot. As for M. Thiers, the occupation of Africa agreed with all his instincts of nationality; it flattered the share of old imperial pride that formed a part of his nature; but his mind was in a state of uncertainty as to the advantages of the civil government. The affair was brought before the council. Marshal Soult, fancying that the army was insulted in his person, resisted; and perceiving that his resistance would not be successful, he turned the whole force of it upon the subject of choosing the governor.

MM. Thiers and Guizot had cast their eyes upon M. Decazes, who was recommended to them by his political importance, by his experience in managing men, by the services he had rendered the opposition of fifteen years under the Restoration, and also by the embarrassments of

* If we have not yet spoken of our expeditions in Algeria, it is because we have judged it expedient, in order to avoid confusion, to postpone the history of France in Algiers since the conquest, till the end of our work. Indeed, that history naturally forms a *tableau* apart.

his private fortune. But M. Decazes had for his declared enemy in the Chamber of Peers, M. de Sémonville, Marshal Soult's intimate friend and influential adviser. M. de Sémonville averted the choice of the Minister of War from M. Decazes, and turned it upon the Duc de Bassano. Imagine the surprise of MM. Thiers and Guizot when the Duc de Bassano was proposed to them! They had no personal antipathy to that individual, but they more than suspected his capacity. The marshal insisting for the Duc de Bassano, they insisted more than ever for M. Decazes, and there was an open split in the council. The king, not seeing clearly how he could in any way turn to the advantage of his personal government a dispute, in which Marshal Soult figured on the one side, and MM. Guizot and Thiers on the other, wished to let the quarrel die away; he therefore thought of making an excursion to the Château d'Eu—his favourite retreat. The names of MM. Decazes and Bassano ceased in fact to be pronounced; but, if the conflict no longer existed, the acrimony produced by it survived. Impatient to get rid of the minister of war, M. Guizot pressed M. Thiers to unite with him to that end, representing to him that the marshal was a permanent cause of division in the council and a source of perplexity in the Chamber. M. Thiers still hesitated: "A marshal of France is not to be dealt with lightly," he said, musingly. Nevertheless, he consented to lend himself at least passively to his colleague's views, and it was with his consent that M. Guizot set out for the Château d'Eu, whither the king had preceded him.

The king held by Marshal Soult, first, because he had in him a minister as docile as he was laborious; secondly, because he thought him the only man capable of securing to the throne the strong support of the army. Besides it was not a light thing to affront a man who had held a distinguished position in war, even at a period when the lustre of Napoleon's glory had made all others pale; and Louis Philippe was in the habit of saying of Marshal Soult, "He serves to keep the wind off me."

For all these reasons Guizot's proceedings were hazardous. The king desired an explanation with Thiers, and a courier being despatched in all haste to the minister of the interior, the latter repaired to the king and to his colleague. The discussion was a long one, but Thiers having undertaken to bring Marshal Gerard into the cabinet, if Marshal Soult were previously excluded from it, the king yielded. The president of the council was therefore deemed to have voluntarily given in his resignation. M. de Sémonville was chastised in his turn, and the victorious ministers thought it a pleasant freak of vengeance to assign as his successor in the dignity of grand referendary of the Chamber of Peers that same M. Decazes, whom his imprudent hostility had retained in Paris.

The opposition journals exhausted themselves in vain conjectures respecting the cause of Marshal Soult's retirement, the secret of which was carefully preserved. The ministerial press made no scruple of assigning the decline of the old war-beaten soldier's health as the cause of his retirement; the truth is that he was overthrown by his colleagues. His hatred against the *doctrinaires* increased in consequence, and M.

Thiers, upon whom he had counted for a moment, having become particularly odious to him, his resentment was testified in the most rancorous expressions. M. Thiers had not presumed too much upon his influence over Marshal Gerard. He succeeded in persuading him to enter the council, in which the place of his old comrade in arms awaited him. It was now the 18th of July, 1834: Marshal Gerard felt no liking for office; what decided him to accept it was his hope of honouring his entry into the ministry by procuring a general amnesty. M. Thiers held out some prospect to him of the possible fulfilment of his desires upon this subject, but no positive engagement was made, or any fixed time appointed. Now, here begins a series of intricacies still more curious and instructive than those which we have just sketched. We have seen in what manner, instigated by their imbecile anger, the ministers had been induced to load the peerage with that fearful burden of the April trials. The consequences of this blunder, one of the grossest ever committed by a government, were already becoming conspicuous. The attempts made in 1834 in different parts of the kingdom being considered but as so many episodes of one plot, it had been necessary to give colossal proportions to the prosecution; it had been necessary, in order to collect the materials for the trial, to display an inquisitorial pomp which was truly unparalleled. Prosecutions were heaped upon prosecutions, arrests upon arrests, 2000 persons were apprehended, 4000 witnesses were examined, and 17,000 documents were laid before the commissioners of inquiry (*commissaires instructeurs*).

To proclaim an amnesty under such circumstances would have been an act at once of wisdom and of generosity. Accordingly, no sooner was the idea promulgated, than it seized irresistible hold upon public opinion; it became the favourite topic of the press; it was the theme of conversation alike in the *salon* and in the workshop. If it aroused some feelings of rebellious pride amongst the prisoners, on the other hand it awoke pleasing hopes in the bosoms of their children, their wives, and their mothers. Lastly, the most moderate friends of the government believed that the moment was come for it to renounce with honour an impossible prosecution, and to hide under the splendour of its clemency whatever there had been rash and dangerous in the promptings of its rancour.

But it is the malady of weak governments to be everlastingly mistaken, both as to the nature and the outward signs of strength. Strength! Nothing better evinces it than the power of being clement with impunity; and those men make a very humiliating avowal of their weakness who declare themselves unable to be generous without peril.

Marshal Gerard was the only man in the council who comprehended this; and, strange to tell, his principal adversary was not M. Guizot,—it was M. Thiers. Nevertheless, M. Thiers was far from being cruel, and he had sufficient enlargement of mind to know that in all matters of violent repression, whatever is not absolutely necessary is injurious; but he gave way to the impulses of a vanity which was not exempt

from childishness. Because the press haughtily demanded the amnesty; because the imperilled republicans proudly disdained to sue for it, he was persuaded that there would be want of energy and courage in granting it; and though he was by no means fond of courting unpopularity after the fashion of M. Guizot, that is to say ostentatiously and with affected disdain, he forgot himself on this occasion, even to the length of tasting, with still more satisfaction than M. Guizot himself, the delight of scorning public opinion. The king, too, was averse to the amnesty; and as it was proper that on so delicate a topic the king should appear as little prominent as possible, M. Thiers was pleased to "screen him."

Marshal Gerard for his part had nobly bound up his ministerial existence with the adoption of the amnesty, nor had he any lack of encouragement. There had lately been formed, within the majority in the Chamber, a small league of aspirants known under the name of the *tiers parti*, which might have more properly been called the intrigue party. Opposed to the *gauche* by its way of thinking, and to the ministers by its ambition, the *tiers parti* laboured hard to fight its way to office by fraud and stratagem. It urged Marshal Gerard to be firm, being well assured that to divide the cabinet was to break it up.

The conduct of the journals was in general more frank, and Marshal Gerard, backed by the press, counted among his most resolute partisans the *Constitutionel*, a journal which expressed the feelings of a considerable portion of the *bourgeoisie*. M. de St. Albin, the editor, published a spirited letter on the subject in discussion, which he signed with his name, and which boldly stepped beyond the beaten track of newspaper polemics. He cited those noble words of a Roman emperor, "I would not have it thought that I had so many enemies." He called to mind in what terms the *Vieux Cordelier* had protested against the revolutionary *væ victis*, and he invoked blessings on the memory of Camille Desmoulins, exclaiming within two paces of the scaffold and at the risk of mounting it for having sought to pull it down, "Let us institute a committee of clemency."

Meanwhile Marshal Gerard was growing weary and indignant at a resistance upon which he had not counted. His patience being quite worn out, he had a note drawn up by M. Linguet under his own inspection, the object of which was to bring the council to a definite decision. The advantages of the amnesty were set forth in that note with profound good sense, and Marshal Gerard disclosed his whole soul in it. He did not hesitate to declare therein that he would willingly exchange a part of the warlike renown he had acquired at the cost of his blood upon fields of battle, for the honour of having consoled so many poor mothers. The note concluded with a characteristic and affecting anecdote. After the victory of Marengo, Bonaparte having asked his officers to what causes they attributed his successes, some talked of his ability in the direction of home affairs, others of the battles

he had gained; but he replied, "Everything has succeeded with me because I am in the eyes of all the world a living amnesty."

The lesson was a striking one, and the circumstances of the times rendered it solemn; for, after all, was not the amnesty imperiously called for, even by that policy whose glory it is to be heartless and unfeeling? Was it prudent to stir up the ashes of civil war,—to enter into discussion, in presence of the attentive people, upon the revolt of the poor against the rich,—to disclose the manner in which military fidelity is tampered with,—to blow the smouldering fire of so many ill-extinguished hatreds? And what downright madness it was to conduct the crowd into that *Rue Transnonain* all filled with assassinations, and before that fatal and too celebrated No. 12!

All such considerations were of no avail; the government chose to appear strong; it dreaded to show itself timid, and then, if the truth must be told, the president of the council was grudged the honour of carrying out the plan which public opinion attributed to him alone. Had the amnesty been passed, would not the marshal's friends have everywhere cried out, "At last, M. Gerard has got the upper hand; he has vanquished his colleagues, he has vanquished the king?" Therein lay, for whoever knows the heart of man, the real cause, the philosophic cause of the rejection of the amnesty; for, as for the arguments that were used against it, nothing could be less serious. Its opponents dared to assert that, according to the constitution, the king could not do before condemnation what he could do after it, by exercising the right of pardon; a subtlety which was unworthy of refutation, an attorney's chicanery opposed to the views of the statesman. They pretended to fear the indignation of the supreme magistracy, were its functions interfered with, and that of the national guard, if those who had troubled its repose were protected from its rancour; a sophism which calumniated France. The real motives were carefully concealed; we have exposed them. The project of the amnesty was therefore definitively rejected, and Marshal Gerard quitted the ministry.

His retirement opening the breach to the ambitious, the most eager rushed to the assault and to the antechamber of the royal palace. The passages to the Palais Bourbon, the offices of the several ministers, and the political *salons*, became so many centres of intrigue. The *tiers parti* was all astir; already the subalterns were drawing up new lists and composing the ministry of their choice. The leaders, with more circumspection, were struggling to defend themselves from the intemperate impatience of their subordinates; but they enjoyed the movement of which they were the centre; and MM. Dupin aîné, Passey, and Sauzet, suffered themselves to be borne along by the flood of so many various agitations, with all the delight of avenged pride. Remarks were then thrown out upon the last address voted by the Chamber, the inevitable and intended result of which was to incense ministers, to spur them on, to provoke their pride to some rash overt act, and to shake the strength of that support they might henceforth reckon upon from the majority. The address had mentioned how desirable it was that a reconciliation

should take place between parties; was not this as much as to tell ministers that their policy had been foolishly cruel? The address had urged the crown to choose *enlightened and faithful agents;* doubtless there was in this a pointed and sarcastic allusion. The address had expressed the hope that the budget would be reduced to less disastrous proportions. How was it possible to mistake the censure implied in this lesson of economy? Suggestions like these excited the minds of the members, kindled the ambitious, and everything seemed tending to a change of ministry.

The ministers took no heed of all this. In the intoxication of their recent victories, they smiled at the pretensions of the *tiers parti*, and at its turbulent weakness. They readily persuaded themselves that the *tiers parti*, once in office, would break down under so heavy a burden, and would soon become the object of public derision. Nay, so strong was their conviction in this respect, that they determined even to resign their portfolios for a time. "Let our rivals have a trial," they said; "the bourgeoisie, having beheld the full display of their impotence, will all the better know what is their real worth, and how well grounded is our right to be its leaders. Besides, the opposition of these men wearies and teases us more and more; if it were to go on, it would at last raise up serious obstacles against us; let us silence it by our retirement, which, by rendering apparent the inferiority of our adversaries, will only serve to bring us back to office in a triumphant manner."

This project was naturally calculated to please the disdainful soul of M. Guizot. M. Thiers, for his part, longed for a few days of repose, for he was one who readily grew weary of office, precisely because it was in his nature to exercise it with such ardour. The cabinet, therefore, was about to be dissolved; but there was one of the ministers who did not relish his colleagues' plan; this was M. Persil, the *garde des sceaux*, who had but recently taken office. It was by no means agreeable to him to sacrifice his ambition, after so short a career, and for so uncertain a hope. His resistance, therefore, was obstinate, and when his colleagues offered their resignations, the most violent altercation took place between him and M. Thiers in the king's presence.

The ministerial crisis continued, as often happens, for several days suspended upon a variety of contingencies. Though the ministers, as we have said, enjoyed the idea of covering the *tiers parti* with ridicule by making way for it, still various arrangements were attempted with a view to uphold the existing cabinet; but who was to take the lead in it? This was unquestionably the greatest difficulty in the case. M. Thiers was too young at that period, he was too new in office to allow of his being thought of as president of the council. M. Guizot might have pretended to that dignity, in consideration of his importance and his age; but he was a *doctrinaire*. But though that designation had no political meaning; though it expressed a manner of being, rather than a manner of thinking, still there adhered to it some indescribable tincture of unpopularity which was totally indelible. Thus M. Guizot and M. Thiers were both alike out of the question for the presidency.

What, then, was to be done? They admitted no one to be their superior in talent; they would have owned no authority but that of a name. It was necessary, therefore, to find some one in whose train they might walk without too great a sacrifice of their pride; but Marshal Gerard was retiring, Marshal Soult had fallen beneath their blows, M. de Broglie was hateful to the king. What was to be done? There remained M. Molé. Hope was for a moment entertained of inducing him to join the cabinet; they talked of giving him the portfolio of foreign affairs. But here was a new source of embarrassment. That same portfolio had been accepted provisionally by M. de Rigny, only with a view for opening a way for M. de Broglie into the council. To have given the office of foreign affairs to M. Molé, would have been to render M. de Broglie's return, for a very long time, impossible. M. Guizot could not consent to it. During this time, Guizot himself was a target to all the ambitious in the parliament, and to the familiars in the royal palace. They had all gathered round M. Thiers, and sometimes inciting him by false reports, sometimes flattering him to excess, in order to kindle his jealousy, they urged him, with one accord, to break with the *doctrinaires*. How else could he establish his political fortunes upon an unassailable footing? and upon what false point of honour could he think of rendering his own destiny subordinate to the ambition of some men, puffed up with their own merits, and overflowing with rancour? Such, above all, was the language of those courtiers, who exerted themselves with most ingenuity to promote the secret wishes of the king; for the king passionately desired to see the cabinet weakened. M. Guizot and M. Thiers, combined together, too completely counterpoised the royal will. The king wished to divide them, and to make use of the one to subjugate the other; and he felt that he could never govern at his ease until the discord between the most influential and most able men should become intense enough to furnish him with a repeated succession of ministries. It would scarcely be worthy of history to enter into the detail of all the dark manœuvres employed to effect the triumph of the court system. What we have related upon the subject will suffice to show by what an inevitable descent the representative *regime* had come to be but a gross farce.

M. Thiers, as we shall see, was in the end the dupe of these manœuvres; but upon the present occasion it is but justice to own that he contrived to evade them. He even carried his resistance much further than was supposed, and the following was the result of his union with M. Guizot.

M. Thiers, as we have seen, had only opposed the amnesty that he might not appear in the light of a beaten man as regarded Marshal Gerard and public opinion. He thought there would be no inconvenience in calling back the marshal into the council, and in giving way upon the question of the amnesty, if on the one hand any seeming feebleness from such a concession were concealed, by a measure openly in defiance of all parties, and if, on the other, the forms and the manner of the amnesty were modified, so that it should no longer pass for

the exclusive work of the marshal, and might not prove matter for triumph upon his part. In order to attain this double purpose, M. Thiers had thought first of calling M. de Broglie into the cabinet; secondly, of making the so-much desired amnesty emanate from the Chamber instead of from the king.

It was not that the presence of the Duc de Broglie in the council did not inspire M. Thiers with a secret uneasiness, but he saw in it both a defial given to public opinion, and a force to be used against the king. M. Guizot and he, therefore agreed to send Marshal Gerard, who was then in the country, a note to the following effect:

"The amnesty shall be granted by a law. The ministry shall be composed as follows: Marshal Gerard, *War Minister;* M. Guizot, *Public Instruction;* M. Thiers, *Interior;* M. de Rigny, *Marine;* M. Humann, *Finance;* M. Persil, *Justice;* M. Duchatel, *Commerce.* M. de Broglie consents to the presidency of Marshal Gerard. The king feels the utmost antipathy for M. de Broglie, it shall be overcome."

Marshal Gerard refused to accede to a scheme, the secret purport of which he guessed very clearly; but that scheme encountered a still more serious obstacle. When the plan agreed upon was laid before the king, his dissatisfaction broke forth vehemently. The amnesty and M. de Broglie together were too much by half. MM. Guizot and Thiers insisted; the word resignation was uttered, whereupon the king replied, with an excitement of manner he could not control, "Very well, messieurs, I will see to it," and so the cabinet was dissolved.

Some hours afterwards the retiring ministers met at table at M. de Rigny's, where one would have supposed that they had assembled to make merry over their retirement. Relying upon his youth, his talents, his good stars, and the need that would sooner or later be felt of his varied mental resources, M. Thiers gave himself up wholly to the delight of feeling himself delivered from a thorny situation. M. Guizot too wore a radiant countenance, incapable as he was of betraying his regret for office, supposing he had felt any. The retiring ministers, filled with a sense of their superiority, did not imagine that they could be easily replaced, and they secretly chuckled over the perplexities that were about to assail royalty. The hours of the repast wore away in merry discourse, from which politics were banished, and a decorous, though intrinsically ironical gaiety prevailed in the looks and language of the whole party, with the single exception of M. Persil. He was sombre and taciturn, and on leaving the house he spoke to M. Thiers of his surprise at conduct which seemed to mark contempt for the monarch. The scene of the dinner became soon known in the royal palace through him (so at least his colleagues supposed), and as usual the story passing from mouth to mouth was changed, magnified, and presented in a still more offensive aspect, till it excited the indignation of the royal family to the highest degree. And now M. de Rigny on his part gave way to extreme resentment, and meeting M. Persil in the Tuileries, he turned his back upon him in a manner pointedly

insulting; things were come to such a pass that a duel would probably have ensued had not strong efforts been made to hush up the quarrel.

The king naturally applied to M. Persil to form a new cabinet, and that gentleman's taste for office, and his personal devotion to Louis Philippe, did not allow him to hesitate. He went that same night to M. Dupin aîné. The latter refused to enter a ministry which was evidently destined to play a doubtful game, but being urged by M. Persil to assist the king with his advice, he took up the *almanach royal*, ran his eyes over the list of peers and deputies, and marked a few names. such was the burlesque origin of the ministry of three days.

The next day, in order to bind M. Dupin aîné to the new cabinet, the ministry of marine was offered to his brother, M. Charles Dupin. M. Passy, who was selected for the finance department, was at Gisons. M. Teste set out thither at M. Persil's request, and brought back M. Passy on the night of the 9th of November. M. Passy testified no wish to take office, but the *garde des sceaux* represented the necessity of his doing so, in such urgent terms, that his objections were overcome. Still he wished to consult his friend, M. Calmon. The two called, therefore, upon the latter gentleman, and from his house they proceeded to that of M. Dupin aîné, who, at sight of M. Passy, cried out, almost throwing himself upon his neck, "Well, you accept? Now, then, they will not say that we are hermaphrodites;" the phrase reveals the real nature of the feelings excited by all these frivolous agitations.

The ordinances were sent to the *Moniteur* on the 10th of November, 1834. They announced, as president of the council and minister of the interior, the Duc de Bassano; minister of foreign affairs, M. Bresson; minister of finance, M. Passy; minister of marine, M. Charles Dupin; minister of war and, *pro tempore*, of foreign affairs, Lieutenant-general Bernard; minister of commerce and, *pro tempore*, of public instruction, M. Teste; M. Persil retained the portfolio of justice and ecclesiastical affairs.

It would not be easy to conceive the king's satisfaction at the birth of this queer ministerial bantling. He was about to enjoy at once the splendour of the old royalties and their power; he had come at length to burst the swaddling bands imposed upon him by that insolent maxim, 'the king reigns and does not govern.' It was his victory of Austerlitz. Unfortunately public opinion cut short these pleasant triumphs of the court. The *Moniteur* had no sooner announced the names of the new ministry, than they were assailed with one huge shout of laughter. Though the cabinet of the 10th of November contained men of incontestable merit, the mockery heaped upon it was universal and pitiless.

On the very second day a messenger was sent by the Duc d'Orleans to M. Thiers, urgently requesting him to repair to the palace. He hesitated to do so, lest he should be suspected of intriguing to get back into the ministry, but upon further pressing solicitations he yielded. The Duc d'Orleans was waiting for him with impatience; he asked if he would not consent to undertake to form a new ministry, and upon his

refusal, he wished to know if in any case it would not be agreeable to him to see the king. M. Thiers was beginning to explain the impropriety of such an interview under existing circumstances, when the Duc d'Orleans interrupted him, pointing to the door, which was in the act of opening. The king appeared; he had a smile upon his lips, and advanced with an unembarrassed air to M. Thiers. "Well," said he, "here I am, beaten I must confess, but with very sorry soldiers: ah! what men!"

In fact the new ministers had been unable to stand their ground against public derision. Some gave way through fear of ridicule and the sense of their own impotence; others, M. Passy particularly, through disgust at the servile honours which were thrust upon them.

M. Thiers being requested to resume office, would consent to nothing without having first had an understanding with M. Guizot. As Marshal Gerard wished to remain out of office, there was no necessity for recurring to the question of the amnesty. As for M. de Broglie, it would have been a very hard thing to force him upon the king. Marshal Mortier's devotedness put an end to all difficulties. A gallant man, but neither possessing nor pretending to any parliamentary capacity, he accepted the presidency of the council, in which he was called on only to act as a lay figure. The question of removing M. Persil was mooted for a moment, he being guilty, in the eyes of his colleagues, of the threefold fault of having made common cause against them with the king, of having exerted himself very much in favour of the formation of the ministry of three days, and of having himself accepted a place in it. This was an easy vengeance; it was renounced, and Admiral Duperré having been called to the department of marine, the ministry was reconstituted. That of the 10th of November had but passed through the council chamber, as it were; it was destined to remain known in history under the name of the three days' ministry. But it was not enough for MM. Thiers and Guizot to have vanquished the king; they chose to have their victory solemnly consecrated by the Chamber. Questions having been put to them upon the causes of the last crisis, they evaded the danger of subjecting the royal prerogative to discussion by the vagueness of their rhetoric. But, despite the efforts of the *tiers parti*, despite the speech of M. Sauzet, wherein he openly accused them of insulting the crown by subjecting the king's choice to the control and approbation of parliament, they obtained from the majority an order of the day, wholly approving their proceedings. Thus then, at their instigation as it were, the Chamber set its foot upon the most precious of the royal prerogatives.

Thus were revealed, after four years of reign, the thousand impossibilities of a constitutional *regime*. What had been the facts displayed in that interval? The crown labouring to make tools of ministers by dividing them; the ministers coalescing to throw obstacles in the way of the personal government of the king; all the ambitious subalterns of the parliament leaguing together to snatch at place; an obstinate struggle on the part of the crown against the Chamber, of the Chamber against

the crown;—in short, there was anarchy in every direction, and under every possible form—anarchy of a ludicrous kind, if we look only to its episodic manifestations, but which, if we consider its causes, furnishes the gravest subject of meditation to the statesman and the philosopher. How in fact could a ministry, engrossed by such intrigues, by such wretched trifles, have had the will or the leisure to seek other remedies for social disorder than grape shot and conflagration? Impotent to prevent, by sage and skilful means, the revolt of interests, the refractory violence of passions, it needs had recourse to savage extremities, and it was alas! in the very nature of things that the ridiculous scenes played in the Tuileries should have for corollaries the butcheries of the Rue Transnonain and of the Faubourg de Vaise.

CHAPTER VIII.

We have for a while suspended our narrative of the fearful and violent scenes in Lyons, in order to lift the veil from before the intrigues of the court; we must resume our melancholy narrative at the point where we broke off. Lyons had been under a reign of terror since the month of April; the executive had abandoned there, to its vilest agents, the task of dishonouring its victory. The police were supreme in the town. When a government triumphs and appears all-powerful, degraded souls rush to lackey its chariot wheels. At such a moment those who were ready to declare themselves its enemies when they saw it tottering, become all at once its obsequious servants, the flatterers of its strength, and the ferocious ministers of its vengeance. The victors in this case failed not to enjoy this usual support of baseness. Again, the military spirit had received a disastrous impulse upon the reeking ruins of Lyons. Some of the officers grieved in spirit over the rigour of the duties they had discharged, and nobly shunned all occasion of awakening such lamentable recollections; but others, revelling in all the insolence of success, threatened the opposition writers with their swords, treated the vanquished as banditti, and strutted about in the public places with looks and language of haughty disdain. It is true that no effort was spared to keep alive the animosity of the soldier; the police had recourse to the basest and darkest manœuvres to this end. Musket shots were frequently heard breaking the silence of the night; frequently attempts were made to disarm sentinels, and the next day the government organs did not fail to declare that these were the last frantic convulsions of hopeless revolt. Fortunately Providence did not leave the respective morality of parties to be always determined by calumny. One evening, a sentinel, in defending himself against an unknown assailant who had attempted to disarm him, wounded the man with his bayonet. The wounded man was carried away; it was the same man whose

life Lagrange had saved in the Place de Cordelier; it was the wretch who had sold his preserver; it was Corteys the police agent.

The monarchical terrorism, set up by the government in Lyons, had spread all over France. The Commission of Nine showed an implacable spirit. Individual liberty, the inviolability of the domestic hearth, everything was trampled under foot. Wo to the citizen whose house had been pointed at by informers; his dwelling was beset by shoals of police agents in his absence, at any hour and upon the most frivolous information. To break in the doors, force open the locks, break up the furniture, examine family papers and expose to the filthy curiosity of blackguard spies, the most unrestricted effusion of thought and the most cherished secrets of the heart, all this was but a sport to the police. In Lyons, Rouen, Niort, and in the department Saône-et-Loire, domiciliary visits were made with an incredible ostentation and violence of oppression. The house of a citizen, named Pichonnier, had been pointed out to the police in Paris; it was beset by *sergents de ville* while he was from home, and the most minute searches were begun. At this moment, M. Mugner, a friend of the master of the house, came in; he was questioned, and replied that he came to pay a visit to his friend; thereupon the questions came thicker and faster, and upon his hesitating to reply in his astonishment, the fellows seized him and dragged him to prison. There he remained in solitary confinement for several days waiting till the authorities should be pleased to recognise his innocence. He had a wife and two children depending for subsistence upon his labour.

It would occupy us too long were we to cite all the facts of a similar kind we have collected. Never had arbitrary power so multiplied its blows: and what is to be thought of the mode adopted in making arrests and removals of prisoners? The unfortunate men against whom the Commission of Nine issued its writs, upon conjectures whether true or false, were immediately sent to Paris, with chains round their necks, and there were some who were thrust into gaols, and forced to sleep upon damp unwholesome straw, by the side of robbers and murderers. A soldier of the 57th, arrested in Lyons for having said that he would never turn his weapons against the men of the people, his brethren, was tied to a horse's tail and dragged to Perigueux. M. Poujol, a member of the *Société des Droits de l'Homme*, had been for some time confined to his bed by a very painful illness, when the agents who were ordered to arrest him presented themselves. "I will not answer for my patient's life during his transference to prison," exclaimed the dismayed physician. His remonstrances were unheeded; M. Poujol was laid upon a handbarrow and carried to the prison of Roanne.

It may easily be guessed what was the state of the prisons in the height and violence of such a reaction. A political prisoner, overcome by the excess of his suffering, starved himself to death! Another was shot dead by a sentinel as he was approaching the bars of his windows to read a letter he had received from his family! The murderer was punished with fifteen days' imprisonment, and that was all! Had the

sword that threatened them even not hung so long suspended over the heads of the prisoners! But what bitterness must have rankled in the hearts of those who, certain of being acquitted when their time for trial was come, were compelled in the meanwhile to undergo all the tortures of the longest preventive detention ever known; and how easily may this bitterness have been changed into despair upon the part of those who, being the sole supports of their family, thought, within their prison bars, of an old sick father, of a wife worn out with toil and watching, of poor unhappy children wanting bread! We must here cite a letter written in September, 1834, to M. Pasquier, by an unfortunate workman, named Durdan. It is assuredly worthy of having a place in history, for it is a *chef d'œuvre* of eloquence and of compressed indignation.

"Monsieur le Baron,—I have, within the last six weeks, written you two letters, to which you have not replied. I have now been five months in prison on a charge of conspiracy. I need not tell you that there is no deposition against me; you know it well. Before my arrest, my wife and my children subsisted by my labour; since I have been in prison they have been in want of everything; they have fallen rapidly into the deepest misery, because my savings are very little, and the wife of a working man, who has three children to take care of, cannot herself earn her bread. But all this is nothing to the court of peers and affect it little. I knew this, and I waited without complaining. Six weeks ago two of my children were attacked with small-pox; my wife, worn out by privations and fatigues, was soon unable to take care of them and fell ill by their side. Sunk into the most frightful destitution, they had not a single stay; I wrote to you then, I asked permission of you to go out for half a day in order to secure them some resources; to find them, at least, a protector among my friends. You did not even reply to me. What was it to you, Monsieur le Baron, the despair of a working man, the misery and ruin of his family? What right have such people to have affections, to have families? On the 27th of July my son died, and his unfortunate mother, without aid, without advice, ignorant of the formalities to be fulfilled, remained three days unable to have him buried. I remained a week without receiving any news, and my position became intolerable when I knew that our little household goods had been sold one after the other to supply the wants of my family. I wrote to you again; I asked once more for permission to go out and sell my loom, my secretary, and my bed. This is all I have left to save my wife and my daughters from dying of hunger. To this second letter you no more replied than to the former. I now send you a third; I have made it as moderate as possible. You must perceive that I have not spoken out all that is in my heart; I should be unwilling to indispose you against me, Monsieur le Baron, particularly at a moment when I ask a favour of you. I request permission of you to go out for a few hours, not upon parole, you do not believe in such things, but escorted by *gens-darmes*, to secure a roof and bread to what remains of my family. I know not what will be your decision, Monsieur le Baron, but I know that nothing can ever change the sentiments I have vowed towards you.

"Durdan, journeyman-lacemaker.

"St. Pelagie, September, 1834."

Undoubtedly in a society ruled by philosophical institutions, the gaoler's functions ought to be regarded upon the footing of the most respectable public employment, and none should be called to fulfil them but men of noble character and tried worth: for what a fund of moderation, dignity, calm firmness, and toleration is requisite for the discharge of duties which consist in watching over despairing or ulcerated minds, and in restraining within due bounds the longing regret of liberty! But in a society such as the government of the bourgeoisie had made it, imprisonment was not merely an affair of security, but

one of vengeance; accordingly none were employed in the business of the prison, generally speaking, but beings of a harsh temper, without education, pitiless, accustomed to regard prisoners but as enemies, and taking a personal pleasure in exaggerating all the offensive necessities of their office.

Truth, however, compels us to admit, that it was only in the early period of reaction that the authorities seemed to take delight in making those detained in St. Pelagie upon political charges, feel all the oppression of captivity. The order for subjecting those who were most deeply implicated to the frightful torture of solitary imprisonment, being once removed, their imprisonment became very tolerable for all the accused. M. Prat, the director of St. Pelagie, was a man who seemed to reserve for ordinary prisoners all the keenness and severity of his functions, whereas he was not wanting in complacence and indulgence towards political prisoners. He was easily alarmed by anything that foreboded riot, for he was averse to have recourse to the bayonet; besides, some of the prisoners acquired great influence over him. Among the rest, M. Armand Marrast swayed him through his wit and pleasantry, with a force which was nothing short of despotic. M. Guisquet himself, though prefect of police, did not refuse, when occasion offered, to mitigate the condition of the prisoners; such of them as had need of a few hours of liberty for important business more than once obtained permission from him to go without escort, nor did all the letters addressed to persons of importance remain without reply like the one we have cited above.

Unfortunately, the moderation of the superior officers was frequently neutralized by the brutality of their subalterns, and the prisoners were then subjected to the most odious treatment. Truly barbarous punishments were often inflicted upon them for very trifling faults. Eleven young men, the oldest of whom was not twenty, were one day transferred from the prison of St. Pelagie to that of La Force, for having infringed an order which prohibited their singing in the yard of the new building. Now, as their comrades remarked in a letter which was published, to cast those lads into the prison of La Force, was to initiate them into a school of crime and prostitution; it was to give them, for bed-chamber companions, assassins, robbers, and polluted beings, and to expose them to infamous proposals almost always backed by violence.

A second order of transferment given towards the close of September excited revolting scenes. The restoration of some prisoners from La Force to St. Pelagie occasioned a turbulent delight in the latter prison; the prisoners marched about arm in arm singing the Marseillaise. In the evening handsful of straw were burnt in each of the yards, and dancing was kept up round the fires. Lastly, the agitation continuing the next day, the prisoners forced the two wickets leading from the middle yard into that of the debtor's side, and into that of the new building. Such a breach of order could easily have been put down, but besides that there was involved in it no idea of revolt, the authorities themselves seemed to have countenanced it, by having given the

prisoners permission, upon the preceding day, to remain at large till ten at night, and by complying with their request that the doors of the corridor should be locked during the night. What then was the astonishment of the prisoners when, as they were all walking quietly the next morning in the middle yard, they suddenly heard an alarm given, and saw police officers, *sergents de ville*, and municipal guards, ranging themselves in order of battle before them. Had resistance been practicable, still no one thought of it. This apparition of bayonets, however, was only for the purpose of announcing an order of transferment and the presence of the inspector Olivier Dufresne. M. Guinard in vain endeavoured, in the name of his comrades, to obtain some explanations; the order was speedily given, and became the signal for unheard-of acts of brutality. Each prisoner, singly beset by policemen, was torn from his cell, unmercifully beaten, pushed down the stairs, and hunted into the yard with blows from the cudgel or the musket-stock. M. Guinard, incensed and indignant, declared that he would only open his door to the director, but the door was broken in, and several *sergents de ville*, foaming with rage, threw themselves upon the prisoner. Being a man of great strength and intrepidity he made a long resistance, but at last, overcome by numbers, he was knocked down, loaded with irons, and put into a fiacre that was waiting for him at the prison gates. Some of his companions were dragged along by the hair, others were driven at the point of the bayonet; the whole prison resounded with cries of murder! M. Landolphe had been confined to his bed for two months by a dangerous illness; he was dragged from his bed, forced to cross the yard, pale, emaciated, with his clothes hanging in shreds, and the blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils. Beholding this sight, M. Berrier Fontaine, M. Landolphe's companion in captivity, and his physician, ran to the commissioner Lenoir, "Monsieur, do you want to have a murder upon your head? Landolphe is not in a condition to endure removal; I declare this to you as a physician." M. Landolphe was, nevertheless, removed, and M. Berrier Fontaine had the same fate, for having sought to protect his patient.

It was impossible that such scenes should remain concealed within the obscurity of the prisons. Being laid before the public in all the horror of their details, they added to the prevailing ferment, and became the theme of inflammatory comments, and sometimes of systematic exaggerations. Thus all parties schooled themselves to mutual implacability. It was not to be wondered at that the language of the republican press ran at this period into invective. The *Tribune* had been suppressed by a *coup d'état* after the events of April, and the *National* had ever since been subjected to numberless persecutions. Four of its responsible editors, Armand Carrel among the number, had been successively deprived of their liberty, and yet the *National*, far from showing any weakness, daily assumed a more menacing attitude. On the 10th of December, 1834, it published the following article upon the subject of the competency of the Court of Peers.

"A fine chapter might be written upon the arguments for the incompetency of the Chamber of Peers with regard to the April traversers. These arguments might be drawn, above all, from the presumed resentment entertained against the opinions cherished by the April traversers, all of them men of July, by the Chamber, which the revolution of July itself treated as traversers; that Chamber which it deprived of its hereditary succession, of its most important prerogatives; which it brought before the bar of democracy, which it half convicted of being an accomplice with the Restoration, and into which it still strikes terror every day, by demanding back of it Marshal Ney judicially assassinated by its emigrants, by its men of Ghent, and its military and civil *parvenus*, renegades from the revolution.

"No: in the eyes of eternal justice, in the eyes of posterity, upon the testimony of their own conscience, Bonaparte's old senators, his spoilt marshals, the *procureurs généraux*, the new-made nobles of the Restoration, its three or four generations of ministers sunk under public hatred and contempt, and stained with our blood, all these seasoned with a few notabilities thrown in by the royalty of the 7th of August, upon condition of never opening their lips but to approve their master's words; all this farrago of servilities of various origins is not competent to pronounce upon the culpability of men accused of having sought to enforce the consequences of the revolution of July. Such has not been the feeling of the committee of the Chamber of Peers, whose business it was to present the report, from which we have this day published several extracts, each more amazing than the other. The chapter with which we shall conclude our extracts aims at establishing the competency of the Chamber. This production is attributed to M. Portalis, formerly minister of the resistance under Charles X. We shall beg leave of M. Portalis to blush for him at his own handy work." (Here follows the extract):—

"Of course we cannot let pass this heterogeneous mass of constitutional heresies, of violations of all the principles of criminal jurisprudence admitted amongst civilised nations, these antiquated maxims of your provost's courts, these asinine notions of Bridoison, councillor of the star-chamber, without marking them with all the inexpressible disgust which every honest heart, every enlightened mind, must feel at reading such a production. It is not necessary to particularise every objection upon the ground of common sense, of truth, and of decency, which arises at every phrase of this infamous rhapsody; but the extent of this document, which so well characterises that abject apostacy, which it is the fashion of the legislative tribune pompously to denominate *the system of resistance*, obliges us to postpone our observations to a subsequent number. We here only speak of our first impression, and we will lay it aside in order to bring back into the most painful, the most irritating of refutations, that calmness which should never be lost sight of, even in confronting the basest iniquity."

This article was contumelious to excess, and was therefore at variance with the literary habits of the *National*. The Chamber of Peers took offence at it, and upon the motion of M. Philippe de Ségur, which was vainly resisted by MM. Dubouchage, de Lanjuinais, Pontécoulant, and Excelmans, it called M. Rouen, the responsible editor of the paper, before its bar. M. Rouen having immediately demanded permission to be aided in his defence by Armand Carrel, who was then a prisoner, his request was granted, and they both appeared before the Chamber of Peers on the 15th of December.

M. Rouen only spoke a few words, which were remarkable for their moderation and dignity. Armand Carrel then rose. His countenance betrayed all the emotion of his mind, and expressed a sort of manly and slightly disdainful urbanity. He began in these terms: "I know not, Messieurs les Pairs, if you are astonished at being our judges, for our part we ask by what overthrow of principles, by virtue of what unperceived changes, are we become the objects of your jurisdiction! That there may have remained in some obscure corner of the code relating to the press, though no one hitherto suspected it, something con-

ferring upon the two chambers the tempting privilege of pronouncing judgment in their cause upon the irregularities of free discussion; this we will not take upon us to deny. Yes; the thing is in print, just as are 40,000 laws of vengeance, by the aid of which parties have made havoc of each other for the last twenty years, and which it has not been deemed necessary expressly to abolish, because it was thought they would not dare again to show themselves before the face of a civilised and free nation. We have none to blame but ourselves, men of the revolution of July, for the forgetfulness which has left such weapons in the hands of the new authorities; we are now taught at our own expense, that liberty is not to be defended by moral force and by public opinion, however advanced this may be, but by the clearness, the cogency, and the perfect harmony of the guarantees obtained before laying down arms.

"The revolution of July has been highly lauded for its extreme clemency, and we are not the men who will blame it for this; for if we have inculcated audacity upon it in the moment of the conflict, we have likewise preached humanity in its ears; but posterity will reproach it for the incredible simplicity of its confidence. No sooner was it saved from the bayonets of the Swiss, than it fell into the unseemly alliance under which it is now suffocated. We have had our share in these errors of inexperienced courage, and we endure the penalty. The fact was that the Restoration had formed us only to hatred, and the semitheocratic nature of its means of operation had confined us within the common-place limits of Voltairian incredulity. This was almost the whole sum of our liberal education. We had plebeian and philosophic antipathies, but scarcely any fixed political opinions; we know how men may reconquer their lost liberty, we had not sufficient knowledge how they may avoid losing it again. Hence there remains to us of our July conquest only an emblem, the tri-coloured flag, a word, the national sovereignty, and an immortal example to remind us that we should never despair of a great and holy cause. Imprudent and young, that we were, upon the morrow of our victory! we gazed straight before us, and took no heed to secure our point of departure; we advanced towards the conquest of new reforms; we rushed forward to the discovery of a glorious and unknown future, and when the doctrines and the men of the Restoration were pointed out to us issuing from the gory mud into which we had plunged them, and forming themselves again into battalions in our rear, we answered with a shrug of pity. When we were pointed out the archives of the police, the criminal records of the old parliaments, the decrees of the committee of public safety, and of the imperial inquisition over which the legists of the new order of things were poring day and night; when we were told, there is in that mountain of papers enough to stifle all the liberties of the human race, all the rights of thought, all the generous inspirations of the heart, we had but one reply—a reply that was just at first, but which has since become an absurdity; so glaringly have facts given it the lie. We said, they will not dare! The people has

not given in its resignation; public opinion is awake; the revolution of July is not so old a thing; they will not dare!

"They have dared, for the genius of your practical men is sure to corrupt all it touches, to discover, whenever it pleases against every right of the country, a right of the government more ancient and more imprescriptable still. Thus we have beheld Paris declared in a state of siege, political writers handed over to the jurisdiction of serjeants of infantry, the liberty of the individual subjected to the caprices of the least agents of the public force, the sanctity of the private dwelling first universally violated, then sullied with blood; private correspondence become the first matter of judicial investigation; association, the principle of union, of mutual protection between all the citizens of one same class, or of one same political opinion, transformed into treason against the state. Thus have we ourselves been despoiled of our rights as writers and as citizens, and our liberties and our fortunes assailed, for having sought to preserve the existence of a journal which put forth the first appeal in favour of the Orleans dynasty (a thing for which I implore pardon, upon my own behalf, of liberty, and of my country)."

Proceeding then to speak of the recent insults for which the Chamber of Peers proposed to take vengeance, Armand Carrel called to mind the fact, that one of his former contributors, M. Mignet, had not hesitated to say of the peerage, in February, 1830, that it was "*The retreat of superannuated deputies, the reward of every act of truckling, the hospital of all the wounded in office.*" He then cited the words in which another of his former fellow-contributors to the *National*, M. Thiers, had denounced the Chamber of Peers in 1830: "*MM. les Pairs have evidently no other care, than to watch fortune, and to see which side she will finally adopt. * * * * We must deal vigorously with all these poltroons.*" According to the orator, these attacks upon the part of M. Mignet, now counsellor of state, and of M. Thiers, now minister, had never been since surpassed in violence. "As for us," he went on to say, "we have never gone out of our way to look for occasions for renewing these hostilities, which we are now charged with systematically pursuing. Those occasions were abundantly presented to us by the determination to persist in maintaining the hypocritical sorrows of the 21st of January; in rejecting the rights of the military of the hundred days; in throwing out the law of divorce twice ineffectually voted by the Chamber; and by what appeared to us the acmé of wilful wrong, the obstinate refusal of all inquiry into the matter of Marshal Ney's trial." At the sound of that name a slight agitation appeared in the assembly. The public in the galleries redoubled their attention. "Here I pause," continued Armand Carrel, "from respect for a glorious and a lamentable memory. It is not for me to say whether it were more easy to legalize the sentence of death, than the revision of an unjust process. Time has pronounced its verdict; at this day the good name, fame, and memory of the judge, have more need of restoration than those of the victim ———." The president sprang to his

feet in alarm, and cried out: "Advocate for the defence, you are speaking before the Chamber of Peers; take heed, your expressions may be considered as a contempt of court." Thereupon, with the loftiest tone of pride, courage, and indignation, Armand Carrel replied: "If, among the peers who voted for the death of Marshal Ney,—if, among the peers who sit within these walls, there be one who feels himself aggrieved by my words, let him make a motion against me; let him denounce me at this bar; I will appear to the charge. I shall be proud of being the first man of the generation of 1830, to come here and protest, in the name of indignant France, against that abominable murder." The audience in the gallery sprang up in a transport of enthusiasm, the peers were overwhelmed with consternation: "Advocate for the defence," cried M. Pasquier, "I silence you." But at that very moment, in a voice issuing from the very depth of the heart, General Excelmans cried out: "I share the opinion of the advocate for the defence; yes, the condemnation of Marshal Ney was a judicial assassination; I say this, I——" Immense cheering ensued. The sitting was suspended; an inexpressible perplexity possessed the judges of 1815; the shade of Marshal Ney was in the hall. Armand Carrel resumed his discourse in the midst of the general anxiety, but the terrible name every moment recurred to his lips. Interrupted once more by the president, he said: "I consider the defence impossible."

M. Rouen having been declared guilty by a majority of 138 to 15, the peers proceeded to vote upon the application of the penalty. As the sole favour he would accept at their hands, Armand Carrel requested the Chamber to apply the minimum penalty to M. Rouen, and to reserve all its severity, if it wished to be severe, for the journal. A sentence of 10,000 francs fine and two years' imprisonment was the reply of the peerage judging in its own cause.

This was the last of all the important and deplorable events that marked the year 1834.

CHAPTER IX.

In pronouncing the order of the day well-founded, the Chamber had sought to confirm for a long time the ministry of the 11th of October; and yet, the year 1835 was hardly begun, when the ministry already seemed tottering. The majority which had so energetically upheld it, had been wrought upon by secret intrigues. The *tiers parti* numbered among its ranks, men such as MM. Sauzet and Passy, who were deficient neither in talent nor in personal consideration. Now this league, of which M. Dupin aîné, was the soul, exerted itself in every direction; plotted in the half daylight of the corridors; obstructed the course of business; harassed the cabinet by continual skirmishes, and kept the opposition in heart by the floating support it afforded it.

But what most endangered the existence of the ministry, was the dislike felt for it in the royal palace. There, the right to govern openly pretended to by MM. Thiers and Guizot, was thought impertinent in the highest degree. What? was the king to submit to be a mere automaton? To figure for the benefit of some leaders? Was he to go back to the habits of the *rois fainéants*, and foster the ambition of the modern mayors of the palace under the wing of his slumbering majesty? The king's ministers ought to be his servants, not his masters. If instead of belonging to royalty, they belonged to the parliamentary majority, what was the use of royalty? The sovereignty in that case devolved upon the Chamber; it was the Republic with the addition of a lie and a civil list of 12,000,000.

A pamphlet by M. Roederer, published at this period, disclosed the feelings of the court. According to M. Roederer, a parliamentary minister was a heresy; the king having, by the terms of the charter, the right of choosing his ministers, his will ought to be theirs. The king was the president born of the council, its only effective and legitimate president.

M. Roederer's pamphlet was read in the palace in Madame Adelaide's apartment, amidst the most lively testifications of enthusiasm. It did not meet with the same reception among the public. The republicans, constituting themselves umpires of the field, prepared with smiles upon their lips, to look on at a combat which so clearly revealed the absurdity of a constitutional régime. The partisans of the famous maxim, "the king reigns, and does not govern," were loud and bitter in their complaints. M. Fonfrede, whom the king had not yet won over by granting him the honour of corresponding directly with him, attacked Roederer's pamphlet with no ordinary tartness of style. Lastly, the Chamber was deeply incensed at the threatened attack upon its prerogative. At the outposts of the parliamentary party, stood M. Duvergier de Hauranne, a man remarkable for a great precision of ideas and marked predilection for political strife, a solid eloquence, and a shrewdness of mind ennobled by the loftiness of his heart. Sprung from a family which had given the Abbé de St. Cyran to jansenism, M. Duvergier de Hauranne possessed qualities perfectly in accordance with his origin. An enemy to courtiers, in him were equally revived the independence of the old parliaments with regard to the crown, and their disdain as regarded the people. He persisted more than any one else in truly strange illusions. He would have had constitutional France assume a proud attitude in presence of the foreigner, an attitude courageous without provocation, prudent without weakness, and he did not perceive that a government cannot manifest strength abroad, when at home divided between two rival forces, it is forced to wear itself out in efforts to maintain its position amidst endless oscillations. Precisely in order to obviate the inconvenience of this duallism, this inexhaustible source of anarchy, he would have had the majority of the Chamber governed through the medium of the ministers under the shade of a passive royalty; and he did not perceive, that to require the king to

take up a second-hand majesty, is to demand of him an impossibility. The quarrel between the parliamentary and the court party stood thus: the former said with M. Duvergier de Hauranne, Since the ministers cannot govern without a parliamentary majority, the ministers of our choice should be accepted by the crown. Without this, what would the Chamber be? A machine for voting taxes. And the other party exclaimed with M. Roederer, What? The king is to name the ministers, whilst, in reality, it is by the Chamber they are chosen and commanded! But in that case, what would royalty be?—A machine for signing ordinances.

The two parties both had right on their side as regarded each other; they were both wrong in the eyes of reason; and this very contest proved to what a degree the constitutional régime is vicious. Every government which is not founded upon the principle of unity, must of necessity live in anarchy and die in corruption. Now, monarchical unity had ceased to be possible from the time elective and permanent assemblies had become the order of the day; from the time when the throne had been isolated by withdrawing from it the necessary support of a territorial aristocracy; from the time when the hereditary descent of the crown had been continued only as an exceptional fact, every political hereditary right having been prescribed, even that which constituted the strength of the peerage. Unity through the means of monarchy had ceased to be possible from the time when the bourgeoisie had inherited the spoils of the feudal régime; and from that period there had been logically and regularly nothing possible but unity through the parliament, that is to say, through the republic.*

A very little reflection will enable us to see that the French bourgeoisie ought of its own nature, and in accordance with its own interests, to have been republican. It was, in fact, quite obvious, that being absolute mistress in social order through its wealth, its intellectual activity, and its industry, it should seek to rule supremely in political order through representatives taken from its own body. That it should have

* In creating man, God did not intend that the arms should be at liberty to control the decisions of the head; the head wills, the arm executes. How would it be possible for a man to act, if, when the head wills one thing, the arm willed another? Yet such is the constitutional régime; unless the king be in it, according to Bonaparte's expression, *un cochon a l'engrais* (a styed pig), which the king will never consent to be if he is intelligent, and which none will ever consent for him that he should be, if he is an idiot. The example of England is constantly cited upon this subject, the fact not being considered, that in England royalty can subsist as a symbol merely, because in that country it really expresses the hereditary power of the dominant class; because in that country it is really a symbol of the transmission of political power in virtue of the right of birth. But where is the aristocracy in France? The hereditary descent of political power has been so formally condemned in that country, that even an hereditary peerage has not been tolerated. Will any one tell us, then, how royalty could subsist as a symbol merely in a country where what it is called upon to express exists no longer?

We cannot insist too strongly upon a point of view which we have set forth at the beginning of our third book, and which we believe to be new. In England, in spite of appearances, there is unity in the executive, and this is what constitutes its force. In England, the House of Commons, the House of Lords, and the Crown are, in reality, but three diverse manifestations of a single power, the power of the aristocracy; they are three functions, and not three powers.

concentrated the elective power in its own hands to protect itself from popular incursions, was, certainly, a very natural course, though one sullied with selfishness and injustice. But how was the bourgeoisie brought to surrender a part of its political authority for the benefit of a king? What motives urged it to set up against an elective principle upon which its power was based, an opposite, rival, hostile principle, that of hereditary succession? By what mysterious inconsistency did it come to pass, that, after having overthrown the aristocratic edifice, it set about reconstructing its summit, which is royalty? I do not think that among the numerous contradictions that mark the history of the human mind, there can be cited one more glaring than this. A monarchical bourgeoisie is nonsense.

Now this was precisely the very reason why the publicists of the French bourgeoisie had contrived the system which they summed up in these terms, the king reigns and does not govern. According to this phrase, they would have had monarchy without any of the conditions of monarchy. They declared royalty necessary, provided it kept itself motionless as a statue in its niche; they recognised the king as the head of the state, provided he was but the mute servant of the parliament. Pitiable illusion! What avail the devices of the sophist and the artifices of the rhetorician against the force of things? The time was approaching when the bourgeoisie, which had desired a king for its slave, should have one for its master.

M. Duvergier de Hauranne and his friends fully foresaw this, but had they really determined to anticipate the danger, they ought to have renounced idle fictions; and they had not the courage to be logical. They continued, therefore, to plead the cause of royalty, whilst looking out for means to restrict and subjugate it. Provoked by a vigorous pamphlet, they determined to reply to it by strengthening the cabinet; and they talked of nothing but bringing back the Duc de Broglie into the council, thus centring their predilections upon the man whom the king liked least and feared most.

The Duc de Broglie's return to office was favoured by the complete nullity of Marshal Mortier, who was little more than a respectable puppet. If questions were put to him in the Chamber, he drew himself up to the full height of his gigantic stature, gazed round in painful confusion upon the assembly, opened his mouth, and could only stammer. This was of itself a source of disfavour and almost of ridicule for the cabinet. Marshal Mortier was himself aware of it. As a brave soldier, and as a man of honour, he felt his dignity sorely compromised, and he was quite determined not to carry out any further the sacrifice won from his monarchical zeal in November. Thus deprived of a leader, the ministry floated about at hazard, the more so as Thiers and Guizot both abstained from taking the leading part, being restrained by their watchful jealousy of each other.

It was at this time that Russia made pecuniary claims upon the cabinet of the Tuileries, which were altogether groundless. It would not have been very diplomatic to refuse all negotiation upon this sub-

ject. The cabinet consented to negotiate, with a determination, however, not to give way to unjust exactions. But the affair soon got wind, and the opposition press seized upon it as a theme for invective. Public opinion, already very much excited by the discussions which the debt of America had excited, now took fire, and M. Isambert announced that he would put questions to ministers. This threat was particularly addressed to M. de Rigny, minister for foreign affairs. Now, M. de Rigny was little more than an elegant drawing-room diplomatist; he figured to much more advantage in this sphere, than in the tribune, and the question upon which explanations were about to be demanded, was one difficult enough to clear up. The aid of M. Thiers, whose versatile talents were known, was therefore sought. The facts of the case were laid before him by M. Desages, a well informed and practical man, who had long been versed in diplomatic matters, and who was the managing man in the foreign department. M. Thiers was careful not to refuse his aid. The portfolio of foreign affairs tempted him, although he had not ventured to confess this even to himself; and the king, who had views which we shall explain by and bye, used complaisantly to say to him, "You, at least, know your map." The fact is, that in the discussion occasioned by M. Isambert's questions, M. Thiers filled the tribune with much effect, and maintained a conflict with MM. Isambert and Odilon Barrot, in which M. de Rigny appeared only in a secondary embarrassed position. The discussion led to no decision, only it served to reveal quite new capacities in M. Thiers. His friends eagerly cried up his success, and M. de Rigny, humiliated by such eulogiums, conceived a dislike of M. Thiers, which was exasperated by the sense of his own incompetence.

Thus party feeling and circumstances seemed to concur towards bringing the Duc de Broglie prominently forward, but he was opposed both by the king and by M. Thiers. The king could not endure the idea of having incessantly before him a man of no suppleness. M. Thiers feared the strength which M. de Broglie would afford M. Guizot in the council, and he was apprehensive that his own influence would wane by the side of those two men. It was necessary to try other arrangements. Overtures were made to M. Molé, who did not feel disposed to brave the rancour which his accession would excite. Negotiations were entered into for the purpose of inducing M. de Montalivet, who was a peculiar favourite with the king, to accept a portfolio, but M. de Montalivet dreaded taking a place in a cabinet, which, not having MM. Thiers and Guizot for members, was in danger of having them for adversaries.

In the course of all these matters, M. Thiers showed the most perfect indifference to office. To accept the Duc de Broglie as colleague, appeared to him inconvenient and hazardous; he refused to do so, but he offered to retire, and that with a good grace and outward show of indifference, the sincerity of which, the king very much suspected. The matter was tediously prolonged. Marshal Mortier had given in his resignation as president of the council and minister of war, on the 20th

of February; it was full time to come to some decision. In order to conciliate M. Thiers, a portfolio was offered him for M. Mignet, his best friend. This was tantamount to giving him two votes in the cabinet; but M. Mignet preferred the tranquillity of his literary life to the storms of politics, and this refusal offended the king; for when office is proffered, to disdain it is an act of superiority.

While all these things were passing in the usual obscurity of such intrigues, the world abroad were lost in conjectures. As the crisis was prolonged, public curiosity rose to the highest pitch: the press was on tiptoe; the Chamber, heated by the *tiers parti*, grew vexed at so long an *interregnum*. It was in the midst of this general agitation, that the 11th of March, 1835, arrived, the day fixed for the questions of which M. de Sade had given notice upon the 7th. The debate was very animated, very stormy, but the ministers, as might have been expected, evaded all explanation. Some impressive words from De Sade and Odilon Barrot, upon the discredit which every such crisis entailed upon the constitutional system; a vigorous attack by M. Mauguin upon the mystery in which the government shrouded itself; some allusions, full of pithy wit and good taste directed by M. Garnier-Pagès against the august personage, whose name was pronounced by no one, though he was in all men's thoughts: such was the whole sum of what this discussion produced.

But, by the reception he met with from the majority, M. Thiers could judge of the dissatisfaction his refusals occasioned. Another overture made to him in the morning by MM. Guizot and Duchatel, had completely failed, and this obstinacy was generally blamed as injurious to a man of importance; for M. Thiers had taken good care not to avow the real motive of his conduct. If he refused to coalesce in an arrangement by which he would have been associated with the Duc de Broglie, it was solely, he said, because M. de Broglie was not popular either with the country, or with the Chamber, and might, consequently, create too many difficulties for the cabinet which should accept him for its president. The pretext was well chosen, and M. de Broglie's unpopularity was incontestable.

Such a singular state of things could not be suffered to go on for ever. When M. Thiers left the Chamber on the 11th of March, it was in a doubtful wavering state of mind. In the evening the deputies of the majority met at M. Fulchiron's, and there it was determined that a deputation should be sent to the minister of the interior to acquaint him that the Chamber had made up its mind to support the Duc de Broglie as president of the council. This proceeding put an end to the crisis; M. Thiers gave way at last. M. Delarue was sent to Marshal Maison, ambassador in Russia, to recall him and offer him the portfolio of war, which was intrusted, *pro tempore*, to M. de Rigny, who was retiring. The cabinet upon the eve of its dissolution rallied again under the presidency of M. de Broglie, to the great annoyance of the king, and the panic-stricken court now thought of nothing but how it might poison the fruits of a victory which it did not look upon as definitive.

It was, as the reader recollects, the rejection of the treaty of the 25 millions which had occasioned M. de Broglie to retire from the cabinet; his return to office naturally tended to bring the question again on the *tapis*; but, unfortunately, circumstances had occurred greatly to complicate this question, of itself so delicate and thorny. Moreover, there were mixed up with it, it was said, some ugly jobbing tricks, and a thousand rumours were abroad upon the subject.

Immediately after the rejection, the king had hastened to make known to Mr. Livingstone, American minister at Paris, that the United States were not to consider the vote of the Chamber of Deputies as definitive; that the treaty should be again brought forward, and that its ultimate acceptance could not be doubted; that the bourgeoisie would never consent to incur the chances of a war, fatal to commerce, for the idle pleasure of persisting in its refusal; and that as for him, the King of the French, he formally pledged himself as a king and as a man, to make every exertion to obtain the prompt execution of the treaty. Language of such a tenor very clearly indicated to Mr. Livingstone the course he had to pursue. Strong in the personal inclination of the king, and convinced from all he heard that it was only necessary to frighten the Chamber to obtain whatever was required of it, he wrote to that effect to his government, and advised it to adopt the language of menace.

Furnished with this hint as to the attitude it was advisable he should assume, the President of the United States failed not to speak in terms of offensive vehemence as regarded France, and he addressed a message to Congress on the 1st of December, which contained the following words:

"Since France, in violation of the pledges given through her minister here, has delayed her final action so long, that her decision will not, probably, be known in time to be communicated to this Congress, I recommend that a law be passed, authorising reprisals upon French property, in case provisions shall not be made for the payment of the debt at the approaching session of the French Chambers. If she (France) should continue to refuse that act of acknowledged justice, and, in violation of the law of nations, make reprisals on our part the occasion of hostilities against the United States, she would but add violence to injustice, and would not fail to expose herself to the censure of civilised nations, and the retributive judgments of Heaven."

Never had the French nation, illustrious and respected among all the nations of the world, been treated with such excessive insolence. General Jackson's message was no sooner known in Paris than indignation was kindled in every mind. What? It was with menace and insult upon his lips, almost sword in hand, that he dared to demand of France the payment of a debt, the lawfulness of which was not yet proved. That the American government should so soon have forgotten to what generous auxiliaries America had formerly owed the conquest of its independence and the establishment of its nationality, was a thing that might well be wondered at; but that provocation should be added to ingratitude; that America should think of frightening us; should come

and dun us peremptorily—was this conceivable? Most of the organs of public opinion took fire, and war was for a moment thought to be imminent; but Mr. Livingstone had been but too well informed by his interviews with the king. Above the nation, palpitating with wrath and longing to avenge the national dignity, there were men whose souls were devoted wholly to lucre; they were the same men who had caused Belgium to be refused for the sake of the mines of Aazin and the cloths of Elbeuf; they beset all the avenues to office, they formed the parliamentary majority, and they were once more about to bend the honour of France beneath the yoke of their mercantile selfishness. Nevertheless, it is right to admit that all the members of the majority did not without exception combine in so shameful a movement of fear and tergiversation. Some of them, though approving of the treaty, were of opinion with M. Duvergier de Hauranne, that it would be a shame and public calamity to yield to a threat; unfortunately their counsels were lost in the tumultuous din of private interest.

As for the ministers, divided between the fear of kindling war and that of suffering the name of France to sink too low, they had come to the determination, first, of demanding once more of the Chamber the credit necessary for the payment of the American debt; secondly, of immediately recalling M. Serrurier, French envoy to the United States, and of sending Mr. Livingstone, the American minister in Paris, his passports. The despatches addressed to M. Serrurier savoured of the double uneasiness that possessed the ministry. The language of those despatches had been weighed with minute and scrupulous prudence, and yet they were not altogether devoid of firmness. The king took alarm at them; the ministry refused to yield, and then, if we may believe the testimony of men of weight and respectability, of persons whose position gave them a thorough insight into the most secret details of policy, things of a very strange character took place.

A mysterious emissary embarked in the brig *d'Assas*, which conveyed the despatches of the French government to America. He was charged with a special mission independent of the ministerial instructions, and the object of which was even to destroy the effect of the latter. Care had been taken not to let M. Serrurier into the secret, accordingly he must have been extremely surprised at the reception given by the American government to the despatches of France. However pointed and energetic were their contents, they were received with a sneering indifference, which proved that a secret hint had been given that they were not to be taken in a serious light; in fact from that moment, the temper of the American government appeared notably changed, as if it had found that it was enough to have just shown the flash of the sword from a distance, and that it was advisable not to make the quarrel worse by carrying the threat further.

The Congress, without disavowing General Jackson's words, had thought it right, before publicly seconding them, to await the result of the efforts to be made by the King of the French towards securing a full and entire execution of the treaty; and such had been the tenor of

the language held in the senate by Mr. Clay, president of the diplomatic committee. After the arrival of the brig *d'Assas*, and despite the insulting reception given to the French officers by the mob, despite the hostile tone assumed by the American press, General Jackson appeared much less disposed to unsheath the sword. This change of attitude was officially announced to France in a note from Mr. Livingstone, which was approved, in the name of the president of the United States, by Mr. Forsythe, American secretary of state for foreign affairs.

Nothing then remained but to obtain from the Chamber the vote so laboriously prepared. The grounds upon which were founded the American claims upon France had already been long the theme of discussion among the journals. Everything connected with those claims, from first to last had excited vehement debates, for they went back to a remote period, and were connected with circumstances involved in much obscurity. It is well known that by the Berlin and Milan decrees of 1806 and 1807, Napoleon had put England under the bann of the maritime powers, and sentenced to confiscation every vessel convicted of having been in relation with the British government, territory, or commerce. The Americans pretended that they had suffered from the application of those decrees. They had claimed an indemnity which had been granted them by a treaty signed, in 1831, by M. Horace Sebastiani, the sum specified being 25 millions; and for this it was now sought to obtain a vote from the Chamber.

The controversy was very keen; the partisans of the treaty remarked that the demand of the Americans was just; that it had been admitted in principle by the Empire, and evaded, but not directly disputed by the Restoration; that the France of 1830 would rise in the esteem of the world by proving herself true to sacred engagements; that there was no ground for pausing at the haughty language of General Jackson, that language having been disavowed by the Congress; that the treaty of 1831 was a consummated act, and that the French nation could not dispense with doing honour to the signature of its king; that the treaty, moreover, was not without compensation, since the Americans, on their part, engaged to clear off a sum of a million and a half claimed by France, and consented to admit French wines at reduced duties into the ports of the Union for ten years; that it would be an act of madness to lose, for an affair of money, the friendship of a generous people; that our refusal would, perhaps, bring on a war that would cost us much more than the sum demanded, to say nothing of the effusion of blood, and that even admitting a less gloomy supposition, we should close an important market for our wines and silks, and turn out into the streets a multitude of workmen, without employment and without bread, to swell the ranks of revolt.

None of these arguments moved the opponents of the treaty. The justice of the claim was assumed in the first place? So then, the imperial decrees which had given occasion to it were to be considered as illegitimate! Now the decrees of 1806 and 1807, which had been brought to bear more particularly against the Union in 1810, what

other purpose had they had, but to compel the United States to fulfil duties of neutrality which it had been prompted to violate by greed of gain, and by a compliance of which England could not reap the benefit without giving France a right to take offence at it? Had not the decrees of 1806 and 1807 possessed a wholly European character in their tendency to purge the ocean of the tyranny of the Union-Jack? Were they not an epitome of the grand crusade which Napoleon had undertaken in order to reconquer the freedom of the seas for the benefit of civilized nations? And what after all were those losses which the American speculators pretended to have sustained compared with the enormous advantages they had derived from an audacious violation of the treaties? If the Empire had not refused to admit the principle of the American claims, it was because, under the overwhelming circumstances of 1814, it was unwilling to multiply the number of its enemies; it was, in fine, because America had this claim to Napoleon's gratitude, that it was at that time a thorn in the side of England. And as for the Restoration, had it not clearly shown what account it made of the claims of the United States, by the invincible obstinacy with which it had intrenched itself behind technical demurrers? Undoubtedly a people was bound in honour and duty to fulfil its engagements, but its dignity imperiously commanded it not to pay what it did not owe, especially when demanded of it at the point of the sword. Nor was it true that the Congress had disavowed the insolent words of the President of the United States; the Congress had merely postponed expressing its sentiments, in the hope that the King of the French would prevail over the French Chamber. What? The treaty of 1831 was appealed to as having irrevocably pledged the nation? As if that treaty itself had not been a barefaced violation of the fundamental principle of the constitutional system. Had the rights of parliament been reserved? No. The nation, therefore, had not given its signature. To say that the United States, in return for 25 millions, which they demanded from us, would not refuse to pay us 1,500,000 was a downright mockery. The promised reduction of duties upon our wines was a real advantage, but why was no mention made upon this subject of the treaty by which France had ceded Louisiana to the United States in 1813, and of the stipulations acceded to in our favour by the 8th article, and their violation. For, after all, America was our debtor, not our creditor, and, in fact, of the 260 millions at which Louisiana was valued, 80 millions alone had been paid us by the United States; so that the advantages stipulated for France, and of which she had been infamously disappointed, amounted to a sum of 180 millions. We had a right upon our part to demand their repayment. War! It was not a thing to be desired, but it was not customary with the French people to fear it, and cowardice is a sure means of bringing it down upon a nation. The American market! A people as shrewd in business as that of the United States would never think of refusing our produce, since it knew well that it would thereby bring down the price of its own. Riot! If to let it loose in our towns, the foreigner had but to inflict upon us the

humiliation of his unjust exactions, or of his threats, we should be the last and the most miserable of nations.

Such were in substance the arguments put forward on either side, whether in the press or in the Chamber of Deputies, where the discussion commenced upon the 9th of April, 1835. It gave occasion to an oratorical tilting between the Duc de Fitz-James and M. Thiers, which made a great deal of noise. The motion of ministers was warmly supported by MM. de Broglie, president of the council, Ducos, Tesnières, Jay, Avisson, de Tracy, Dumon, de Lamartine, and Réalier-Dumas; it was powerfully combated by MM. Desabes, Glaiz-Bizoin, Charamaule, Lacrosse, Augois, Isambert, and Mauguin; but no one dealt it such terrific blows as M. Berryer. We think we see him still, sometimes leaning over the tribune with both arms stretched out over the assembly, and forcing his adversaries to own to the sway of his potent eloquence; sometimes catching up with one hand the documents put forward in support of the treaty, and with the other marking, as it were, upon the marble, every error in figures, every false estimate, every double entry, and making, as it were, a sort of living arithmetic flash upon the eyes of his dazzled audience. Never had Mirabeau, fulminating against bankruptcy, appeared more vehement, more indignant; never had he exercised the power of eloquence with more sovereign sway. All was in vain. On the 18th of April, 1835, the adoption of the treaty was voted by 289 voices against 137. It was likewise adopted two months afterwards by the Chamber of Peers, notwithstanding the energetic opposition of the Duc de Noailles. The grave effect of this vote upon the honour of France was mitigated only by an amendment, carried by MM. Velazé and Legrand, which was to the effect that no payment should be made until the French government should have received satisfactory explanations respecting President Jackson's message.

CHAPTER X.

When a government has the will and the power to dare everything; if it speak of justice while obeying only the promptings of its rancour; if it invoke the sanctity of the laws whilst trampling them under foot, there is in the falsehood of such an attitude something afflicting to the conscience of honest men. And yet, the statesman who loves the people derives from this spectacle a subject of pride and hope, for this timidity of might is a grand homage paid to liberty, and it is a fine thing to see the victors belie their own triumph, and lacking the courage that should accompany their violence even while fully assured of their impunity.

It was by a mere royal ordinance, that the Chamber of Peers to which the April prosecutions had been evoked, had been constituted a court of justice.

Now the charter had thereby been violated in the most audacious manner. The charter stated in fact, *None shall be withdrawn from his natural judges:* and as if to take away beforehand from tyranny the resource of false interpretations, the legislators had added, *consequently, it shall not be allowable to create extraordinary commissions and tribunals upon any pretext, or under any denomination whatever.* Is it possible to imagine anything more explicit?

It is true that an exception to the principle was embodied in the 28th article, which ran thus: *The Chamber of Peers has cognizance of the crime of high-treason and of the offences against the safety of the state which shall be* (qui seront) *defined by the law;* but that law, which was to define the offence, and without which, the 28th article was as though it did not exist, that law had not yet been laid down. The high jurisdiction of the Chamber of Peers could not therefore come into operation, but by a barefaced violation of the fundamental laws of the realm.

This reasoning, founded upon positive facts, and further confirmed by a memorable precedent,* was absolutely unanswerable.

The Chamber of Peers, however, did not hesitate to disregard it. In vain M. Debouchage nobly protested against so flagrant an usurpation; the peerage pronounced its own competence, after lending a complacent ear to the sophisms of MM. de Broglie, Portalis, and Séguier, sophisms so pitiable, that we shall abstain from repeating them.

It was on the 6th of February, 1835, that one hundred and thirty-two members of the court drew up and signed, the warrant for putting the prisoners upon their trial. This warrant declared all the facts which had occurred at Lyons, Paris, Marseilles, Saint-Etienne, Besançon, Arbois, Châlons, Epinal, Lunéville, and in Isère, to be mutually connected together. It declared the court to be competent with regard to all those facts; it directed that those amongst the accused, against whom no evidence had been found, should be set at liberty; that the

* M. de Lavallette was condemned to death in 1815, by the Court of Assizes of the department of the Seine. He appealed *en cassation*, alleging the incompetence of the Courts of Assizes; and that, seeing the high functions which he was accused of having abused, *against the safety of the State*, he ought, by the terms of the charter, to be judged by the peers of the realm.

The following is the explanatory part of the judgment by which the Court of Cassation rejected M. de Lavallette's appeal, December 15th, 1815:

"Seeing that the appellant was indicted before the Court of Assizes of the Seine, as an accomplice in a high crime against the safety of the State; that the article 33 (afterwards article 28 of the charter, 1830) of the constitutional charter, does not attribute, without distinction, to the Chamber of Peers, the cognisance of all crimes against the safety of the State; that it restricts the Chamber's cognisance to those crimes against the safety of the State, *which shall be defined by law;* that *no law* has yet determined which of the said crimes are to be submitted to the Chamber of Peers, in conformity with this article of the charter; that they remain, therefore, still within the scope of the common law, and that the Court of Assizes of the Seine was competent to hear evidence, and pronounce upon the accusation laid against the appellant.

"The court rejects the appeal."

It is needless to observe, that what was true in 1815, with respect to M. de Lavallette was equally so in 1834, with regard to the persons implicated in the affair of April, the law having been the same at both periods.

others should be put upon their trial; and that the president of the court should at a future time appoint a day for the opening of the trial.*

The court then caused copies of the report of M. Girod de l'Ain to be distributed among the accused, the deputies, and the members of the Council of State; and the solicitor-general, M. Martin du Nord, began to prepare an indictment, which could be, and was, nothing else than a brutal *resumé* of the report of M. Girod de l'Ain.

Whilst their enemies were thus preparing to annihilate them, the Parisian traversers detained in St. Pelagie, were impatiently awaiting the moment when they might prove before the face of all men the superiority of their doctrines. Their first thought had been to take advantage of the opportunity to hold real republican assizes in the very heart of the Chamber of Peers. "What we have to do," they said, "is not to maintain our cause in the judicial trial, but to achieve a political victory; it is not our heads we have to defend, but our ideas. Let us teach Europe; let us teach the world what kind of faith is ours, and for what principles we have chosen to play the formidable game. What matters it that our enemies have vanquished by the sword, and may complete their success by the scaffold; we shall be the victors, if it remains demonstrated that upon our side were truth, love of the people, and justice." This was a noble and grand design. In order to realize it the prisoners resolved to convoke to Paris, from all quarters of France, all those who by their talents, their virtues, their renown, and their services, were in a condition to defend, and worthily to represent the republican party.

But it was to be feared that the defence would be damaged by importunate differences of opinion, if everything was left to the caprices of personal feeling. The traversers endeavoured to prevent this danger by forming a committee of their own body, which should mark out the course to be pursued, and give a character of unity to the defence. This committee consisted of MM. Godefroi Cavaignac, Guinard, Armand Marrast, Lebon, Vignerte, Landolphe, Chilman, Granger, and Pichonnier. They then wrote to their co-traversers of Lyons, recommending them to choose defenders upon their part, and to form their

* The Court of Peers had been *seized* by royal ordinance, of the offences committed at Lyons and Paris, and it had of its own authority become seized, by several degrees of connexity, of the offences committed in other parts of the kingdom; but this had not been the case with respect to the conspiracy of Luneville. The court being absent when this plot was known, the committee of instruction had, of its own accord, taken it into its consideration, without being authorised by a decree of connexity; there was, therefore, ground for a special inquiry as to the legality of this proceeding. The commission had an immense majority of the peers in its favour; those who voted against it were MM. Berenger, de Flahaut, d'Autbouard, de Sesmaisons, Latour-Dupin, Montauban, Lanjuinais, Dubouchage, de Biron, and de Vogué.

As to the competence of the court relatively to the affairs submitted to it by the royal ordonnance, or of which it had become seized by decrees of connexity, there were only five votes for the negative. They were those of MM. Dubouchage, de Biron, de Sesmaisons, Lanjuinais, and de Vogué. The names of these five peers of France deserve to be recorded here; the gratitude of history is due to them.

own committee of defence; and this the accused of Lyons did by the nomination of MM. Baune, Lagrange, Martin Maillefer, Tiphaine, and Cauissidiere.

And now those men over whom the threat of a fearful judgment impended, were seen suddenly rising above the danger, and above their passions, and devoting themselves to the study of the driest problems. The Parisian committee of defence began by distributing among the ablest members of the party, the principal branches of the science of government; assigning to one the philosophic and religious part; to another the administrative; political economy to a third; the arts to a fourth; all became occupied with the boldest meditations, the most impassioned researches, but all were not called to fulfil the same career in this intellectual race. Theoretic differences occurred between MM. Godefroi Cavaignac, Guinard, and Armand Marrast upon the one side; and MM. Landolphe, Lebon, and Vignerte on the other. Intensely animated discussions ensued; the bodies of the captives belonged to the gaoler, but their spirits ranged in tameless freedom over the boundless domain of thought. Within their dungeon walls they busied themselves anxiously about the future destiny of nations; they conversed with God, and, with their feet treading the path to the scaffold, they were flushed and intoxicated with hope, as though they were marching to the conquest of the world. Touching and singular spectacle, the memory of which deserves to be preserved for ever!

That petty thoughts and feelings may have mingled with this great movement; that emulation may sometimes have given place to frivolous or rancorous rivalry; that minds, too weak to soar with impunity, may have lost themselves in the region of dreams, all this cannot be denied. But these too inevitable results of the infirmities of human nature are not enough to efface from the general fact we have recounted all its solemn and imposing features.

If the intellectual agitation of the republican party was vehement in the interior of St. Pelagie, it was much more so abroad; for the members of the congress convoked to the capital by the accused had flocked thither from all quarters, and the questions to be resolved were submitted to them as they arrived, so that the subjects of dissension went on multiplying day by day. Though all were sincerely attached to the cause of the republic, some regarded it with fear; these were such persons as possessed more precision than boldness of mind, or who had not a sufficiently lengthened experience of parties to know that the difficulty of leading them by bringing them into discipline, is always less in reality than in appearance. After all it must be admitted, the meetings of those engaged for the defence wore a strange aspect. Composed of men, who, for the most part, knew each other only by reputation, or even not at all, they brought together the most heterogeneous elements, before the bond which should unite them had yet been discovered; they brought the deliberate firmness of the men of the north in contact with the fiery impetuosity of the southerns. The deliberations were rather confused; the vanity of some members broke out in noisy pretensions;

frequently, the most vehement ruled the discussion, and drowned the most respected voices with their noise. The consequence was, therefore, that a deep sense of uneasiness and perplexity took possession of a certain number of the defenders; among others, MM. Jules Favre, St. Romme, and Ledru-Rollin. Exaggerating the unfavourable side of the drama enacted before their eyes, they thought they were on the verge of chaos, and strove with all their might to bring back to the proportions of a judicial trial, what, in the opinion of an immense majority of the defenders, ought to have the scope of a political struggle.

Meanwhile the decisive day was approaching; the Lyonnese traversers had been transferred from Lyons to Paris, where the Conciergerie had been assigned them for their prison; whilst the traversers of Lunéville were confined in the Abbaye. The government was not unaware of the sort of listed field into which the republicans sought to force it. After having heaped falsity on falsity, and scandal on scandal, in order to enhance its victory beyond measure, and to smite the whole republican party in the persons of the traversers, it felt itself all at once frozen with terror at the sight of that party advancing *en masse*, to sustain the fight. On the 20th of March, 1835, M. Pasquier, President of the Court of Peers, decided that official *avocats* should be imposed upon the traversers, and the next day M. Felix Faure repaired to St. Pelagie, where he made known this decision to the prisoners severally. Thus the government had come to the pass of violating the right of defence; that right which, in worn out and perishing societies, had been respected by tyrants.

The traversers energetically protested, and they wrote as follows to the *avocats* officially nominated by M. Pasquier: "Judge, gentlemen, for yourselves, if your own dignity, or that of the order to which you belong, can permit you to force yourselves upon the traversers against their wishes, and to render yourselves accomplices of an unexampled judicial iniquity, and of the passions of an enemy devoid of shame." At the same time, they chose three of their comrades, MM. Armand Marrast, Lebon, and Landolphe, to go and demand an explanation of M. Pasquier as to a persecution wholly novel, even in the annals of arbitrary power. The interview was a curious one. Arming himself with a cold politeness, M. Pasquier saluted the three republicans, when they entered, in the style of a finished courtier. The republicans bowed very slightly, and were advancing with indignation depicted upon their proud faces, when M. Pasquier threw himself into his easy chair, and made them a sign to be seated. They smiled at this puerile spite, and expressed themselves in a brief and business-like tone. They had been instructed to apply to the President of the Court of Peers, not for the purpose of making him recall what they knew very well was irrevocable, but that they might tell him what were the feelings with which they regarded it. Accordingly, they spoke the language of threat, and that the more pointedly and uncompromisingly, for that they were the weaker, and their enemies were seconded by the executioner. The interview being ended, they rose so abruptly, that one of them, M. Landolphe,

almost ran down a man who was stuck behind the door, and had not time to withdraw; this eaves-dropper was M. Decazes.

The *avocats* officially appointed by M. Pasquier, having unanimously resolved not to comply with requisitions, which tended to dishonour their profession, the *Moniteur* of 30th of March, 1835, published an ordonnance investing the Court of Peers and its president with all the powers, as regarded *avocats* which belonged to the Courts of Assizes, and to the presidents of those courts.

Such is the headlong course of arbitrary power! A government once impelled upon that fatal course may vainly strive to moderate its speed; it must always go on, though at every step it see a fresh abyss opening before it. The traversers wrote thus to the bar of Paris:

"They no longer set up against us merely the discretionary power of a special court; it is mere will and pleasure that now pronounces finally and retrospectively on judicial questions. Thus, it is not enough that we are subjected to all the caprices of an exceptional tribunal without appeal and without control; if a contempt for all laws is not sufficient to enable it to rob us of our last security, an ordonnance interposes, arbitrary force is added to arbitrary force, and all kinds of iniquities league themselves together against us. Policy, our enemies have the assurance to say, ought not to fail justice at its need; we will not be wanting to our duty, and we call upon you, gentlemen, to fulfil yours with a firmness becoming your profession, with the promptitude which circumstances demand."

An appeal, so manly as this, moved the whole bar; there was but one voice among the *avocats* against the illegality of the ordonnance of the 30th of March. On the 6th of April, 1835, an extraordinary meeting was held of the council of the order, and a committee consisting of MM. Philippe Dupin, *bâtonnier* of the order, Parquin and Odilon Barrot drew up an opinion, of which the following is an extract:

"Without going into the question of the illegality of the ordonnance, without examining whether the mandate given them is obligatory, the *avocats* must persist in declaring that an appeal to their humanity, to the fulfilment of the duties of their profession shall never be addressed to them in vain; that, however, if the traversers consent to it, or retract their refusal, they will be ready to render their tribute to misfortune; but, if the traversers persist in their resistance, it is impossible to enter with them into an unseemly and undignified struggle.

"Under these circumstances, the council, simply expressing an opinion, deems that the most suitable course to be taken by the *avocats* is to make themselves fully assured of the wishes of the traversers, and to write, in case of refusal, to the President of the Court of Peers, stating that they would freely accept the task that has been assigned them, but that the resolution of the traversers makes it their duty to abstain from doing so."

The document was signed by MM. Philippe Dupin, *bâtonnier*, Archambault, *doyen*; Parquin, Mauguin, Thévenin, Conture, Colmet-d'Aage, Gaubert, Hennequin, Berryer fils, Gaudry, Lavaux, Delangle, Marie, Chaix-d'Est-Ange, Duvergier, Crousse, Paillet, Odilon Barrot, Leroy, and Frédérich, *members of the council*.

On the same day, the Rouen bar drew up a protest against the ordonnance of the 30th of March, which appeared with the signatures of MM. Lenard, *bâtonnier*, and Desseaux, *secretary*. It only differed from that which we have given above, in the even greater precision and energy of the language.

The example given by the bars of Paris and of Rouen, was followed

by almost the whole bar of France. From every part of the country arose the indignant protests of the profession. On the other hand the attorneys-general, as well at Rouen as at Paris, thundered against the order of advocates, and appealed against them to the Cours Royales, but with the effect of eliciting opinions which virtually annulled the ordonnance of the 30th of March. Never had such a sudden impulse arisen in the bosom of society; never had such anarchy been evolved in the very bosom of power. In a secret sitting, the Chamber of Peers confirmed its resolution not to allow the defendants to have counsel of their own selection; but it decided against *compelling* any counsel to plead for them, not venturing to enter into a contest with the body of advocates. The chamber at once exhibited the excess of violence, and the excess of fear.

And now, how shall we describe the effect produced upon the public mind, by all this surprising complication of events? The names of the defendants flew from mouth to mouth, every one sympathising with their danger, every one lauding their firmness. It became a question of universal interest and anxiety, how far would these daring men carry their daring? Would they act up to the magnanimous resolves they had announced? Even in the *salons*, where the doctrines they advocated were abhorred, their intrepid bearing touched the hearts of the fair sex; prisoners, they irresistibly governed public opinion; absent, they were in every one's thoughts. And is this to be wondered at? They had every claim to the sympathy of a generous nation: courage, defeat, misfortune. That was, indeed, a tempestuous period, yet one to be looked back to with regret! How the blood then boiled fiercely in our veins! How intensely did we then feel that we lived! How thoroughly then did it show itself, with all the attributes which God has assigned it, that French nation which assuredly will cease to exist on that day when it shall cease wholly to experience high emotions! Short-sighted politicians are ever alarmed at the manifestation of any unwonted ardour or excitement in the society to which they belong; and, as far as they are concerned, they are in the right of it; for he who would direct, would control force, must be himself endowed with force. And this is why statesmen of the mediocre sort, always make it their business to try to enervate a nation. They need to cut it down to their own level, for otherwise they could not hope to direct it. It is not thus that men of genius act. These never desire to extinguish the passions of a great people; they seek, on the contrary, to excite them, to give them a noble aim and impulse, knowing full well that the worst symptoms which a nation can manifest, the most indicative of decay, are supineness and lethargy.

Prevented from defending themselves in the way they thought fit, in the manner to which they were of clear right entitled, the prisoners of St. Pelagie resolved to oppose to their judges no further resistance than that of contemptuous silence. "You may condemn us, but you shall not try us," said MM. Lebon, Marrast, and Landolphe, with one accord to M. Pasquier, on taking their leave. It now remained for the de-

fendants to keep their word, and to confine themselves to the important object of investing with dignity that position as victims, in which they had been placed by the low-minded hostility of the government.

Unfortunately there were differences of opinion on this subject amongst the various bodies of prisoners.

The Parisians, in common with the sub-officers of Lunéville, thought that when violence was thus taking the upperhand of justice, nay, was thrusting her altogether off the scene, it was their duty, at all events, to take no part in the outrage; they considered that a silent protest was preferable to a mutilated defence; that since the Chamber of Peers thus daringly sought to avail itself of the advantages of despotism, it was but reasonable that it should also be left to reap all the embarrassment and all the odium resulting from such a course; that, in a word, it was essential to tear from the government party that mark of legality with which it sought to veil its vengeance.

The Lyonnese prisoners viewed their position under another aspect. Not to offer any defence was to lose the opportunity of reading, with emphasis to attentive France, one of the most memorable pages in the history of Lyons: could they consent to this? Men who, like Lagrange, had immortalized resistance by their moderation and their courage,—did they reflect so little honour upon their party, that all they had done and suffered might, without the grossest injustice, be passed over unnoticed? Besides, the Lyonnese insurrection had been calumniated, and it was necessary that the real truth of the matter should be made known; it was fitting that France should learn how the struggle had commenced, what base and relentless manœuvres on the part of government had prolonged its disastrous duration, and by what fearful cruelties misguided soldiers had sullied their victory.

It was obvious that these differences of opinion could not be removed until the various bodies of defendants had an opportunity of seeing each other, and of discussing the points in dispute. The Parisian defendants accordingly demanded to have transferred to St. Pelagie, where they were themselves confined, their comrades from Lunéville, who were at the Abbaye, and their Lyonnese associates, who were at the Conciergerie. Nothing could be more reasonable, yet the application was summarily rejected. The Parisian defendants, thereupon, addressed a letter to the attorney-general, in which their various subjects of complaint were set forth in the most striking manner.

"You will not permit us to resort to the ordinary and legitimate method of defending ourselves, because it is your object to suppress the truth.

"It is on this principle that, while you have been occupied a whole twelvemonth in complicating the indictment against us, we are expected to make ourselves masters of the voluminous charges, affecting our lives and our honour, in the course of a week or two.

"You have raked together, as accusations which we are to meet, every circumstance of our past career, every act of the whole republican party. Yet we are not to have counsel of our own selection to assist us in our defence, but are to be compelled to accept such men, known or unknown, possessing our confidence or not, as you think proper to assign to us! That which is freely permitted to the humblest citizen, in the most trifling police case, you deny to men whom you bring before a special, irresponsible tribunal, on a capital charge!

"We claim to have witnesses called on our behalf, a right common to every other citizen, but you take measures which render it impossible for us to enjoy it.

"We are charged with having created a vast plot, embracing within its ramifications, Paris, Lyons, Chalons, Arbois, Marseilles, Epinal, Lunéville; yet the co-accused have hitherto been prevented from placing themselves in communication with each other, and we are on the eve of trial without having been enabled, as of common right and justice we ought, to organize a common defence, to reply to a common accusation!"

An interview for one single day, between the two committees of defence of Paris and Lyons, was all that the prisoners could obtain. It took place at St. Pelagie, on the 18th of April, (1835,) and the dissensions, to which we have referred, then manifested themselves in the most decided manner. In contending that the trial should be accepted by the traversers, even though only with the ex-officio counsel, the Lyonnese seemed to be pleading the cause of their own town rather than that of the party at large, an impression which operated strongly against them in the discussion. To secure the success of their views the Parisians had only to appeal to those exalted sentiments of inspired devotion to a great cause, which, in the presence of men of a particular standard of mind and heart, are never invoked in vain. The result was, that the meeting resolved that the whole body of prisoners, should conform to the decision of the meeting of defenders; and the following declaration, involving that decision, was accordingly drawn up by a member of the Paris committee.

"Being informed that M. the President of the Chamber of Peers intends to refuse them permission to employ, as counsel, men not belonging to the order of advocates, the two committees of defence of Paris and Lyons, protest, together and unanimously, against any violation of the right of all men to a free defence; they declare that their formal resolution is to present themselves before the Chamber of Peers, accompanied by the advocates of their own choice, being supported in their determination, not only by the principles of justice common to men of all parties, but also by the declared opinion of the whole bar of the country, which has fully sanctioned the right claimed by them, that, namely, due and accorded to every accused person, of being defended by those in whom he himself places his confidence."

It was not precisely stated in this declaration, that the traversers, if debarred from the employment of defenders of their own selection, would unanimously refuse to be tried at all; but the result was inevitable. One of the members of the Lyons committee, M. Caussidière, for some time hesitated to sign, fearing that they were engaging themselves beyond what was desirable; but, pressed by his associates, he at length gave way; and the declaration was published with the signatures of MM. Baune, Lagrange, Martin Maillefer, Tiphaine, and Caussidière, members of the Lyons committee; and of MM. Chilman, Granger, Vignerte, Landolphe, Pichonnier, Rozière, Lebon, Guinard, and Armand Marrast, members of the Paris committee.

The traversers' chosen advocates, whose names had been set forth in the public journals of the preceding day, next assembled for the purpose of definitively settling the question which had arisen between the Paris defendants and those of Lyons. The feeling of the large majority on this occasion was, that they ought not to accept the trial, if a free de-

fence was not granted them. The contrary opinion was represented by MM. Ledru Rollin, Sainte-Romme, and more especially by M. Jules Favre, who maintained it with the most unflinching perseverance. Armand Carrel, who, in the first instance concurred with M. Jules Favre, afterwards went over to the majority; but M. Favre, none the more discouraged, continued to point out, as before, that if all the prisoners would consent to defend themselves personally and by counsel, this would inevitably render the trial impossible, the number of the accused being so large that the majority of the judges, laden as they were with years and infirmities, would be disabled from further attendance long before the proceedings approached their termination. This would have been all very well, had the object been merely to save the accused from the condemnation which threatened them; but the question had been placed on much higher ground than this: it was the republican party seeking, as a party, to enter the lists with their opponents. And this was precisely what M. Jules Favre could not be brought sufficiently to comprehend. He put forward also in objection his quality of advocate, and the duties imposed upon him by that sacred mission. For the sake of promoting the success of party combinations, the advantages of which appeared to him questionable, he would not, he said, neglect the appeal of men who might be pleased to confide to him the defence of their liberty, or their lives.

Mistrust is the distinctive characteristic of political parties in times of strife; they are ever ready to suspect the worst of an associate who may differ in opinion from the general body. Although the views of M. Jules Favre were susceptible of a highly honourable explanation, the more vehemently zealous of the party at once condemned them as the offspring of selfishness and egotism. A member of the bar of Lyons, where, though still quite young, he had already distinguished himself by rare ability, by superior eloquence, M. Jules Favre, was now openly accused of having attached himself to the party, merely with the view of seeking at Paris, under circumstances calculated to bring him into immediate notice, an arena more worthy of his talents; and Armand Carrel, in whom he had at first found a warm ally, now went the length of saying to him, with bitter emphasis, "Well, sir, since you persist in your determination, we'll turn the whole thing into a simple correctional police business."

It only now remained to send messengers to the Lyons defendants to acquaint them with the result of the day's deliberation. The meeting nominated for this purpose M. Jules Favre and two of his adversaries, MM. Michel (of Bourges) and Dupont. They could not have pitted against him two more uncompromising opponents.

Endowed with a powerful but rude eloquence, combined with much soundness of penetration, M. Michel was the model of a tribune of old: all his attributes, his accent, gestures, look; his sudden inspirations, his vehement and unlooked for apostrophes, everything about him partook closely of that character.

As to M. Dupont, his voice was all-influential with the republicans,

and often produced the most marked effect upon his adversaries. Taking the lead in all measures which required more peculiarly the aid of elevated generosity of sentiment and high moral courage, none better than he knew how to insure their success by the masterly employment, as the case needed, of acute logic, of cutting sarcasm, of piercing invective, of resistless passion. There was no one who did not dread the expression of his contempt; and even the unqualified rudeness of his speech in his most violent philippics never excited disgust in the minds of the hearers, so manifest was it that the speaker, in all he said, was influenced by none but public and national feelings; that his whole conduct was governed by the noblest abnegation of self, and of selfish interests!

It was now close upon the 5th of May (1835), the day fixed for the opening of the trial; and the various classes of prisoners were accordingly transferred from their respective places of confinement to the prison of the Luxembourg, as being nearer the place in which they were to be tried. On the 4th of May, MM. Dupont, Michel (of Bourges), and Favre, repaired to the quarter assigned to the Lyonnese; and M. Baune, having been appointed chairman of the meeting, the two former gentlemen stated to the assembled defendants the decision which the committee of defence had come to; but when they proceeded to enter into the considerations which, in their opinion, justified that decision, M. Jules Favre interposed, and strenuously contended against it, declaring it to be of no obligatory force whatever, and that he was ready to give his best assistance to any one who might be disposed to resist it. This led to a scene of extraordinary violence, wherein M. Michel (of Bourges) more particularly yielded to the excess of passion, of aggressive fury; and the interference of M. Baune became necessary to put an end to the discreditable exhibition, the occurrence of which, however, was but too natural, at a period when all men's minds were in a state of fierce agitation and excitement.

The 5th of May arrived. The contest was about to begin. Assembled at the house of M. Auguste Blanqui, the advocates selected by the defendants awaited with anxiety the commencement of a struggle, of which it was impossible to foresee the result. On a sudden, M. Jules Favre presented himself. He was received with a general murmur of dissatisfaction and anger, but at length obtained a hearing. No sooner, however, had he announced his intention of appearing professionally before the Chamber of Peers, and there doing his utmost for his clients, than the room was filled with tumult. From every part of it arose vociferous reproaches. M. Michel (of Bourges) rushed up to the Lyonnese orator, and assailed him in the most vituperative language, and as he would not give way, it became necessary for M. Jules Favre to quit the assembly, which he at length did, leaving behind him a scene of utter confusion.

Meantime, the approaches to the Palais du Luxembourg were, from an early hour in the morning, blocked up by eager and anxious multitudes. Permission to be present at the proceedings having been inhumanely refused to the friends of the accused, these, pale with care and indignation, were seen foremost in the ranks of the crowds who pressed

round the doors. In the garden of the Luxembourg, bayonets glittered amid the orange trees and shrubberies. The troops were ordered to keep within their barracks; ball cartridges were given out to the soldiers on duty; four magazines of ammunition were formed in the garden of the Luxembourg; not a national guard was to be seen on the theatre of the anticipated disturbances; all these were signs which clearly indicated with what fears the government was filled, and in whose hands, should danger actually present itself, it proposed to confide its destinies.

The judges, too, trembled. Whether from timidity, or out of respect for the eternal laws of justice, many peers adopted the resolution of taking no part in the proceedings, at the risk of drawing upon themselves the resentment of their colleagues, whose responsibility thus became so much the more aggravated.

At a quarter past one, the defendants were brought into the Chamber, and the municipal guards distributed themselves in large numbers around them. At two o'clock, the President Pasquier entered, preceding the peers, escorted on his right by MM. Portalis and de Bastard; on his left by MM. Seguier and Boyer. The crown officers, MM. Martin (du Nord), Attorney-general, Franck-Carré, Plougoulm, Chégaray, de la Tournelle, were in their red robes. M. Barbé-Marbois was brought into the Chamber in his arm-chair, his head covered with a black cap, and his person enveloped in a dressing gown. *Nothing* could be at once more strange and more striking than the aspect of this assembly: on the one hand, dignitaries with bald heads and sinking frames, the fire of whose eyes, wellnigh extinct, had become reanimated for the moment by the combined effects of fear and of passion, frail representatives of a half-century of glory and of shame; celebrated, most of them, in the annals of diplomacy or of war, some of them infamous in those of treason; on the other, men of various conditions in life, and differing not less in intellect and in education, but thrown together by the chances of civil discord; some of them good, some bad, but all alike radiant in youth and daring; making with scornful levity, a jest of the danger impending over them; far less concerned at the position in which they stood than were the spectators, and prepared rather to heap condemnation on the judges, than to be themselves condemned. One hundred and sixty-four peers were present; the number of those who did not answer to their names was eighty-six, among whom were Marshals Maison, Grouchy, Gerard, the Marquis de Castellane, the Marquis de Deux-Brezé, and Count Excelmans. There were one hundred and twenty-one defendants, eighty from the provinces, forty-one from Paris.

M. Pasquier having proceeded to call over the names of the prisoners, the Lyonnese answered to theirs, the Parisians refused to do so. M. Baune then rose. "I demand a hearing," said he, "to complain of the cruel orders which have been issued, by which our wives, our mothers, our sisters, are deprived of the places which ought to be assigned them here. I pray you to reflect that in the worst times of the Revolution,

the families of accused persons were always allowed to be present in the body of the court where their friends were being tried. The privileges of rank and birth should ever yield to the rights of nature, to the claims of misfortune. For myself, I claim immediate admission here for my wife, who has travelled a hundred and twenty leagues, to share my perils and my captivity. I address this appeal at once to the impartiality of judges, to the generosity of enemies." The demand was just, and nobly expressed: let us see in what terms M. Pasquier rejected it. "The application you have made is altogether foreign to your defence. It is quite out of place." Quite out of place, indeed, before a judge, who could so respond to such a request! At three o'clock, the sitting was suspended, the court retiring to the council chamber to deliberate upon the question, whether thirteen citizens, whose names had been handed in by M. Maillefer, should be allowed to plead before it, on behalf of the accused.* At five o'clock, the court resumed, and M. Pasquier pronounced its decision, which rejected the application, on the pretext "that the persons named did not appear on the roll of either attorneys or barristers." Thus did justice disappear, to make way for all but undisguised war. The advocates thus rejected, published next morning an energetic protest: "Considering that the undoubted right of prisoners to be defended has been outrageously violated, and highly approving of the course adopted by the accused, who, by their silence have thrown a permanent stigma on the principle of drumhead jurisdiction; we, the undersigned, selected by the accused as their counsels, deem it necessary publicly to express our grief at being prevented from affording our best services to our friends; and protest with all the energy of our hearts and consciences against the abominable iniquity now about to be consummated in the face of the nation."

This fermentation of men's minds made it obvious that a vigorous resistance would be entered upon; and accordingly, the very next day, at the sitting of the 6th of May, it burst forth with a vehemence and unanimity, a concentration of purpose, which absolutely overwhelmed the judges. M. Godefroi Cavaignac having demanded to be heard against the decision of the previous evening, and his demand being refused, the whole body of the defendants arose with a spontaneous, simultaneous movement, and with arms upraised, and eyes darting fire, exclaimed: "Speak! Cavaignac! speak!" The municipal guards were ordered to check the tumult, but overwhelmed with sudden stupor, they advanced not a step. The cries redoubled. The president, who seemed quite confounded, sought alternately to conciliate and to bully the clamourers, but equally in vain. He then, after consulting with the

* These were: General Tarayre, MM. Voyer d'Argenson, Audry de Puyraveau, La Mennais, Trelat, Raspail, Carnot, Carrel, Bonchotte, Pierre Leroux, Reynaud, F. Degeorge, and de Cormenin. "These," said the requisition put in by M. Maillefer, "are the thirteen names we have the honour to submit to the court. We demand that the court take this requisition into its deliberation, without prejudice to any others that our comrades may make. We protest against any decision contrary to this just demand."

keeper of the seals, and with the vice-president, M. de Bastard, intimated to the court that it was desirable to retire for the purpose of deliberation. The words had scarcely quitted his lips, when the peers rushed towards the council chamber, manifestly labouring under the strongest agitation. As the doors closed upon them, the recent uproar was succeeded by the most profound silence. Outside the troops were under arms. After four hours' of solemn expectation, the spectators beheld the judges resume their seats. A decision against M. Cavaignac was read, and the municipal guards led away the defendants.

Next day the tempest raged again, and with increased violence. An advocate, M. Crivelli, had begun a speech, having, for its purpose the challenging of such peers as had taken part in the indictments, when he was interrupted by the defendants themselves. His claim was perfectly valid, it being alike contrary to the formal rules of the code of criminal prosecution, and to the elementary principles of justice, that men who have preferred the charge, who have issued the indictment against a person, shall afterwards sit in judgment upon him. But it was in the highest degree important to the accused that the trial should not proceed as the matter then stood. They therefore sought by their outcries to stifle the nascent discussions, and it became necessary, in consequence, to remove them to the waiting-rooms below, while the court drew up the decision by which M. Crivelli's demand was rejected. The defendants were then brought back, and the decision just formed having been read to them, M. Cauchy, the Clerk of the Records, began to recite the indictments. No language can describe the various aspects exhibited at this moment by that assembly. As on the previous evening, all the defendants rose *en masse*, and with one voice exclaimed: "Our advocates! our advocates!" The colonel of the municipal guard, M. Feisthamel, issued orders of a menacing character. The president essayed in vain to conceal the emotion which agitated him. The crown officers, from their seats beneath, addressed to him words of exhortation, but all were lost in the tumult of the peers, some standing up in a state of great excitement, were adding by their vociferations to the general clamour; others had thrown themselves back in their arm-chairs, as if panic-struck. The shorthand-writers had laid down their pencils in despair, while from the galleries, the spectators, their bodies bent as much forward as possible, watched with eager and disquiet gaze, the progress of this strange drama. All at once, the attorney-general rose to read a requisition; but at the same moment, M. Baune, on his part, rose in the name of the accused to read a protest. The two voices made themselves heard above the tumult, that of M. Martin (du Nord), sharp and piercing, though somewhat faltering from weariness; that of M. Baune, grave, deep, solemn, reverberating. We can only give an idea of this scene by placing in parallel columns, the requisition of the attorney-general, and the protest of M. Baune, as they concurrently proceeded from the lips of the respective gentlemen:

M. Baune.

"The undersigned defendants, inhabitants of Lyons, Paris, St. Etienne, Arbois, Lunéville, Marseilles, Epinal, Grenoble.

"After the events of grave import which have taken place at the two first sittings in the case wherein they are concerned, hold it due to their own honour and to the public welfare, to address to the Chamber of Peers the following declaration:

"The court has, by its decision of yesterday, violated the undoubted right of the subject to a free defence. (Loud cries of hear! hear! hear! from the defendants' bench.)

"A supreme court armed with exorbitant powers, judging without control, proceeding without law, it deprives of the most sacred of securities men whom, as its political opponents, it has kept in prison fourteen months, and whom it now calls upon to come before it to defend their honour and their lives.

"Yesterday it went still further than ever, and contrary to the practice in all criminal courts, where speech is never forbidden until after the final termination of a case, it has pronounced a decision against the defendant Cavaignac, without allowing him, or any one for him, to say a word in his defence.

"Finally, M. le President has actually sought to begin the reading of the indictments before the identity of the defendants had been established, and ere they had a single counsel in court.

"All these acts constitute judicial outrages, which are the natural antecedents to those administrative outrages at which they regard the chamber of peers to be aiming.

"Under these circumstances the undersigned declare that, in the absence of counsel to plead their cause, the forms even of justice are wanting, that the acts of the Chamber of Peers are no longer in their eyes any other than measures of brute force, whose only sanction is in the bayonets by which it has surrounded itself.

"In consequence they refuse henceforth to take any share, by their presence, in this so-called trial (Hear! hear! hear!), where speech is forbidden both to the defendants and to their chosen advocates. Convinced that the only resource for freemen is in unalterable firmness, they declare that they will not again present themselves before the Chamber of Peers, and that they make the Chamber personally responsible for any ill results that may attend this their determination." ("Hear! hear! hear! that is the determination of us all!")

M. Martin (du Nord).

"The King's Attorney-General in the Chamber of Peers.

"In pursuance of the decree dated the sixth of the present month, which orders that all necessary steps for assuring to justice its free course shall be taken in the event of any further disorders being committed by the defendants." (Loud outcries from the defendants' bench, which grew more and more vociferous as the reading of the requisition proceeded. At times the voices of particular defendants predominated, and we shall give the more striking of their interpolations.)

"And whereas, in point of fact, instead of attending to our caution, certain of the defendants by violent manifestations, by a series of tumultuous clamour, evidently the result of a prearranged system, seek to render the regular progress of the trial impossible, so that it appears clear that the proceedings cannot go on in the presence of such defendants." ("Cut off our heads at once!")

"And whereas if defendants were permitted with impunity, by any means they might adopt, to impede the progress of a case, the whole power of government would become invested in their hands, anarchy would usurp the place of justice; and tolerance accorded to such rebellion against the law, would constitute a denial of justice towards society at large, and towards those defendants who, in the exercise of their rights, demand their trial." ("No! no! we protest against it! all of us! all! all!")

"And whereas it is the manifest duty of the court to prevent the recurrence of such scandalous proceedings, and to assure the full course of justice to the public and to such of the defendants as demand a trial." ("We none of us demand it!")

"May it therefore please the court, in pursuance of the discretionary power vested in it as indispensable to the carrying out its proceedings, to authorise M. le President to expel from the Chamber and have reconducted to prison, all such defendants as shall seek to create a disturbance; ("We'll all go back to prison!") so that, the clerk having it in charge to make a note of the proceedings, and communicate the same to such expelled defendants at the close of each sitting, the trial may proceed as well with reference to those defendants whose conduct has necessitated their expulsion, as with regard to those who are actually present." ("You may be our butchers! our judges you shall never be!")

Thus, by a chain of monstrous circumstances, had matters come to this pass, that in a country calling itself free, a public officer dared to come before the supreme tribunal of the state, and propose to it to pass sentence on men who were not present to defend themselves. That which the revolutionary tribunal had scarce ventured upon against Danton and Camille Desmoulins, in the name of Terror, M. Martin (du Nord) required at the hands of the peers of France, against republicans of the days of Louis Philippe, in the name of a constitutional monarchy! That the attitude assumed by the defendants tended to render a trial impossible, is true; but then, thanks to the arbitrary steps taken in the first instance by the peers, it was no longer justice, it was, on the contrary, the utter violation of justice in its principle, and in its forms, which the traversers resisted. We must admit, that the Chamber of Peers hesitated on this occasion ere it drew the weapons which were held out to its grasp. The descendants of the Pasquiers and of the Molés were reluctant, let us suppose, to cast too great a stain on names prominent among the most honoured in the annals of the French magistracy. The propositions of M. Martin (du Nord) were vigorously combated in the Council Chamber. Their adoption, in an unqualified form, would have been the signal for the withdrawal of more than thirty peers, and government was not in a position to run any further risks. Yet, by an order, ultimately agreed to, and which was a long step towards the accomplishment of his views, a formidable advance towards the highest iniquity, it was decreed that, in the event of tumult arising, the traversers might be brought before the tribunal separately, and that the act of accusation having been intimated to each of them personally, it might then be read officially in court, even in the absence of those, who by their conduct might have justly incurred their own exclusion. It was at this point of the proceedings that MM. de Talhouet and de Noailles retired from participation in the trial. "Monsieur le President," wrote M. de Noailles to M. Pasquier, "I have to request that you will offer my excuse to the Chamber; I am unable to take any further part in the trial upon which it is engaged. My reasons may be found in the decision to which it has just come. Doubtless the supremacy of justice must ever be asserted; but, I would ask, is it not force alone which triumphs, when, from the absence of all the ordinary forms, there is, in fact, no longer ordinary justice? It is, in my opinion, no indication of weakness to stop short, when one finds that one is not going hand in hand with the law."

In reserving to themselves the power of separating in court those whom the indictment had taken such pains to bring together, for the scaffold, the prison, or exile, the chamber of Peers contemplated opportunities of benefiting by their internal divisions, which care had, for some time past, been assiduously taken to keep up and aggravate. The ministry was not ignorant that, among the Lyonnese defendants, there were men who in reality cared very little about politics, one way or the other, chance recruits whom insurrection had picked up here and there in its way, and whom there would be no difficulty in inducing to take their trial if they were removed for a time from the influence of their

co-defendants. The most active intriguing was resorted to with a view to this object, and matters were so arranged as to derive an advantage from such of these as seemed most docile. In the sitting of the 9th, the reading of the indictment having been again interrupted as before, the whole of the defendants were removed, and but twenty-nine of them, belonging to the Lyonnese list, were brought back, as being men who were thought less firm than the rest in their projects of resistance. With regard to one of these, however, M. Lagrange, it turned out that government had made a most singular miscalculation. He had no sooner taken his seat than he demanded a hearing, for the purpose of protesting; and when M. Pasquier rejected the application: "I take leave, whether you will or no," he exclaimed, rising impetuously, and addressing the court in the most vehement tone; "yes; we protest in the face of your burlesque requisitions, as we have protested in the face of your grape-shot! We protest, fearlessly, as men, faithful to their oaths; as men, whose conduct puts you to shame, you who have sworn so many oaths, and violated them all!" The tall stature of the speaker, his martial air, the lofty elevation of his countenance and bearing, gave the fullest effect to his violent apostrophe. On the order of the president, several municipal guards surrounded and seized him; while he proceeded, in a voice of still increasing exultation: "As you please, gentlemen! condemn us without a hearing! Send to their death, without having allowed them a counsel to defend them, the stay, the sole support of a hundred and fifty families of the people. I, in my turn condemn you to live, knowing well that our blood will not wash out the disgrace impressed upon your foreheads by that of the bravest of the brave." And with these words on his lips, and his defying gaze fixed on his judges, he withdrew, roughly pressed back by the guards. When he had quitted the Chamber, the reading of the indictment was resumed without interruption. During the succeeding sittings, up to the close of the day, on which the reading of the voluminous act of accusation was completed, there was only one other attempt at interruption. But, on the other hand, at the sitting of the 13th of May, the number of defendants whom it was thought advisable to produce in court, had become reduced to twenty-three, and it was naturally to be expected that the tumult would recommence when the trial itself should open.

It is quite melancholy to contemplate the means which power had recourse to, in the interval, with the view of averting this contingency. It sent back to the Abbaye the sub-officers from Lunéville; the Parisians to St. Pelagie, and the refractory Lyonnese to the Conciergerie, retaining in the prison of the Luxembourg only such of the defendants as it had hopes of gaining over. For these the prison discipline was modified as much as possible; towards these the countenances of the gaolers assumed a less ferocious aspect; to them a more agreeable and nourishing diet than that usually meted out to the prisoners was given with a liberal hand. At the same time, the unfortunate inmates of St. Pelagie, the Conciergerie, and the Abbaye, were treated systematically with un-

wonted rigour. Did any one of them, however, exhibit the least sign of indecision, the slightest indication of giving way under the hardships to which he was subjected, the agents of power, ever closely on the watch, immediately made him the object of their most assiduous attention, of their most soothing kindness. Each feeling of the human heart, as it appeared to them to predominate for the time in the bosom of this or that unhappy prisoner, was relentlessly worked upon by these men, if it seemed at all likely to answer their purpose. The Abbé Noir, for instance, a Lyonnese defendant, lost his mother while in prison; the government agent no sooner heard of the circumstance than he broke in upon the weeping solitude of the bereaved son, and sought to wrest from his affliction a consent which he had hitherto pertinaciously refused; but he once more failed in his object. Of the prisoners upon whose acquiescence the government relied, some, though but a few, were of the very dregs of society, caring not one straw for the question which they had thrown up their hats for, and who had merely joined the republican party in the hope of creating that public disorder which they thought might prove profitable to their vices. Yet these were the men whom power glorified, while the truly honest and good men of the party were held up by it to execration.

On the other hand, the republicans took all possible pains to keep up the courage, and retain the adhesion of those prisoners who, not being warm party men, threatened to give way. In a series of articles which seemed written with the point of a sword, Armand Carrel celebrated the devotion, the magnanimity, the noble courage of the defendants; their portraits were exhibited about the streets; their biographies were drawn up in encomiastic terms and extensively diffused; letters of congratulation, of cordial sympathy, were addressed to them from every part of the country, and printed in the Radical newspapers; advances were made to the poorer among them, out of a subscription of twenty thousand francs, which was opened on their behalf, and rapidly filled; and, in order that it might be clearly manifest in the eyes of all France, that the defendants would not be left unsupported, the more enthusiastic among their advocates resolved to attach themselves to their fate by a striking act of fraternity. They accordingly assembled one day to the number of twenty-five or thirty, in the Rue des Maçons Sorbonne, where was read aloud a letter which it was proposed to address publicly to the accused parties, and which had been drawn up by M. Michel (of Bourges). The letter was approved of, those present affixed their names, and some of them signed for absent friends, of whom they doubted no more than of themselves, and it was determined that the letter should be forthwith published. M. Trélat, who had acted as chairman on this occasion, suggested on behalf of those whose names had been appended by friends, that it was hardly fair thus precipitately to involve them in an obligation of so grave a nature, ere they had been consulted upon the subject. But the decision adopted was adhered to; M. Trélat accordingly sent the letter to the republican journals, and it appeared the next morning, in the *Tribune* and the *Réformateur*, with

the names of the subscribers.* It said: "Go on, citizens; continue to show yourselves as hitherto, calm, high-minded, inflexible, energetic; you are the defenders of your country's rights. That which you seek to attain, France also aims at; all generous souls sympathise with you. Your native land will never consent that there shall be judges where advocates are excluded. No doubt, in the position which matters have now attained, the Chamber of Peers, blindly pursuing the fatal path into which power has led it, will, after depriving you of the means of defending yourselves, have the deplorable courage to condemn you. But you will submit with noble resignation to this fresh iniquity crowning so many others. The infamy of the judge is the glory of the prisoner."

Brought under the notice of the Chamber of Peers, on the 12th of May, 1835, by M. de Montebello, this new defiance hurled at it, threw the Chamber into the greatest agitation. It immediately went into secret committee. Should the subscribers to the letter be summoned to the bar of the house? This would be piling one trial upon another, already too full of difficulty and danger: it would be involving themselves in a fresh struggle, while they knew hardly how to extricate themselves from that in which they were then engaged. No; let the House of Peers rise superior to ordinary resentments! dignity demands it. Prudence counsels it! If the advocates of the defendants are themselves made defendants, the Chamber, the government must make up their minds to hear, and to have the public hear, over and over and over again, that exposition of republican doctrines, which they would so fain have buried in silence. And if the advocates should become defendants, select advocates, and these, in their turn subject themselves to trial, what a spectacle, at once ludicrous and odious, would be presented to the world! And, after having heaped case upon case, interrogatory upon interrogatory, pleading upon pleading, decree upon decree, would not the Chamber succumb, breathless, exhausted, undone? Were things to go on in this way, until one-half the nation was sitting in judgment upon the other half? Were they to add one cumbrous prosecution to another, until they had arrived at civil war? These were the questions put by the less rash and daring, MM. Gauthier, Barbé-Marbois, Dubouchage, Bérenger, Villemain, Tripier, Rœderer. But they were met in a high tone, by MM. Cousin, de Montebello, Lallemand; and here, as everywhere else, passion speaking much louder than reason, had by far the best of it. M. Argout, after a protracted discussion, said: "The question is a very difficult one, and we have not, to-night, time enough to give it due consideration." The debate was, thereupon, adjourned, and the house separated.

At the bottom of the letter appeared the names of MM. de Cormenin and Audry de Puyraveau, members of the lower house.† Here was another complication of the difficulty! For, in summoning two depu-

* The Tribune gave 91 signatures; the Reformateur 109.

† The name of M. Garnier-Pagès, by a singular chance, did not appear in the published list, having, accidentally, slipped out of the form at the printers.

ties to appear at its bar, the Chamber of Peers ran the risk of affronting the Elective Chamber, and of experiencing a refusal at its hands, which would necessarily give rise to a conflict, peculiarly to be avoided at this crisis. Yet it was this very circumstance which actually hastened the peers' decision. The promoters of the trial reflected that MM. de Cormenin and Audry de Puyraveau, belonging to the minority of the lower house, the majority would not hesitate either to impose upon them the humiliation of a disavowal, or to give them up to the demand of the peers; the hatred of a republic, in the minds of that majority, servile supporters of ministers, getting the better even of their *esprit de-corps;* and it was clear, that if the Chamber of Deputies did thus consent to surrender two of its members to the rancorous hostility of a rival assembly, this would, in the eyes of the public, present an appearance of union between the three powers of the state, which would give the peers, in the storm which now raged, that moral force which it so needed, and contribute greatly to reanimate its expiring courage. It was accordingly resolved:

1. That the Chamber of Peers should summon to its bar the editors of the *Tribune* and of the *Réformateur*, and the subscribers to the letters including MM. de Cormenin and Audry de Puyraveau; 2. That this resolution should be communicated to the Chamber of Deputies for its concurrence. Such was the result of the votes of the peers, assembled in secret committee, on the 13th of May, 1835.

The Chamber of Deputies was immediately informed of the resolutions so passed, by message from the peers. The next day but one it took the subject into consideration, and after an animated discussion, referred the requisition made to it by the other house, with reference to two of its members, to a commission, consisting of MM. François Delessert, Sapey, Bessières, Sauzet, de Rémusat, Jacqueminot, Augustin Giraud, Parant, and Salvandy.

MM. de Cormenin and Audry de Puyraveau having been called upon, by the commission, for an explanation of their participation in the letter referred to, the former declared that he had neither signed it nor given any person authority to sign for him; the latter refused to give any positive answer, repudiating the right of the Elective Chamber, of which he was a member, to authorise or compel his attendance at the bar of the House of Peers. The commission was thus under the necessity of separating two cases which had seemed so indissolubly united. It finally resolved upon granting authority to the other Chamber to compel the attendance of M. Audry de Puyraveau, refusing it in the case of M. de Cormenin; and M. Sauzet was ordered to report its decision. His argument contained all that a close and subtle analysis of ill-understood texts could suggest of utter sophistry.

M. Audry de Puyraveau had not signed the document any more than M. de Cormenin had done; yet they had taken different lines of conduct when questioned on the matter, though more might have been expected from the latter than from the former, considering the relative positions they had occupied. The subject became, amongst the repub-

licans, one of general comment, wherein passion predominated. The conduct of M. Audry de Puyraveau was lauded in the highest terms, while M. de Cormenin, on the contrary, was severely reproached for the want of energy he had displayed. More accurately, the reproach cast upon him should have been that of having committed a great political blunder. For as to courage, of all its varieties the most genuine and the rarest, is that which enables a man to argue and to act in opposition to his own party, when he sincerely believes them to be in the wrong.

Yet, after all, judging from appearances, when you looked at the man, and observed his countenance, impressed with a reserve which suggested to your mind somewhat of the studied, the ironical; his deportment so full of retiring modesty; his unimpassioned gesture; his slow movements; his gentle, pensive smile, you might well have been been disposed to assign to M. de Cormenin far more of circumspection than of daring. In his conversation, inexpressibly charming from his manner, but made up, for the most part, of unfinished sentences, he was constantly hesitating; and the presence of a large assemblage was almost always sure to call up into his face a sort of scared look, the effect of which, however, was modified by the general sweetness of his expression. We have seen him in the tribune; his hands trembled on the marble, his voice died away in broken sentences, and every movement of his frame betrayed his agitation. It is easy to conceive what would be the attitude of such a man in the very midst of unexampled excitement and agitation. In fact, he had, in the first instance, altogether restricted his attention to those peaceful studies, wherein it was his mission to become the creator of administrative science, the luminary of the council of state. Every thing about him, even his domestic habits, and his literary scrupulosities, seemed to announce in him a man born for the silence of the cabinet. Never was there a writer who combed out, as it were, his sentences with more complacent assiduity, who set forth his style with more exquisite coquetry. Yet, all the while, in this man without assurance, this orator without address, this solitary logician, this retiring legist, this finical polisher of phrases, Nature had, moreover, produced a pamphleteer, as violent as Juvenal; as severe, as cutting, as uncompromising as Milton. The deplorable tendency manifested by monarchies to absorb the public wealth, is their least fault; it is their endeavour to debase the public mind, which, above all things, should be charged upon them as a crime; for it is not sufficient to inspire nations with strong and even legitimate hatreds, it is necessary still more to inspire them with high-souled hatred, to ennoble the passions which you excite. To the great object we have here referred to, M. de Cormenin occasionally applied himself in his pamphlets, but, perhaps, not often enough. For it was more especially the cupidity displayed by the court, which it was his wont to attack, aware as he was, that in a corrupt age, questions of money have a commanding importance. And most effectively did he treat these questions, giving life to figures, eloquence to calculations; by turns gravely reasoning and

impetuously assailing; proving his case by the most elaborate computations, and then overwhelming those against whom he had proved it, with the bitterest sarcasm. His adversaries fell around him, pierced through and through at once with the barbed arrows of logic and of raillery. Skilful in seizing to the purpose the popular discontent of the day, M. de Cormenin had very soon rendered himself inimical to all the enemies of the people, and in this he gloried. But, as we have already said, it was only as a pamphleteer, that he was thus terrible. When he laid aside the pen, he became the gentlest, nay, the most timid of men.

On the present occasion, however, he displayed an altogether unexpected daring. Desirous of showing by his plain speaking that, in denying the authenticity of the signature attributed to him, he had been solely actuated by his veneration for truth, that he was neither ashamed nor afraid to avow the opinions which he held, he on the 22d of May, 1835, ascended the tribune, and opened the debate in a speech full of power and unanswerable reasoning.

"This, gentlemen," he said, "is not one of our internal disputes, between the majority and the opposition. It is a question of representative government, of the constitution; between prerogative and prerogative, Chamber and Chamber. The deputy here becomes effaced before the legislature; the member before the body, and every individual person disappears in the greatness of the cause in which we all are concerned.

"What, gentlemen! you would not put under accusation before the Chamber of Peers, a minister of the crown, though no member of your house, until after an inquiry of the most searching description, and only upon the gravest presumptions; and yet you would deliver up to that Chamber, a member of your own body, without inquiry, without proof, and upon the slightest possible evidence. Think you it could ever have entered the heads of the legislators of 1822 to make the Chamber of Deputies subordinate to the Chamber of Peers? Do you not feel the enormous difference there would be, to inculpated members of your house, between the safeguard of a jury and the perils of a rival jurisdiction, admitting of no control upon its proceedings? What! you would consent to place your colleagues at the bar of an assembly which claims to sit in judgment upon us, if we offend it, but which we are not to judge in our turn, if it offends us? Of an assembly, every member of which would be challengeable, upon just suspicion, who should seek to sit in judgment upon members of your house, as myself for example, who, the first among you attacked the hereditary succession of the peerage, its endowments, its very existence! Of an assembly, the majority of whom are the political adversaries of the opposition in this house, in thought, word, and deed! Of an assembly, which, in its own cause, unites in its own aggregate person, by a monstrous commixture, the characters of denunciator, accuser, drawer of indictment, judge, jury, witnesses, prosecutor, counsel, and client! Of an assembly which, give it but once its way, would soon hold you tightly down under the

yoke of your own precedents, and which, kept constantly up to the mark, in point of numbers, by renewed batches of ministerial creatures, would stifle, under the ever-impending menace of an impeachment, the generous impulses and the energies of an enlightened opposition!

"No; I cannot believe but that you would feel yourselves outraged in having any of your members subjected to the provostal jurisdiction of the other Chamber. I cannot believe that you will submit to so humiliating a position. (Loud murmurs from the centre.)

"I for one would not. My constituents did not send me here to aid in your political degradation, to sanction your prostrating yourselves at the footstool of the Chamber of Peers! They might have me before them as a simple citizen; never as a member of the Chamber of Deputies! I would give my adversaries, after they had enjoyed the satisfaction of claiming and pursuing me, the satisfaction likewise of my retirement from the Chamber of Deputies; and, guardian of your honour, I would have more care for you than you seem to have for yourselves."

Following this impetuous outburst, one of the most grave and learned civilians in the kingdom supported the views of M. de Cormenin by the weight of an opinion respected by all parties. M. Sauzet, in his report, had appealed to the law of the 22d of March, 1822, which gave to the two Chambers, generally, the right of doing themselves justice when aggrieved: M. Nicod proved, that this law did not apply to the present case. He reminded the house, that by the terms of Article XXIX. of the charter, peers, in criminal matters, were only amenable to the peers, he asked if, while peers could not be compelled to appear at the bar of the Elective Chamber, the house consented to allow of its members being taken before the bar of the Chamber of Peers, what would be the result? Clearly, that the equality between the two branches of the legislature would be destroyed; that the equilibrium of power would cease to exist; that the majesty of the elective principle would receive a mortal blow; that the constitution would be violated in its very essence. There being no reply to this reasoning, the partisans of power shifted to another ground. "You would not, gentlemen," exclaimed M. Duvergier de Hauranne, "you would not, surely, gratify this party by appearing to mix yourselves up in any way with their guilty attempts! No; you will prove to the Chamber of Peers, that the Chamber of Deputies is ever ready to assist it in its struggles to repress faction." This was, at all events, putting the matter in a clear and candid point of view. For, according to this gentleman, it was thenceforth to be the business of government to defend itself against attack, not by means of the law, but by the violation of the law, by crushing its opponents beneath an accumulation of measures not less arbitrary in their character than brutal in their operation. The court had formed its determination, had arranged all its plans. Between the speakers who next followed, M. Pagès (of L'Arriège), who essayed to bring the house to a true sense of what it owed itself, and M. Persil, who hallooed it on to the indulgence of its present hatreds, regardless of consequences, the majority did not hesitate for a moment; its cheers at every sentence uttered by the latter,

were perfectly enthusiastic; to the former, it listened in utter silence. M. Arago, then, in his turn, rose. Evoking a deplorable reminiscence, he said:

"It was December, 1815, a great trial was going on in the same court whither it is now sought to drag M. Audry de Puyraveau. On the 6th of that month—the date will never be effaced from my memory—the right of defence was outrageously violated. In the morning of the 7th, I ran over the list of members of the Chamber of Peers. I marked with a pencil the names of all those who, from my knowledge of circumstances, it seemed to me, would, and ought to pronounce, a verdict of acquittal. The majority thus indicated was immense; it consisted of the marshal's brothers in arms; of a crowd of statesmen grown gray in the experience of affairs, tried by ten revolutions; of *savans*, of literary men whom the production of immortal works had elevated to the highest dignities; of magistrates; of men of good hearts, bearers of illustrious names, whose excellent, social qualities rendered it impossible to doubt on which side they would vote. I was reviewing with the highest satisfaction, with the most elated confidence, the list I had thus made, when, under the very window at which I sat, a fearful discharge of musketry taught me by a cruel lesson, that political justice is a vain word, even when exercised by the most honourable men.

"Infamous shouts, infernal vociferations, that immediately followed, taught me another lesson: that men educated amidst all the refinements of modern civilization, become thorough savages, cannibals, when under the influence of party spirit.

"The General whom power had just immolated was the pacificator of Switzerland, the conqueror of the Tyrol, the hero of Elchingen, of Friedland, of the Moscowa; was he whom the Grand Army had saluted by the title of Bravest among the Brave; and yet his body was left amid the mud and filth in which it fell, as though it had been the carcass of an unclean thing. These events passed under my very eyes. Gentlemen; you will not wonder that they left upon my mind an impression, never—never to be effaced!

"Anathema! Eternal anathema to political bodies, who sit in judgment upon political offences!"

As he uttered these words, M. Arago's frame quivered with agitation; his whole soul manifested itself in his countenance, so majestic, so expressive; his eye darted fire. The sitting was suspended for a moment. The assembly, for a time, lived only in its recollections. The next day, however, passion renewed its sway, and shutting its ears to the voice of its president, M. Dupin, the majority recorded its votes against M. Audry de Puyraveau, handing over to the tender mercies of Charles X.'s peers, the man who first threw open his house to the revolution of 1830.

In this critical situation, M. de Puyraveau was not wanting to himself. He wrote to the President of the Chamber of Peers, to declare, that not recognising in the Chamber of Deputies the right of authorising any proceedings against him, he should not appear before the peers,

unless under actual compulsion. As it was not deemed by any means advisable to resort to violence, M. de Puyraveau did not appear.

The epoch at which we are now arrived, was of such a character that its historian cannot advance a single step without having to record some scandalous fact or other. The discussion, of which we have just sketched an outline, was not yet terminated, when a new and deplorable affair sprang up in the same arena. In the sitting of the 22d of May, M. Jaubert having complained of certain offensive manifestations, which he conceived to have emanated from the reporter's gallery, the president ordered the gallery to be cleared, and this led to a furious altercation between the opposition and the ministerialists. When the disturbance had somewhat subsided, the gallery was again thrown open to the reporters, but they refused to enter it, and remained grouped outside the hall. On the adjournment of the house, one of them advanced towards M. Jaubert for the purpose of representing to him that a mistake, attended by an act of injustice, had been committed. Several deputies, apprehensive of a collision, or, perhaps, desirous of creating one, surrounded M. Jaubert with an ostentatious protection, accompanied by an air of menace, which was at once taken up by the other party, and a scuffle ensued which speedily became a regular fight; several gentlemen of the press were taken into custody, handed over to the municipal guard, and almost immediately afterwards released. The *Réformateur*, a republican journal recently established under the direction of M. Raspail, gave an account of the affair in an article breathing the utmost indignation, and pointed out as the aggressors certain members of the majority, among others MM. Augustin Giraud and Renouard. This was more than enough to offend the majority. Upon the motion of M. Jolivet, and after an animated debate which bristled with recriminations, the *Réformateur* was summoned to appear at the bar of the house. The defence presented by M. Raspail, did not overpass, in the slightest degree, the bounds of calm and becoming discussion, philosophical and dignified. But all the powers of the day seemed carried away by some resistless frenzy. M. Jaffrenou, acting editor of the *Réformateur*, was sentenced to one month's imprisonment, and to pay a fine of ten thousand francs (400*l.*).

Thus the political world seemed to have fallen into the most fearful confusion; law and justice equally set at nought; no man's rights recognised; in every direction power committing outrage; nowhere the slightest security for accused persons; defence forbidden or made a mockery of; lawless power taking the place of justice, insulting the whole nation; debates in parliament wound up, in the court-yard of parliament, by a vulgar boxing match; vengeance lurking beneath the ægis of the law. No, never before was there such a complication of disorders witnessed in the world's history; never had government environed itself, by its incapacity and violent rashness, with more imminent danger.

If the defenders of the April prisoners, had known how to take advantage of the favourable opportunity now offered to them, if, braving

the chance of imprisonment, strong in fraternal courage, they had presented themselves before the Chamber of Peers, and said, "We are all of us, all, the authors of that letter which you are pleased to direct your vengeance against; strike us, if you dare!" there is every appearance that all would have been over, both with the Chamber of Peers and with the monarchy itself. For at the point which matters had now attained, it is clear that the process could not have been enlarged without touching closely upon the brink of civil war, without driving the monarchy to outlawry. But among the defenders there were men who, at the bare idea of actual risk, felt all the blood freeze in their veins. The thoughts of one became at once awfully intent upon his confiscated property, upon the personal dangers into which he might involve himself; another grew pale at the thought of continued, perhaps eternal, separation from his children, his wife, his mother. Several meetings were held, and the timid were the less scrupulous in avowing their objections, from the circumstance, that not having actually signed the paper, they were furnished with a colourable pretext, sufficient, as they deemed, to veil their want of patriotism and want of heart.

Be this as it may, the fact that unanimity was impossible, altered the whole question; and men whose intrepidity and devotion to the cause were above all suspicion, men such as Armand Carrel were decidedly of opinion, that under these circumstances, every one of them ought, without disavowing the principle of the letter, to declare that he had neither signed nor published it: as there were dissentients among them, whose objections could not be obviated, it was desirable, at all events, to conceal from the knowledge of power, the wounds with which the republican party, within itself, was afflicted. Why should the party be disgraced in the eyes of the state, even though the shame applied to but a few of its members? Since, by affirmation, they ran an imminent risk of showing the discord which prevailed among them, it was better they should all concur in a negative. And, after all, there would be great detriment in peopling the dungeons of the peerage with all the more energetic, intelligent, devoted, illustrious men of the party, who, while retaining their liberty, would serve the cause more powerfully than they could do as victims and prisoners. Moreover, there was danger that the interest excited by the April defendants might become extremely weakened, should the scene of trial be occupied only by their defenders, themselves elevated to the prisoners' bench.

These considerations, specious but destitute of a sound foundation, were met by invincible arguments. Was it possible that true republicans should ask of their party to abandon its reputation for inflexibility; and, full of courage as it was, to surround itself with all the appearances of fear? Grant that the majority of the printed signatures had not been actually appended by the persons indicated; what of that? Did not all the defenders fully concur with each other in entire approval of the letter? Yes: then all had morally subscribed their names; the material fact here not making the slightest difference as to the moral act. To produce a striking effect upon public opinions by throwing

themselves fearlessly in the very front of danger, to terrify Power by proving to it that they were determined not to draw back a single step; to overwhelm the peers under the indelible ridicule of an interminable, unmanageable process; to sow agitation in the very heart of agitation; to call forth from the large and constantly increasing number of families made desolate by political oppressions, a combined and formidable cry of indignation and terror; this was what the republicans should aim at.

It was said: Do not expose to a privation of their liberty, men who can make so good a use of it, in your cause. But how, if the most effectual mode of rendering power universally odious, was precisely the exposing it to the shame of throwing virtue and genius into an unmerited prison? As to those dissentients who should persevere in their opposition, there could surely not be a moment's hesitation between publicly disowning and throwing them off, and submitting to their yoke.

The violence of the discussion may be easily conceived. M. Dupont made himself more especially conspicuous by the energy of his convictions, and the impetuous eloquence with which he supported them. He was, indeed, so severe in his attacks upon Armand Carrel, that a personal rencontre must inevitably have taken place, had not mutual friends exerted themselves with the utmost ardour, with the most impassioned energy, to reconcile two men so worthy to remain united. The intense excitement of all, may, however, be fully accounted for and justified, by the high importance of the question in agitation. For, in fact, the dignity and credit of the whole party were involved in the result, and this was what M. Dupont fully comprehended and pointed out with bitter emphasis. "This!" he exclaimed, "is not merely a matter of logic; it is also a matter of feeling. Put it to women, so well qualified to decide all questions of the heart, and I will venture to say that not one will reply, 'You should draw back!'" But, on the other hand, according to M. Armand Carrel, it was no indication of weakness in a party, any more than in an army to have recourse to a little manœuvring on occasion, or to decline allowing its enemies to impose their own plan of operations upon it. However right he may have been in his general theory, he was mistaken in applying it to the case before him, wherein clearly the best tactics were to carry matters with a high hand, to go to the extreme of daring; and, at bottom, he himself felt this, for ere the discussion was terminated, he frankly avowed himself to have been wrong in the point, and went over to the other opinion. Unfortunately, such admissions require a nobility of character, a superiority of mind, which but very few men are endowed with; and, accordingly, so far from following the high-souled example of M. Armand Carrel, those present who were anxious to avoid the responsibility of the letter, redoubled their clamour, and it soon became manifest that it was necessary to give way to them.

M. Trélat had observed in silence the progress of this deplorable dispute. Foreseeing at an early period, the result, he made up his mind to encounter the whole responsibility, by declaring himself alone guilty. Yet he did not determine upon this step until after a severe internal

struggle. He was tenderly attached to his wife; his family required his active support; and, moreover, he had good reason to doubt whether, after all, his party would thank him for the sacrifice he should make. But the first impulse prevailed. M. Michel (of Bourges), however, had drawn up the letter; it was he, therefore, who was entitled to claim the honour of the necessary act of devotion which M. Trélat contemplated, and he claimed it; as neither would absolutely yield to the other in this generous contest, MM. Michel and Trélat at last agreed that they would together appear before their enemies, and jointly expose themselves to whatever consequences they might incur, the one as author, the other as publisher of the letter. They accordingly wrote to the President of the Chamber of Peers in the following terms:

"Sir,—The letter denounced in the Chamber of Peers by a minister of the crown, was written by one of us, M. Michel (of Bourges), and was sent forth to the public by the other, M. Trélat; the signatures appended at the bottom of the letter are fictitious. It was urgently necessary to send some words of consolation and encouragement to our friends in prison, and we took upon ourselves to print, after our own names, those of certain colleagues, who, we were sure, would fully sanction us in so doing. Now that the letter is made the object of prosecution, it becomes our duty to state the truth of the matter, and to claim for ourselves the entire moral and legal responsibility arising out of the inculpated letter. We are ready to appear before the Chamber whenever it shall think fit.

(Signed) "TRELAT, MICHEL."

The body of defenders did not hear of this declaration until it was too late to offer any obstruction to it. Several of them, however, then expressed extreme dissatisfaction at what had taken place; some, because they saw in the resolution thus taken independently of them, an indirect reproach to their pusillanimity; others, because they envied the *éclat* of so honourable a position; others, because they were affronted at the proceeding as, according to their notions, insulting to the body at large, which had not been called upon for its assent nor even for its opinion. The storm, however, cleared off by degrees; and ultimately it was agreed unanimously to deny the authenticity of the signatures; and the responsibility remained concentrated upon the heads of MM. Michel (of Bourges) and Trélat.

It was on the 20th of May, 1835, that the defenders appeared before the Chamber of Peers. Their position was so undefined, was so flagrant a derogation from the ordinary forms of justice, that the president knew not how, or did not venture, to address them by any other designation than that of *appelés*, a word so entirely new in judicial language, that it appeared for the first time in this case, the necessities of which occasioned its adoption. M. Michel applied himself in the first instance, to the demonstrating that it was as the *Chamber* of Peers, and not as the *Court* of Peers; as a branch of the legislature, and not as an exceptional tribunal, that the peerage was invested, under the law of 1822, with the right of avenging its own wrongs. The House of Peers, therefore, he contended, was not competent to proceed in the present matter, the contents of the inculpated letter at which offence was taken, being addressed only to the *Court* of Peers. This proposition, M. Michel ex-

pounded in the most brilliant manner, and supported it by a series of irrefragable arguments; but what avails reason against force? The peers who had voted themselves competent to deal with the defendants, now voted themselves competent to deal with the defenders. Nor did they stop here. In the terms of the law, a citizen cannot be put on his trial for an offence committed by the medium of the press, unless his autograph signature can be set up against him; the present was the first instance in which a court of justice had called upon accused persons to declare themselves, upon their own honour, guilty or not guilty. M. Armand Carrel protested against this new outrage in the most noble and energetic language, but to no purpose; the peers had forced their way so far, by means of the most monstrous irregularities, and they were resolved, that to the very last the statue of justice should remain veiled.

The president accordingly proceeded to interrogate each *appelé* in these terms: "Did you sign the letter? Did you publish it? Did you authorize its publication?" In pursuance of the decision unanimously formed, each successively replied in the negative. But some of them could not repress the cry of their wounded conscience. "I am utterly indignant!" exclaimed M. Reybaud, "at the insult which is offered to all of us by the Chamber, in preventing us from fulfilling our ministry as defenders; and in consigning us to the prison door, the court has been guilty of a gross violation of our rights. We are the persons against whom an offence has been really committed. The sentiments of that letter, I entirely concur in, and if I declare here that I did not sign it, I do so purely out of regard to truth, and not at all from deference to you!" When called upon in his turn, M. Raspail replied, "I shall give you the letter, and not the spirit; I shall give you twice two letters. No! no!" M. Flocon briefly, but forcibly contrasted the conduct of the *Chamber* of Peers, which had not refused counsel to the defenders, with that of the *Court* of Peers, which had refused defenders to the defendants. MM. Jules Bernard, David de Thiais, Auguste Blanqui, Franque, Antony Thouret, Frederic Degeorge, Bergeron, Gazard, Armand Barbès, Grouvelle, Voyer d'Argenson, Laurent, Gervais (of Caen), Ferdinand François, Rittiez, Demay, and Dornez, either refused to give a categorical answer at all, or accompanied their replies each with a daring and contemptuous reservation. The assembly already began to be deeply excited, when it came to the turn of M. de Lamennais to be catechised by M. Pasquier. For there he was, hitherto lost among the crowd of the vanquished, he, whose name filled all Europe, the powerful priest who had set before Papacy, as the true aim and object of its divine mission, the sanctification of liberty, and the enfranchisement of mankind. As the question was put to him, all eyes became fixed upon the illustrious man, with a deep sentiment of curiosity and respect. He, his high forehead pale as marble, his noble head somewhat bent forward upon his frail, small frame, replied in a voice which, though scarcely above his breath, made the judges tremble. "Gentlemen, that which is passing here at this moment, presents some

lessons of gravest import, which ought never to be lost sight of by France or by Europe. Nor will they! As far as my efforts will go, gentlemen, I give you my word that they shall not!"

The examination concluded, the Chamber passed a decree setting at liberty those of the *appelés* who had confined themselves to a simple negative. As for those who had given utterance to vehement commentaries upon the proceedings, they were remanded for future judgment, which gave rise to new pleadings. M. Dupont appeared as counsel for MM. Jules Bernard and David de Thiais, M. Germain Sarrut for the *Tribune*, and M. Raspail for the *Réformateur*. The latter, a gentleman of high intellectual distinctions, celebrated more especially in the annals of science, excited the astonishment of the court by the picturesque force of his language, and by the facility he displayed in passing from considerations of the most elevated kind, to the most familiar reflections. M. Gervais (of Caen) then rose. He was a practised orator, a man endowed with incomparable presence of mind and *sang froid*, and who combined with the utmost energy and with ample ability, that grace of manner, that imperturbability of deportment, that command over the passions, that exquisite something, which is acquired by long familiarity with the higher classes of society. M. Gervais took occasion to enter into an argument with M. Pasquier, on the question of the forms which had been so grossly violated, and M. Pasquier very speedily found himself vanquished in the contest. Confused by the firm and definite replies of an adversary, who, knowing better far than he did the whole range of the laws and their formalities, made at every turn a pitiless exposure of the president's shallowness, M. Pasquier at length lost all countenance, and could only stammer out hesitating rejoinders. A humiliation he had but too justly merited.

As M. Gervais' address drew nigh its close, a terrible moment for the peers approached: it was M. Trélat's turn to speak next. This gentleman possessed in the highest degree that tranquil courage, that inflexible calmness, which give to men in his position so eminent an advantage. He had long since made up his mind to the sacrifice of his liberty, of his life, and he came forward now, strong in that superiority which arises from the deliberate contempt of death: those who called themselves his judges he was himself about to condemn.

"I have long felt that it was necessary, that it was inevitable, we should meet face and face: we now do so.

"Gentlemen, our mutual enmity is not the birth of yesterday. In 1814, I, in common with many, many others, cursed the power which called you or your predecessors to help it in chaining down liberty. In 1815 I took up arms to oppose the return of your gracious master of that day. In 1830 I did my duty, in promoting the successful issue of the event which then occurred, and eight days after the revolution, I again took up my musket, though but little in the habit of handling warlike instruments, and went to the post which General Lafayette had assigned us, in sincerity or otherwise, for the purpose of marching against you personally, *Messieurs les Pairs*.

"It was in the presence of my friends and myself that one of your number was received, who brought the revocation of the ordonnances to the Hotel de Ville; and it is not impossible that we had some influence in occasioning the very limited success of his embassy. It was then he who appeared before us, imploring, beseeching, with tears in his eyes: it is now our turn to appear before you, but we do so without imploring, or beseeching, or weeping, or bending the knee. We had utterly vanquished your kings, and they being gone, you had nothing left. As for you, you have not vanquished the people, and whether you hold us as hostages for it or not, our personal position troubles us very, very little; rely upon that.

* * * * * * *

"Who then but must perforce see in that which is passing, the signal, the striking, the unmistakeable prediction of that which is preparing. A blind fury leads astray all the governing powers of the state. There are no longer legislators, there are no longer judges; but on all sides authority passionately taking vengeance on those whom, having previously injured, it looks upon as its enemies. After a revolution, throughout which the most magnanimous sentiments were trumpeted forth, at a period when manners are becoming gentler and more refined, day after day, the victorious party does not hesitate to demand a reeking sacrifice of one hundred and sixty-three victims! Let no man deceive himself about the matter: the most touching homilies, the most love and peace-breathing protestations, are utterly futile, after this sanguinary requisition. No one has forgotten, no one will forget, that since the revolution of 1830 the scaffold was set up for Lepage and Cuny, and that it was the people who threw it down.

"Five years ago M. Persil demanded the head of the noble Prince Polignac, on account of the revolution. This year, one of M. Persil's deputies demands the heads of those whose history he was to write by decision of the revolutionary government of 1830.

"There is among you a man sitting in judgment upon us, who devoted ten years of his life to the development and fostering of republican sentiments in the minds of young persons, whom for that purpose he collected around him. I myself have seen him brandishing a dagger, as he sounded forth a high-flown eulogium on Brutus. Does not this man feel that he has some share of responsibility for these acts of which we stand accused before him? How can he tell that we should all have been here, had it not been for his republican eloquence? I see before me, among you, men who heretofore were zealous *Charbonniers*. I have here, in my hand, the oath sworn by one of these men, an oath to the republic! And these men are about to condemn me, because, unlike them, I have remained faithful to the oath I vowed.

* * * * * * *

"If I were now addressing the men of the Court I would say to them, Be of good courage! You may be so; all this place is full of recollections peculiarly adapted to animate your hearts. We are here only two hundred paces from the Observatory! But, on the other hand,

I think also, I would go on to say, that every thing comes in aid of our cause; it has even advanced the more vigorously, the more rapidly, the more obstacles have been placed in its way.

"Your prisons open to receive within their dungeons all who retain a free heart in their bosoms. He who first placed the tri-coloured flag on the palace of your old kings,* they who drove Charles X. from France, are handed over to you as victims, on account of your new king.

"Your sergeant has touched with his black wand the courageous deputy who, the first amongst you all, opened his door to the revolution.† The whole thing is summed up in these facts.

"It is the revolution struggling with the counter-revolution; the past with the present, with the future; selfishness with fraternity; tyranny with liberty. Tyranny has on her side bayonets, prisons, and the embroidered collars of MM. les Pairs. Liberty has God on her side, that is to say, the force which impels the world on its onward movement; which enlightens the reason of man, and suffers him not to draw back from the great work. It will be seen with whom victory will abide; this will be seen, not to-morrow, not the day after to-morrow, nor the day after that; it may not be seen by us at all—what matters that? It is the human race which engages our thoughts, and not ourselves. Every thing manifests that the hour of deliverance is not far distant.

"It will then be seen whether God will permit the lie to be given him with impunity.

"Messieurs les Pairs, I did not stand up with the purpose of defending myself. You are my political enemies, not my judges. In a fair trial it is necessary that the judge and the accused should understand, should, to a certain extent sympathise with each other. In the present case this is quite out of the question. We do not feel alike; we do not speak the same language. The land we inhabit, humanity itself, its laws, its requirements, duty, religion, the sciences, the arts, industry, all that constitutes society, heaven, earth, nothing appears to us in the same light that it does to you. There is a world between us.

"You may condemn me, but I accept you not as judges, for you are unable to comprehend me."

An inexpressible agitation pervaded the whole assembly for some moments after the close of this address, so eloquent, so lofty in its simplicity. M. Michel (of Bourges) then advanced. As all present were well acquainted with his impetuous enthusiasm, a solemn silence prevailed throughout the hall when he opened his address, which he did in deep, distinct tones. Bending forward over the railing, which served as a bar on the occasion, he sometimes made it tremble under the convulsive pressure of his hands; sometimes, with an impetuous movement, he traversed its extent to and fro, in a state of excitement similar to that of Caius Gracchus, of whom it is said, that it was necessary when he spoke, to have a flute-player in attendance to moderate, by a gentle

* M. Guinard. † M. Audry de Puyraveau.

symphony, the too passionate fervour of his eloquence. Yet M. Michel did not display the same terrible, restless daring that M. Trélat had exhibited. He defended himself, which M. Trélat had not condescended to do, and the attacks which he directed against the peers were not altogether exempt from precaution. While abiding by the spirit of the letter, he seemed disposed to stickle less than others did for forms, and he incidentally so far complimented the peers as to admit that, judging from what he had seen in the course of the past three days, they were individually better than their body. But as to the trial itself, he was inflexible. "You cannot judge the accused without hearing them. And if you judge them in their absence, listen while I tell you what will take place. Before ten years have passed away, the garden of the Luxembourg will be enlarged by the whole space now occupied by your hall of justice, and on its site the people will have erected a memorial, which will give forth these words: THE INFAMY OF THE JUDGE IS THE GLORY OF THE JUDGED." His concluding sentence ran thus: "Amerce me, if you please; take my whole fortune; I shall be proud thus to consecrate, in the cause of the accused, what I have gained by the exercise of my profession. As to your dungeons, I bear in mind the saying of the republican who died at Utica: 'I would rather be in prison than be seated here beside thee, Cæsar!'"

The Chamber then resolved itself into secret committee, and resolving that it had been insulted, it condemned M. Trélat to three year's imprisonment, and to a fine of 10,000 francs (400*l.*); M. Michel (of Bourges), Bichat, editor of the *Tribune*, and Jaffrenou, editor of the *Réformateur*, each to one month's imprisonment, and to pay a fine of 10,000 francs; M. Reynaud to one month's imprisonment, and a fine of 500 francs (20*l.*); and MM. Gervais (of Caen), Jules Bernard, David de Thiais, and Audry de Puyraveau, each to one month's imprisonment, and a fine of 200 francs (8*l.*). By shifting off the responsibility of the letter, the assembly of defenders had reduced within the dimensions of an ordinary incident, ended by a judicial decree, a struggle which might have been rendered of the most formidable character; it had fallen short of the mark; it had been wanting to itself.

The peerage having obtained this triumph, resumed the principal trial with a determination which it had previously been totally deficient in. Taking advantage of the presence of such of the Lyonnese defendants as had accepted a trial, the witnesses were heard, and hence a fresh source of excitement was thrown open. One of these witnesses charged the government with having knowingly and wilfully involved Lyons in civil war; another proved the police to have been actually engaged in fanning, with their impure breath, the incandescent passions of the people, creating guilt that they might furnish their masters with victims; a third manifestly showed, that insurrection had been purposely allowed to stalk for several days through a city, where its ravages might have been easily suppressed within as many hours; and the question asked by all was, why it had been deemed necessary to oppose to a handful of men, wretchedly armed, and to their movable ramparts,

battalions upon battalions of disciplined men, with an immense apparatus of cannon, shells, grape-shot, and the terrible ravages of all-involving conflagration? The provocations systematically offered to the people by the Mercets, the Picots, the Corteys, the whole of their base artifices were denounced, with rare power, by M. Carrier, who, after having refused to take his trial in the first instance, had afterwards allowed himself, insensibly, to yield to the temptation of unmasking these treacherous wretches, and holding them up to universal execration, by the revelations which it was in his power to make. A bereaved parent related, in accents which caused a shudder of horror to pervade the assembly, how his son had been pierced with seventy-two bayonet wounds, many of them made by ferocious assailants while he was at the last extremity. The torrents of innocent blood poured out in the Faubourg of Vaise, had also a prominent place in the frightful picture now displayed before the Chamber of Peers. And just in proportion to the overwhelming precision and exactitude of the evidence against government, were the depositions put forward to meet it vague and inconclusive. In the answers made by M. Aymard, for instance, there was remarked a scarcely credible ignorance of the most established facts; indeed, from the indecision of the general's memory on the subject altogether, from the utter astonishment into which he was thrown by some of the questions, from the honourable and evidently sincere warmth with which he exclaimed against the possibility of abominations, which, unfortunately, were too clearly proved by other testimony, it was evident to every hearer, that another hand than his had directed events. The evidence which the Court of Peers received most graciously, was that of Colonel du Perron, which went to affirm, that the soldiery had displayed much moderation and generosity. In some quarters of the city, in point of fact, this was the case; but Colonel du Perron had, doubtless, not seen all that took place! Besides, why had not the government authorities hastened to direct a searching inquiry into the massacres at Vaise? From reiterated and animated attacks on M. Chégaray, by M. Jules Favre, it resulted, that the public functionary at Lyons had taken no steps to discover the murderers, but had wilfully remained in a state of utter impassibility, though from all parts around there arose the cry for vengeance! M. Pasquier ventured even to say, on this subject, that the assassinations so vehemently denounced were, after all, supposing them to have been committed, nothing more than the usual accompaniments, the inevitable results of civil war, the responsibility of which, rested with those who had created the public disturbances. As if the having commenced the struggle, properly subjected the defeated people to any barbarities which the victors might think fit to exercise upon them, beyond the necessity of the case.

And now the list of the more docile traversers being exhausted, the time was come for quelling, somehow or other, the refractory. Here, full of sadness, of disgust, we pause for a moment! How can we retrace, without the blood rushing painfully to the forehead, the means employed for compelling the appearance of the prisoners at the bar?

The guards who were sent to their cells for the purpose, proceeded almost at once from the formal summons, to insult and abuse, from these to actual physical violence; the contest of one against many could not last long, and when, enfeebled by imprisonment, overpowered by numbers, the prisoner could no longer oppose any effectual resistance, he was thrown to the ground, and two guards seizing hold of his feet, he was pitilessly dragged along the passages, up or down the stairs, as it might be, his head striking against every step. Fruitless brutality! For when thus brought to the bar, each defendant stood proudly, defyingly as ever, before the peers; nay, rendered still more proud, still more defying, by his wounds, by the blood-stained dust with which he was covered; and louder, more vehement, even than before, were the cries of indignation which went forth from the mouths of those daring unconquerable men.

Let us not do human nature the injustice of supposing, that the peers looked on indifferently at these outrageous proceedings. No; it is certain that the majority of them were deeply grieved at what they saw; but an inevitable necessity weighed upon them, and they were commanded and fain to repeat with M. Martin (du Nord): "The obstinacy of a prisoner must not be permitted to stay the course of justice." Doubtless, justice must not be stayed in her course; but whose fault was it, that so many honest and honourable men had been thus brought to glory in a revolt against the apparent progress of the law? Wo to the country where it becomes permissible of doubt, whether, in the insult offered to a judge, justice herself is outraged. Where such a doubt as this exists, there is an end to any possible distinction between arrogance and courage, between anarchy and lofty, generous, patriotic daring; between the spirit of disorder and the devotion to great principles. Arbitrary power, when it does not produce sheer tyranny, leads to chaos. And the Chamber of Peers experienced this in a very disagreeable way. Laudable thoughts and scruples favourable to the defendants came over it. And these symptoms of yieldingness operated against it. It was all in vain that it, in the most exemplary manner, armed itself with the patience requisite for hearing out to the end the insulting harangues which were directed against it by one defendant after another; in vain did M. Pasquier repeatedly do himself the violence of assuming that forbearance which is due to misfortune: nothing could calm the exasperation of the defendants; nothing turn them from their determination. The Chamber of Peers had refused them the free defence they had of right claimed; it was now fain to listen to vehement declamations, full of condemnation upon itself. It had refused the temperate use of the right; it was now constrained to submit to its abuse. Miserably did it find itself "cribbed and cabined in" by the consequences of the compact which it had entered into with despotism. Like a traveller who has lost his way in a marsh, every step it took sunk it deeper in the slough of iniquity, and it dragged its wearisome way on, panting, sinking under the load of its *omnipotence*. I do not know that history ever presented mankind with

a more profound and useful lesson, than that afforded by the French Chamber of Peers on this occasion!

Meantime, strange and secret preparations were going on in the interior of St. Pelagie, the prison assigned to the Parisian defendants. In the part of the prison called the *Bâtiment de la Dette*, and close to the staircase which leads to the cells of the defendants, there was a small cellar, facing the door of the yard, from which it was only separated by a narrow passage. Some of the prisoners—among others, MM. Guinard, Cavaignac, and Armand Marrast—had observed this cellar, and considering it favourable for affording the means of escape, had immediately procured the necessary implements for making their way into it. Unfortunately, the keepers had their eyes constantly upon the passage, the door of the yard being always open. By getting up a game at ball, the prisoners, whenever it was necessary, furnished themselves with a sufficient pretext for closing the door, without giving rise to suspicion. The sister of one of them brought under her dress the instruments which were required for piercing through the cellar, and the operations forthwith commenced. To avoid the danger arising from indiscretion on the part of an associate, the framers of the project abstained from taking the larger portion of their comrades into their confidence; in fact, the only one to whom they communicated their design was Fournier, a man of singular address and activity. The work proceeded with unlooked-for success. While one party worked in the cellar, by the light of a lamp which stood close to one of them, ready to be extinguished at a moment's notice, the rest acted as sentinels outside, engaged at once in diverting, by a thousand devices, the attention of their fellow-prisoners and the vigilance of the keepers. By a fortunate coincidence, workmen at this particular time were employed in the prison upon some urgent repairs, the noise made by whom served to cover that which proceeded from the cellar. But whither led the path which they were thus laboriously creating? They had reason to believe that it would pass under the prison walls, into a garden that adjoined it. The point, then, was to ascertain the exact position of this garden, its different outlets, and the name and opinions of the proprietor. For this purpose, recourse was had to M. Armand Barbès, who, in his turn, addressed himself to an artist of his acquaintance, in whom he had the fullest confidence. This artist accordingly went to call upon his sister, a girl at school, and, taking her out for a walk, directed their steps towards the garden in question. On arriving opposite the door, he requested his sister to faint away, which she obligingly complied with, and he then proceeded to call out for help. The people of the house ran out, and M. Vatrin (the proprietor) had the fainting girl carried in, and carefully attended to. When the young lady came to herself, a walk in the garden was proposed. This was precisely what the brother had desired and anticipated. The examination of the spot was made with a practised eye, and a plan drawn out in his mind, and next day the conspirators in the cellar knew all that they wished to know. The house of M. Vatrin was situated between the garden and a court opening into the Rue Copeau; to get

out of the garden, which was enclosed by high walls, it was absolutely necessary to pass through the house, the master of which was a declared partisan of the government. These were not very encouraging prospects, but the miners did not give way to despair. The earth which they dug out was carefully spread over the floor of the cellar, and stamped down, so as merely to raise it, without altering its general appearance; and they had, by practice, succeeded in so exactly covering over the opening, that it would have been well nigh impossible, even in their absence, to discover any trace of their labours. The activity which they displayed was so prodigious, that at the end of a very few days the operations were terminated; the hidden pathway extended beyond the limits of the prison, and there was nothing but a thin surface of earth in the garden of M. Vatrin, between the prisoners and liberty.

And yet (remarkable proof of the power of certain convictions!) the very men who had with such pains and labour achieved the means of liberty, of their own accord determined to remain captives, so long as any hope of successfully combating their enemies, by the aid of speech, remained. Up to that point of time, escape was adjourned, and the secret passage regarded merely as a means of safety in the last extremity.

But the peers very speedily relieved the prisoners from their noble scruples, by an aggravation of arbitrary conduct. The proceedings, with reference to the Lyons defendants, approached their termination. MM. Lagrange, Réverchon, Martin, Albert, Hugon, and Baune, had successively declared to the peers, that they did not recognise them as judges; and each had expressed himself in so doing, according to the impress of his character: some of them, as MM. Réverchon and Lagrange, with the most excited vehemence, others, as MM. Baune, Albert, and Martin,* with dignified contempt. It had become manifest, that a new plan of proceedings was necessary; and a grave question now presented itself: should they enter upon the interrogating of the defendants of Paris, Lunéville, Chalons-sur-Saone, St. Etienne, Marseilles, Arbois, Epinal? Or rather, should they proceed at once to pass judgment upon the Lyons defendants?

After such strenuous and persevering efforts to connect together, as forming one vast plot, a multitude of particular facts, after such exertions to establish the conviction of the various offences and offenders, to separate them into different classes, for the purpose of trying them, one after another, one apart from another, was trampling under foot all logic and common sense. Besides, it could not be done without a direct violation of the law. For the Article CCXXVI. of the Code of Criminal Procedure declares, that the accusing Chambers shall always pass judgment, by one and the same decree, upon connected offences. And to pretend, as was attempted, that the rule did not apply to the final decree, was dishonest; the spirit of the law involving the second case as well as the first. And then, again, upon what principle of equity was

* MM. Albert and Martin had not been arrested. They had been generous enough to surrender themselves as prisoners.

the Chamber justified in thus indefinitely prolonging the rigours of preventive detention, towards men whom they had refused, illegally refused, permission to select counsel of their own to defend them, who had not been heard, and who, treated as though fully convicted of guilt, before their innocence had been disproved or even discussed, had already, for many months, groaned in the dungeons, which suspicion, directed by political hatred, had thrust them into? But, as we have already said, the Court of Peers laboured under the domination of the evil genius which had led it astray in the first instance: notwithstanding, the protest of M. Baune, speaking in the name of all his companions, it pursued its fatal course, and on the application of the attorney-general, M. Martin (du Nord), it gave on the 11th of July, 1835, a decree which, ordering the disjuncture of the causes, directed that the case of the defendants in the Lyons list should be forthwith heard and determined. The measure of iniquity was thus full to overflowing: M. Molé immediately withdrew from any further share in the business, as did the Marquis d'Aux and the Marquis de Crillon.

The disjuncture of the causes was calculated to produce results of an obvious nature. By this measure, the Court of Peers gave itself a breathing space between whiles; it lessened the opposing force of public opinion, by breaking up the one enormous outrage, which concentrated against it the personal as well as political sympathies of the whole nation, into a series of detached offences, which, in the personal point of view, only affected a particular locality at a time; it threw discouragement among the defendants themselves; and deprived their resistance of that character of unanimity which alone could render it permanently imposing. The prisoners at St. Pélagie, saw all this at once; and thenceforth, convinced that their enemies would not even permit them to derive from their courage the moral advantage to which it fairly entitled them, those among them who had prepared all things for their escape, now only thought of securing their liberty.

The execution of their project was fixed for the evening of the 12th of July, and all the preliminary steps were taken for ensuring the complete success of their so well commenced effort. Their co-operators outside, received their final instructions. To disarm the keeper of any suspicion or mistrust, several of the prisoners made applications to him which manifestly presupposed the extension of their stay at St. Pélagie; and on the morning of the 12th, M. Armand Marrast, who was in the habit of taking a bath every evening, ordered it to be ready at ten o'clock as usual. Nothing whatever had transpired of the project, and yet those who formed it, lived in a burning alternation of anxiety and hope. At nightfall all the arrangements were complete. M. Dornez had sent the produce of the subscriptions to be divided among the prisoners; coaches, destined for their reception on their quitting the prison, were despatched to their destination outside St. Pélagie. M. Armand Barbés proceeded, accompanied by the wife of one of the prisoners, towards M. Vatrin's, where it was essential to take up a position, under some pretext or other; finally, MM. Etienne Arago, Klein,

and Fulgence Girard, installed themselves in an apartment facing M. Guinard's room, for the purpose of letting him know, by the medium of signals previously arranged, when the patrol had made its round, and the streets were safe for his purpose. On his part, by way of informing their friends outside that all was proceeding successfully inside the prison, M. Guinard was to walk in front of his lamp, and to raise it at arm's length, when he was on the point himself of descending into the cellar.

The prison clock struck eight. At that moment, the men in possession of the grand secret, went severally amongst their companions whom they had hitherto not admitted into their confidence, and said to the one and the other, "Do you wish to be free? Here is money. To the cellar!" A few, from motives which we shall explain further on, rejected the offer; but the large majority received it with a stupor of joy. Whilst these hastened one by one to the mysterious rendezvous indicated to them, a small group, for the purpose of blinding the keepers, formed itself in front of the door of M. Armand Marrast's chamber as usual, it being the custom of the prisoners to assemble there every evening for the purpose of hearing the *Messager* read out to them by one of their number. In a very short time, the fugitives were assembled in the cellar, and were presently joined by the group from above. For a time, all was agitation, confusion; men jostling each other in the utter darkness, and the newly initiated, bewildered with an aspect of things as unexpected as inexplicable, and doubtful whether they were not all the while the sport of some dismal phantasmagoria. M. Landolphe, however, had taken the precaution to bring with him a match, and suddenly a lamp dispersed the obscurity, and lit up with its unsteady light, the pallid, wonder-stricken, anxious faces around. It seemed as an assembly of ghosts. M. Guinard was now the only one of them absent, with the exception of such as had determined to remain; and he, having made the arranged signal for departure to Messrs. Etienne Arago and Klein, now joined his companions.

Before proceeding further, MM. Roziere, Vilain, Fournier, and Landolphe, were sent on to pierce through the crust of earth which still closed up the issue from the subterranean passage. This task, which was completed in a few seconds, seemed to the expectants in the cellar to occupy centuries. "All is ready," cried M. Landolphe, from the excavation, and, forthwith, the fugitives threw themselves, one after another, into the dark, narrow, stifling way that led to light, to life, and liberty! They had to pass under the road periodically traversed by the patrol, and as they went on they heard, overhead, the heavy measured tread of the sentinel, and the clattering of the muskets as they were piled by the soldiers, who had just completed their round. One by one the fugitives reached the outlet, one by one they stepped forth into the open air, and proceeded towards the house through which they had to make their way. However great their courage, they advanced cautiously, and full of anxiety; for the night was very clear and they discerned, at the top of the prison, a sentinel, who, his body leaning

over the parapet, seemed fixedly and menacingly regarding them, though apparently uncertain what to do. But a whistle from without gave them new animation, for it told them that the consummation of their wishes was at hand.

While MM. Klein and Fulgence Girard were watching with vigilant eye the extent of the Rue Copeau, and M. Etienne Arago, occupying the attention of M. Vatrin's porter by some roundabout story or other, took care that the door of the court-yard was not closed, M. Barbès had made his way inside with a lady by whom he was accompanied; M. Vatrin being absent, M. Barbès, under the pretext of urgent business which required to be instantly communicated, had obtained permission to go in and write a letter, and there he sat, with the paper before him, apparently collecting his ideas, but in reality half bounding from his chair with impatience for the arrival of his friends. Suddenly footsteps were heard without; the glazed door leading into the garden was violently shaken, the glass dashed in, Madame Vatrin burst out into a scream of terror, but the stranger said: "Fear nothing, madam, it is only the political prisoners of St. Pélagie making their escape." At the same moment M. Barbès threw himself upon the servant, who had been attracted by the noise, and compelled him to remain silent. Then, to traverse the house, leap into the coaches which awaited them, and disperse in different directions, all this was, with the republicans, the affair of a moment. They were *saved!*

When the fact became known the astonishment of the police was only equalled by its fury. The press, which took a lively interest in the prisoners, overwhelmed ministers with its joyous bantering and ridicule. The agents of M. Gisquet, in their humiliation, could only indemnify themselves by inflicting the whole weight of their vengeance upon the defendants who had refused to accompany the fugitives, MM. Kersausie, Beaumont, Sauriac, Hubin de Guer; men whose motives for rejecting the liberty that was proffered to them were entitled of credit, though partaking somewhat of the extravagant in sentiment. Their idea was, that they owed it to their party, to themselves, to throw disgrace upon the persecution of which they were the victims, by their constancy in suffering it. The glory of combat being denied them, they eagerly embraced that of martyrdom. Besides, they could not persuade themselves that the police had remained all this time ignorant of the preparations for escape, and they accordingly saw in its apparent negligence, nothing more than a methodised plan for relieving the peers of the burden of its judicial task.

But the Court of Peers now showed that it had no occasion for the assistance of the police in freeing it from its embarrassments. Proceeding upon the obstinate resistance displayed by the Lyons defendants, M. Martin (du Nord) demanded, that the court should try them separately, if it were deemed necessary by the crown officers; and this time the court did not hesitate to comply with the demands in a decree which ought never to be lost sight of by posterity.

The proceedings being thus simplified by so extraordinary a violation of the hitherto most inviolable forms of justice, the trial was rapidly got through. MM. Martin (du Nord), Chégaray, and de la Tournelle

having in turn, argued with much vehemence, all three of them, and not without ability, the portions laid down in the bill of indictment, the counsel on the other side, in turn replied; and none of them with more elevation and eloquence than M. Jules Favre. After having defined in striking terms the true character of the Lyons insurrection, and completely demolished the elaborate scaffolding which fools had constructed on the basis of the alleged plot, he thus recapitulated the main features of the case:

"You accuse us of having sought to endanger the safety of the state; I charge the executive with having wilfully neglected to frustrate any such attempt in its outset; with having even fostered and encouraged the popular manifestation, by taking various means for enticing the insurgents into overt acts, at a time when it would have been perfectly easy to repress the outbreak.

"You accuse us of having constructed barricades; we charge you with having deliberately suffered them to be erected, under the eyes of the agents of police and of the civil authorities, and with having sent hired agitators amidst the previously peaceable groups of people.

"You accuse us of having made use of force against the defenders of order; I charge you with having trampled under foot the law which protects the lives of citizens; with having issued a military order in itself sufficient to excite the flame of insurrection in the hearts of an indignant population; with having gratuitously compromised the lives of women, children, and old men; with having prolonged the struggle far beyond the necessity of the case; with having buried beneath the ruins of their houses, families who had made no attempt whatever to assail you; with having turned an utterly deaf ear to the cry for truce and conciliation which was raised in every direction, and with having refused quarter, with having slaughtered, basely and cruelly, the vanquished and the defenceless.

"You have made your statement, I have made mine. They will both of them remain, posted as it were, for public examination, on the door of this hall, and we shall see which of them will excite the most permanent attention, which of them France will read with the greatest indignation!"

It was on the 13th of August, 1835, that the Court of Peers gave, in the absence of the defendants themselves, their judgment, passing condemnation upon the Lyons prisoners.*

* Sentences of the Lyons defendants, 13th of August, 1835:—Beaune, Antide Martin, Albert, Hugon, Marc Reverchon, Lafond, Desvoys, *to transportation:* Lagrange, Tourés, *to twenty years' detention:* Mollard-Lefèvre, Huguet, Drigeard-Desgarniers, *to fifteen years' detention:* Caussidière, Laporte, Lange, Villiard, Marigné, Rockzinski, Thion, Despinas, Benoit-Catin, *to ten years' detention:* Pradel, Chery, Cachot, Dibier, *to seven years' detention:* Carrier, Arnaud, Morel, Bille, Boyet, Chatagnier, Julien, Mercier, Gayet, Genest, Didier, Ratignié, Charmy, Charles, Mazoyer, Blanc, Jobely, Raggio, Chagny, *to five years' detention:* and all *to be under the surveillance of the police for the remainder of their lives.*—Roux, Berard, Guichard, *to three years' imprisonment, and five years' surveillance:* Butet, Adam, *to one year's imprisonment and five years' surveillance:* Girard, *to one year's imprisonment and two years' surveillance.*

The sentence upon the eight sub-officers of Lunéville* was not pronounced until the early part of December. Their attitude had been throughout admirable, exciting the warmest sympathy in the minds of all beholders.

After these came the lists of Lyons, St. Etienne, Arbois, Marseilles, Grenoble, Chalons,† Paris,‡ which exhibited but twelve acquittals, and a very considerable number of condemnations.

In the last stage of the proceedings, the defendants showed themselves in general perfectly calm. MM. Caussidière, Kersausie, and Beaumont, however, revived, by their idomitable energy, scenes, the intense excitement produced by which, had not yet subsided.§

The April trials were, for the republican party, which the revolution of July had given birth to, a signal, but not a decisive defeat. One portion of the public as usual exaggerating the merits of this party, while the majority was pleased equally to exaggerate its defects, the judgments formed of it have been as erroneous as they have been various. If the republican party had not sufficient leisure and maturity of reflection to penetrate by study into the profundities of social order, so as to draw thence the solution of great problems, it contributed, at

* Sentences of the Lunéville defendants, 7th of December, 1835:—Thomas, *to transportation:* Bernard, *to twenty years' detention:* Stiller, Tricotel, *to ten years' imprisonment:* Regnier, Caillié, Mathieu (of Epinal), *to five years' detention*, and all *to be under surveillance for the remainder of their lives:* Lapotaire, Bechet, *to three years' imprisonment and five years' surveillance.*

† Sentences upon the defendants of St. Etienne, Grenoble, Marseilles, Arbois, and Besançon, 28th of December, 1835:—Marc Caussidière, *to twenty years' detention:* Pierre Reverchon, *to ten years' detention:* Gilbert, *called* Miran, and Riban, *to five years' detention*, and to be all *under the surveillance of the police for the remainder of their lives:* Rossary, Offroy, *to three years' imprisonment:* Tiphaine and Froidevaux, *to one year's imprisonment*, and all *four to five years' surveillance.*

‡ Sentences upon the Paris defendants, 23d of January, 1836:—Beaumont, Kersausie, *to transportation:* Crevat, Pruvot, *to ten years' detention, and to surveillance all their lives:* Sauriac, *to five years' imprisonment:* Bastien, Roger, Varé, Cahuzac, *to three years' imprisonment:* Billon, Delayen, Delacuis, Buzelin, *to one year's imprisonment*, and all *to five years' surveillance.*

Sentences upon the contumacious Paris defendants, same day:—Cavaignac, Berryer-Fontaine, Vignerte, Lebon, Guinart, Delente, Deludre, A. Marrast, *to transportation:* Fouet, Granger, Villain, and Boura, *to fifteen years' detention:* Mathé, Lenormand, Yvon, Aubert, Pichonnier, Gueroult, Souillard, *called* Chiret, *to ten years' detention:* Herbert, Chilman, Pornin, Rozières, Poirotte, Tassin, Fournier, *to five years' detention*, and all *to be under surveillance for the remainder of their lives.*

§ The April trials having been cut short, as we have shown, many important revelations which would otherwise have been made public in their progress, remained undisclosed. We subjoin one of these, to which the illustrious M. Arago, had the opportunity been opened to him, intended to have called general attention.

He one day happened to be in the studio of M. David, of Angers, the sculptor, who was engaged upon a statue of Madame de Staël. The conversation having turned upon the fights which took place in the Rue Transnonain, the woman who was attending as a model related, that on the 13th of April, as, accompanied by one of her companions, she was returning to her home, near the Fontaine Maubuée, she saw her lover, who was in the police, helping to construct the barricades. She ran up to him, and expressed her astonishment at finding him thus employed. "Be off with you," exclaimed the policeman, in a perfect rage; "if you say a word about this, I'll murder you."

M. Arago immediately afterwards went to the place indicated, and obtained information which fully bore out the woman's statement. The policeman's name is Chenedeville.

all events, and in a powerful degree, to bring them prominently forward for solution. It sowed agitation around it, but it ever took care that the ardour which it sought to excite should be of a generous character. It knew how to ennoble disorder by high-souled devotion; it exhausted itself by the continuous efforts of its magnanimous enthusiasm, and it struggled against the systematic humiliation of France with such energy, that it was on the point of compelling her to maintain her just greatness of position. Its efforts put off for a time, in this kingdom, the full reign of sordid speculations, of mean mercantile manœuvring—the reign of the Carthaginian spirit; and it earned for itself the glorious distinction of being hated by all the old enemies of the French name. In the affair of the April trials, its adversaries displayed such utter littleness, and employed in combating it weapons at once so unfair, and so fragile, that it would, doubtless, have come off victorious in the struggle, had all the members who composed it been more firmly united by the bond of convictions and ideas. But the republican party had, unfortunately, opened its ranks to certain persons totally unworthy to take their place there. The result was, a confused and heterogeneous medley without example: disinterestedness and entire selfishness; self-satisfied ignorance, and modest talent, eager to learn; enthusiastic appreciation of a brother's qualities; a habit of carping at, and aspersing everything and everybody; cowardice and courage; the deliberate contempt of death, and abject terror at its very name; a vain-glorious desire to shine; a retiring modesty, amounting to the heroic. Such a confusion of opposite elements could not do otherwise than bring about the ruin of the party, the vices of the one class neutralising the virtues of the other, either directly or indirectly, by involving them in their own discredit. If, then, the republican party succumbed, the reason was, that its enemies got the better of it by the skilful combination of their vices, the entirety of their corruption. And thus it was, that the party came to disperse, to dissolve, leaving behind it, to sit in judgment upon its conduct and its motives, the intolerance of folly or of hatred. But individuals are only instruments destined by God to devote themselves to the service of ideas. At the very moment when the *party* was thought for ever extinct in France, the *opinion* which it had personified displayed itself with renewed power. Nor is this to be wondered at. Among the republicans, as we have said, there were men of brilliant talents, of a chivalrous bravery, ever ready to devote themselves to their cause, full of the gayest animation in the time of danger, and reproducing, before the public eye, with more accurate fidelity, more *éclat*, than the legitimatist party itself, the ancient national type; but then, at the side of these, were to be seen men who piqued themselves on an absurd resemblance to, or a still more absurd imitation of, the turbulent tribunes of old Rome, and others, vagabonds of no principles, or, still worse, traitors, in the pay of the police, whose business it was to convert, if possible, the spirit of patriotism, into a spirit of tumultuary disorder, and thus discredit the republican party in the eye of the law, and in the opinion of the community; and, although these three classes

formed a very small majority, yet they sufficed to effect this great object of government, by involving the whole party in the responsibility for their absurd, their preposterous harangues, their ignorance, their insolence, and their tendency on all occasions to parody, without in the least comprehending them, the high-wrought passions which animated the men of 1793. Thus, because a small section of agitators, destitute of intelligence, incapable of moderation, or actually hired for the purpose by government, choosed to call themselves republicans, and to define republicanism according to their own blind ignorance and passion, or according to sinister instructions from their employers, it began to be doubted in many quarters whether republicanism was not a mere chimera, or, if a possibility, a calamity. In order that just and well-intentioned minds should be brought back to a sound appreciation of things, it was necessary that the party should be, or appear to be, for a time, dissolved, so that it might reconstitute itself, in a body more homogeneous, more studious, more calm, and further advanced in the science of social revolutions. Upon a party thus constituted, the future smiled most favourably. For we cannot too often repeat it—the monarchical principle put face to face with the elective principle, must, sooner or later, devour it, or be devoured by it. The skilful employment of corruption may put off this consummation from time to time, but it cannot prevent its ultimate realization. "Let force remain with the law!" exclaims the government *de facto*, in the intoxication of its present triumph. But to this, the men whose only political faith is in the immortality of justice, the true, and upright, and sincere men, rejoin: "Who knows whether the law of to-day will be the law of to-morrow? No! no! force will remain with the truth!"

CHAPTER XI.

SPAIN was beginning to faint under the continued weight of her civil war. The Carlists were increasing in force, and the prospects of the Spanish revolution seemed seriously compromised. General Cordova, a daring and brilliant officer, had not concealed from the cabinet of Madrid, that the situation of affairs was so very critical, as to render the intervention of France well nigh absolutely necessary. But the head of the Spanish administration, M. Martinez de la Rosa, entertained the strongest possible repugnance to the intervention of a French army. The idea that Spain should acknowledge herself too weak to provide for her own safety, hurt his sensibilities as a Spaniard, and he trembled at the thought of purchasing the liberty of his fellow-citizens at the price of their independence. The evil, however, grew worse and worse, every day perils multiplied around the throne of the youthful Isabella, and it became essential to take a decided step. The result was, that, notwithstanding the resistance of M. Martinez de la Rosa,

the Madrid cabinet resolved to address itself to France on the subject, and M. Martinez, in pursuance of this determination, was called upon to forward to the French ministry a demand for its intervention; but, in doing so, he at the same time resigned his portfolio, and requested that a successor might be appointed to relieve him at the earliest possible moment.

The demand for intervention embarrassed and disconcerted Louis Philippe. In the excess of his ardour for peace, he grew uneasy at the slightest movement tending, however remotely, the other way. But amongst his ministers, there was one whose political views were wonderfully aided by this application.

Brought up amidst the ideas and feelings of the Empire, and easily wrought upon by the *éclat* of grand operations and designs, M. Thiers groaned in secret at the subordinate part which France had of late been condemned to play, in consequence of the pertinacious, timid policy of the Château. To reinstate, indeed, after the events of 1830, imperial grandeur; to oppose to the longer domination of the insolent treaties of 1815, the *veto* of revolutionary France; to claim once more the boundary of the Rhine; to accept Belgium, which offered herself to France, or, at all events, to call imperatively for a continental congress, to regulate anew the affairs of the world; these were ideas which, though entering largely into the day and night dreams of some of the more enthusiastic of his countrymen, M. Thiers by no means contemplated the possibility of realizing. He perfectly comprehended that the heroic part played by his country, in 1830, produced, as one of its most permanent results, that of placing monarchy for the future in the chapter of accidents; and there was something in the progress of democratical ideas, which made a deep impression on the incertitude of his heart. But M. Thiers did not consider France strong enough to raise herself quite above that profound humiliation in which she had been sunk for fifteen years—strong enough to stand erect and armed as theretofore; yet he did not conceive her to be so feeble, that she must fain crawl servilely in the train of all the courts of Europe. He thought that, without resorting to menaces, without rushing upon war, without aiming at the contingent advantages of a new European arrangement, his country might, by assuming a firm attitude, realize the modest ambition of creating for herself, in European diplomacy, a position entitled to, and receiving respect. Observing that, in every state where the interests of the house of Bourbon had formerly prevailed, the course of events had brought about a revolutionary interest; observing that everywhere, and especially in Spain, in Italy, and in Belgium, the revolution had appeared to result from the progress thither of French influence, and was, at all events, of a nature to preserve it, M. Thiers thought that, in serving the interests of the revolution in Belgium, in Italy, and in Spain, we did not depart from the traditions of our old policy, since the interests of the revolution were, all around us, neither more nor less than the ancient interest of the house of Bourbon in another shape. In this category of ideas, the natural support and ally of France, according to M.

Thiers, was England. The English alliance was accordingly the groundwork of his policy.

To form a diplomatic union with the cabinet of St. James's, and, by its assistance, to maintain the line of demarcation made between Holland and Belgium, by the days of September, to prevent Austria from putting down, by the exercise of arbitrary tyranny, the agitation surging in Italy, and to hold out the hand of encouragement to the revolution in Spain, represented by Christina: such were the outlines of M. Thiers' policy at this period.

These views were deficient in soundness and accuracy in more than one point; it is evident, for instance, that in Belgium, the alliance between France and England could not be based upon any community of interests. They were, moreover, totally deficient in grandeur; for, notwithstanding the prodigy of that double epopea, the Revolution and the Empire, France being much less in 1830 than she was in the *middle* of the eighteenth century, while Russia, Prussia, Austria, and England, had made, since that epoch, considerable advances, it was confining the ambition of France within very narrow bounds, to limit its aspirations to paltry diplomatic manœuvrings, having for their entire object the independence of Belgium declared neuter, the triumph of Christina at Madrid, and for the Italians, the power of moving, without being immediately trampled under foot by Austria.

The policy would appear sufficiently diffident, and circumspect, and retiring, we apprehend, to most people; the king, however, regarded it as fearfully adventurous. As it was not altogether inert, he considered it audacious; as it did not absolutely lead us to nothing, he was as appalled as though we had been dragged towards an abyss.

The demand for intervention, accordingly, gave rise to some very decided and very stormy dissensions between Louis Philippe and M. Thiers.

The king was endowed by nature with an incomparable winningness of manner; in the relations of private life, he charmed his ministers by a ready flow of conversation, an apparently unaffected good-nature, an unforced familiarity, the most graceful and the most gracious oblivion of all the rights, privileges, and prerogatives conferred by royal majesty; but in the council chamber, on all questions of importance, nothing could be more absolute than his will. The policy, all made up of circumspect management, of cautious manœuvring, which he had adopted, he there maintained imperiously. With as much ardour as Napoleon exhibited in seeking glory, did Louis Philippe, his intimate friends tell us, avoid it. M. Thiers said of him, sharply enough, that "Louis Philippe was the intaglio, Napoleon the cameo."

M. Thiers had on this occasion to bear up against very formidable cabalism, on the part of the king and those who, as usual, thought the king's thoughts; but, as in the case which he argued, reason was evidently on his side, even with reference to the peculiar interests of the Orleans dynasty itself, he displayed much firmness and perseverance in maintaining his ground.

The considerations which he urged were tolerably decisive. Was not Louis Philippe, he asked, impelled by manifest self-interest, to exclude from the throne of Spain that Don Carlos, whose pretensions were so intimately connected and bound up with those of Henry V.? And if you passed from the dynastic question to the national question, could there be a moment's doubt of the enormous advantage which would be conferred on France by the consolidation of her influence in Spain? Had not this been the constant policy of Louis XIV., fully adopted by Napoleon? Could France, perpetually exposed as she was to attacks from the north, leave in the south, without running the risk of her very existence, a power whose alliance was uncertain, whose friendship was doubtful? What was it that constituted the principal force of Russia? Precisely her local position, which enabled her to march forwards, when she thought fit, without being obliged to look anxiously back. What was it that lost Napoleon? The fatal necessity which kept the troops of Suchet in Spain, at the very moment when the coalition was invading Champagne.

These reasonings were not urged without making some impression upon the king. More than once, he seemed shaken in his resolves, but on each occasion, he very speedily returned to his favourite system, inaction. The recollection of the misfortunes which had befallen the French in Spain, under Napoleon, seemed strongly fixed upon his imagination. Was it likely that the expedition demanded by M. Thiers would succeed? Would not the troops, when once beyond the Pyrenees, find themselves involved in all the perils of that partisan warfare, which had paled the star of the greatest captain of modern times? Such were the apprehensions which the king opposed to the views of his minister; and he listened with cold incredulity to all the latter urged, as to the impossibility of Don Carlos maintaining any position whatever, when he should be hemmed in between a French invasion and the troops of Christina. "Spain is now nothing more than an exhausted La Vendée," repeated M. Thiers, incessantly; "it is now no more in her power to renew the prodigies of that resistance which so astonished Napoleon, than it was in the power of La Vendée to rouse itself effectually at the voice of the Duchess de Berri, so as to show itself, what it had shown itself under Cathelineau, Bonchamps, Larochejacquelin, and Lescure. In support of his opinion, M. Thiers cited that of M. de Rayneval, ambassador of France at Madrid, who, in all his despatches, forcibly insisted upon intervention, declaring that the government of Christina was lost, if the storm which growled around her was not turned away by a step, the importance of which, he said, was all decisive, while the risk was absolutely none at all.

But the king did not understand venturing his own repose and the security of peace, upon the hazard of such a judgment of matters. Perhaps, too, he had a private reason for the pertinacity of his resistance. It has been confidently stated, that Don Carlos had secretly conveyed to him the assurance that if he consented to remain neuter,

he, Don Carlos, would engage to give no assistance whatever to Henry V.

However this may have been, it is certain that M. Thiers soon found himself reduced to the necessity of openly breaking with Louis Philippe. To conquer the king's will, he had had recourse to every species of argument; after urging all the reasons which were to be drawn from grave political interests, he invoked those which derived their force from sentiments of honour; he reminded the king that the intervention, after all, was only the accomplishment of a sacred promise, the inevitable execution of the treaty of quadruple alliance, the natural, matter of course consequence of the political friendship which united France to England. Vain efforts! After exhausting all his powers of reasoning, all his eloquence, he was fain to yield; in doing so, he spoke very unequivocally of offering his resignation.

The point was then to ascertain what, after this termination of the disputes between the king and the prime minister, were the views, the attitude of the other members of the cabinet. On being sounded by M. Mignet, M. de Broglie replied, that his own opinion as to the necessity of intervention in the affairs of Spain, was not altogether made up; that he saw equal inconveniences and advantages in taking such a step; but—these were his own words—but that under the circumstances, he who was most thoroughly convinced ought to take the lead; and that consequently he should act with M. Thiers. As for M. Guizot, he brought towards the solution of the problem more than indecision; he was perfectly indifferent about the matter. "They may do just as they like," said he; "intervene or not intervene." And herein M. Guizot was only true to himself. For, while passionately fond of power, he regarded with the most entire apathy all the ideas which power serves to realise. What he liked in office, was command, influence; differing from M. Thiers, who cared for nothing in office but the power of action which it affords.

The council having assembled for the purpose of coming to a definitive decision on the point, the dissolution of the cabinet seemed imminent, when M. de Broglie pointed out, that by the very terms of the treaty of quadruple alliance, France was not bound to engage in any intervention, until after she had come to an understanding on the subject with the other allied powers. It was accordingly necessary, said M. de Broglie, in the first instance, to refer the question to England, and wait for her answer.

M. Thiers could not dispute this view of the case, since it was supported by the text of the treaty; but he saw clearly, that from that moment, the cause which he advocated was lost. The cabinet of St. James's was at this period represented at Madrid by George Villiers, since Lord Clarendon, a man more or less the slave of long habits of elegant frivolity, and who occupied himself with state business, in the same way that he went to a party, for the purpose of amusing himself and passing away the time. A rivalry, which had nothing whatever to do with politics, having sprung up between George Villiers and M.

de Toreno, a member of the Madrid cabinet, the English ambassador had detached himself almost unconsciously, as happens in such cases, from the party of which M. de Tereno was one of the chief, and had got himself surrounded by the *Exaltados*. His despatches gave evidence of this, and naturally rendered the cabinet of St. James's more reserved upon the subject of the Spanish ministry, and the more so that it followed with jealous eyes, the progress of French influence at the court of Madrid. This disposition, in combination, no doubt, with the skilful manner in which the question of intervention had been drawn up by the Tuileries, determined England to reply in the negative. This was precisely what Louis Philippe had hoped. M. Thiers was again conquered, and had not even a pretext left for again tendering his resignation, which for that matter, had it been unattended with other resignations, the king would have been but too happy to accept.

Thus, the assistance which Spain had demanded was refused her; but by the time the intelligence reached Madrid, M. Martinez de la Rosa was no longer in office, having been replaced in the presidency of the council by M. de Toreno.

Internal events of painful importance, speedily withdrew the attention of the French ministry from Spain.

For some time past, every step the king had taken in his daily life, seemed to have been amid traps and pitfalls. Dark projects had entered the souls of certain fanatics, and several incipient plots, successively detected, gave ample reason to suspect that poniards had been sharpened against Louis Philippe's life, and awaited only what might appear a fitting occasion. But as the proofs in none of the cases had been sufficient to bring the matter home to the accused parties, these had merely passed before the seat of justice, and then gone forth again amid the crowd, successively deepening the dark shadow which thickened around the throne, besetting it with fears.

Not that the king himself displayed any apprehension; on the contrary, his calmness appeared imperturbable. Those who make it their business to undervalue everything, have asserted, that the courage manifested by Louis Philippe on these occasions was a mere piece of acting, like all the rest of his life, suited to the calculations of his policy. But we are quite ready to believe that it was a part of his nature to set danger at defiance. Perhaps, too, he was not without a tolerably clear notion, that the men who were charged with the responsibility of his life, systematically exaggerated the dangers which threatened him, in order the better to establish their own importance, and exalt the value of their services.

Certain it is, however, that each day furnished a new subject of alarm. How was the evil to be cut off by the roots? How were the conspirators to be deterred by fear of the punishment inflicted upon one of the number? To effect this object, it was necessary that any conspiracy which might come to the knowledge of government, should not be stifled in its birth, but be allowed to proceed, until the parties could be taken in the very fact. Accordingly, M. Thiers having learnt that,

during the occasion of a journey which the king intended to make from Neuilly to Paris, certain conspirators had formed the design of throwing a lighted projectile into the royal carriage, he at once proceeded to the king, and stating the fact which had come to his ears, requested that on the day appointed, the royal carriage should proceed on its way with the king's aides-de-camp in it, not a word having previously transpired, other than that his majesty himself accompanied them. Louis Philippe having exclaimed against this singular proposition: "Sire," replied M. Thiers, "it is their duty to expose themselves for the safety of your person; and they surely cannot complain, when they find the minister of the interior by their side in the menaced carriage." It must be admitted, that, even supposing the police to have been instructed to take every possible precaution against the actual consummation of the horrible design, the offer of M. Thiers, displayed indisputable devotion to the service of his sovereign. The king, however, nobly rejected the proposition, and declared that he himself would go through with it. His resolution having been vainly combated by M. Thiers, the preparations for departure were ordered. But at the very moment when the king was about to get into the carriage, the queen and the princesses suddenly presented themselves in an agony of terror and of tears; it is impossible to say, whether a skilful indiscretion on the part of the minister had initiated them into the secret of what had taken place, or whether they had received no other intimation than that supplied by the instincts of the heart; however this may have been, on finding that Louis Philippe would not abandon his intention, the queen insisted upon accompanying him, and it was quite impossible to dissuade her from this determination. M. Thiers then solicited the honour of a seat in the menaced carriage, and the journey was risked. The results contemplated did not take place, the conspirators, who felt themselves to be under the eye of government, having renounced their design; but nothing could afford a better illustration of the domestic anguish to which royalty was condemned in France at this period.

Strange and sinister rumours continued to be spread, both in France and abroad. The anniversary of the revolution of July approached, and it was generally whispered that the anniversary would be marked by an attempt upon the king. A letter from Berlin, dated July 26, 1835, inserted in one of the public prints, stated: "A rumour is current here, that a catastrophe will take place on the anniversary of the three days." The same intimation had been given the day before, in an article in the *Correspondant de Hambourg*. At Coblentz, at Turin, at Aix, at Chambéry, the words *infernal machine*, had been heard. Lastly, it was related, that two travellers passing through a village in Switzerland, had written upon the register kept in the inn, after the name of Louis Philippe and his sons, *Requiescant in pace*.

In the evening preceding the 28th, the day on which the solemn procession of Louis Philippe through Paris was to take place, a young man named Boireau, in the employment of M. Vernert, lamp maker, was visited by two gentlemen, handsomely dressed, and soon afterwards, a

clerk in the house, to whom Boireau had confided the circumstance of this visit, said to his father, in speaking of the review next day, "If you take my advice, you wont go there." The suspicions awakened by these words were communicated at once to the Commissary of Police in the Chaussée d'Antin, M. Dyonnet; but, besides that the indications were so extremely vague, fatality did not permit the authorities to lay their hands upon the only man who could have solved the formidable enigma.

On the 28th of July the sun rose upon the city already perplexed with fears and doubts, oppressed with sinister reports and rumours. The drum which summoned the national guards early in the morning, beat for some time in vain; a heavy apathy, in which there mingled a sort of morbid distrust, weighed upon every one. At ten o'clock the legions stretched in an immense line along the Boulevards, facing 40,000 of the regular troops, horse and foot. The *Boulevard du Temple* having been pointed out, in the rumours to which we have referred, as the theatre of the contemplated crime, the police had orders to parade it with peculiar watchfulness, and to keep a close eye upon the windows. It appears, indeed, that M. Thiers, the evening before, had had a number of the houses in this quarter searched; but the remonstrances of the inhabitants had assumed so violent an aspect, that he was fain to abandon the idea he had entertained of having every house there regularly examined.

The clock of the Château was striking ten when the king issued from the Tuileries on horseback. He was accompanied by his sons, the Dukes of Orleans, Némours, and Joinville; by Marshals Mortier and Lobau; by his ministers, and by a numerous body of general and other superior officers and dignified functionaries. Along the whole line which he traversed there prevailed a dead silence, broken only at intervals by the *ex officio* acclamations of the soldiers. At a few minutes past twelve, the royal cortege arrived in front of the 8th legion, which was stationed along the *Boulevard du Temple*. Here, near the end of the Jardin-Turc, as the King was leaning forward to receive a petition from the hands of a national guard, a sound was heard as of the fire of a well-sustained platoon. In an instant the ground was strewed with the dead and dying. Marshal Mortier and General Lachasse de Verigny wounded in the head, fell bathed in their blood. A young captain of artillery, M. de Villate, slid from his horse, his arms extended at full length as though they had been nailed to a cross; he had been shot in the head, and expired ere he touched the ground. Among the other victims were the colonel of gendarmerie, Raffè; M. Rieussec, lieutenant-colonel of the 8th legion; the national guards, Prudhomme, Benetter, Ricard, and Leger; an old man upwards of seventy years of age, M. Labrouste; a poor fringe-maker, named Langeray; and a girl scarcely fourteen, named Sophie Remy. The king was not wounded, but in the confusion his horse reared and he received a violent shock in the left arm. The Duke of Orleans had a slight contusion on the thigh. A ball grazed the croup of the Duc de Joinville's horse. Thus, the odious

attempt failed in its object; the royal family was saved. No language can express the utter horror which this frightful and cowardly attack created in the minds of the assembled multitudes. An aide-de-camp immediately galloped off to reassure the queen, and the king continued his progress amidst the most ardent manifestations of sympathy and enthusiastic loyalty. A perfectly natural reaction, and which, for the hundredth time, proved that the theory of removing a grievance by assassination, is not less stupid than it is odious. For, even though the assassination be completed, we have already said it in this work, and we repeat it here: where political evil exists, it is in things that it exists; and in things alone that it must be punished and assailed; by getting rid of the man who may for the time being bodily represent the evil, you do not destroy the personification, you merely renew it; the murdered Cæsar arose more terrible in Octavius.

It has been gravely related, and on the alleged authority of Marshal Maison, as a striking exemplification of the *sang froid* of Louis Philippe, that, immediately after the fatal occurrence, and while all around were overwhelmed with dismay and grief, his mind rapidly glanced over all the possible advantages which might be drawn from the event, and he exclaimed: "Ah! now we shall be sure to get the apanages!" But this anecdote should be received with all the distrust which should ever attend relations in themselves improbable.

Meantime, at the moment of explosion, clouds of smoke were seen to issue from a window on the third floor of the house, No. 50. A man got out of this window, and seizing a double rope, which was fastened inside, slid down it upon the roof of a lower building. This man was but half dressed, and his face streamed with blood. A flower-pot, which was caught in the movement of the rope when he quitted hold of it, fell on the pavement, and the noise attracted the attention of an agent of police who had been posted in the court-yard of the house. "There is the assassin escaping on the roof!" exclaimed the policeman; and one of the national guards at once called upon the fugitive to surrender, threatening to fire if he refused to do so. But the man, wiping away, with his hand, the veil of blood which obscured his sight, dashed on, and made his way through an open window into an adjoining house. To knock down a terrified woman, who, with dishevelled hair, ran shrieking before him, and to rush down stairs was, for the assassin, the affair of a moment; but a track of blood indicated his route, as though his own crime pursued him. He reached the court-yard too late to escape unobserved, and was at once taken into custody.

In the room whence he had fled were found the smoking remains of the machine which had served to perpetrate his crime. It was raised upon a sort of scaffolding, on four square legs connected together by strong oak cross-pieces. Twenty-five musket barrels were fastened by the breech upon the cross-piece at the back, which was higher than the front traverse by about eight inches. The ends of the barrels rested in notches cut in the lower traverse. The touch-holes were exactly in a line, so as to take fire at once by means of a train of gunpowder laid

along the whole range. The guns had been placed so as to take the procession slantingly, embracing a large range, and rising from the legs of the horses to the heads of the riders. The charge of each barrel was a quadruple one. Fortunately the calculations of the assassin were frustrated. Two of the barrels did not go off, four of them burst, and to these chances the king, doubtless owed his life.

There was an alcove in the room, and in the alcove a mattrass, doubled up, in one corner of which was the name *Girard*, apparently that of the person renting the chamber. Girard, according to the information received, had lodged in the house for several months. He stated himself to be a machinist. The porter had never been inside the room since it had been thus occupied. There had been but one man to see Girard, whom he represented as his uncle, and three women, who, he said, were his mistresses. On the morning of the 28th, he had been noticed to go in and out, up and down, in a visible state of agitation, and once he went into a neighbouring café to drink, altogether contrary to his usual habits, a small glass of brandy. At the guard-house, where he was taken upon his arrest, a national guard having asked him: "Who are you?" "What's that to you," replied he, boldly; "I shall answer such questions when they are put by the proper people." Some gunpowder was found upon his person: he was asked what it was for? "For glory!" said he. Further on, when we come to his trial, we shall make our readers more fully acquainted with this wretch, whose real name was Fieschi, and we shall, moreover, lay bare the disgraceful tricks and manœuvres which were had recourse to for the purpose of extracting certain confessions from him. We shall arrive unfortunately, but too soon at these details, which we cannot think of without the blood mounting our forehead!

The deplorable news soon spread all over Paris, and created a consternation which is more easily understood than described. The affliction was deep and universal, and in some quarters aggravated by intense fear. In the squares, in the streets, in the byways, the utmost anxiety prevailed. Every one asked, what can it all mean? What can have led to this act of blind, undiscriminating ferocity? Is it possible that so monstrous an outrage can have been perpetrated in the country which was once France? And people dwelt piteously upon the number of victims, and how they differed in age, and upon the distinctions of rank and renown which so widely separated them while in life, and upon the appalling novelty of the crime which had now united them for ever! In connexion with the irreparable calamities which had actually occurred, those which might have happened were dilated upon. People talked of the Duc de Joinville, so nearly threatened; of the Duc d'Orleans slightly wounded; of M. de Broglie only saved by the circumstance that the ball which struck him having glanced off from his badge of Grand Cross. Many shuddered when they thought of the disorders which the sudden death of the king might have let loose upon France. For such is the grievous condition of monarchies, such the gross defect of the machinery of which they constitute the main spring, that the fate

of a great people seems therein to depend on the existence of a single man, that is to say, on a dagger stroke, on an attack of fever, on the wheel of a carriage breaking down, on a horse running away! So that it may be truly said, the monarchical principle lowers in an excessive degree, the level of humanity!

As to the responsibility of the outrage, parties for a time seemed disposed pretty equally to throw it upon each other, on tactics the constant recourse to which does not render them the less discreditable. Thus because in the chamber of the assassin, there was found a lithograph portrait of the Duc de Bordeaux, the legitimatists were openly charged with the crime; while in their turn certain of the legitimatist prints dishonoured themselves by making, with reference to the republicans, allusions, the cruelty of which was alone equalled by their utter absurdity. Let us hasten to add, for the glory of the French nation, that these mutual recriminations were transient; and that, in a very short time, thanks to a generous sentiment of public decency, the cry which prevailed was, "It is the crime of a solitary fanatic!" But this view of the case, so consonant with the dignity of human nature, and with the high-souled character of the French people, the courtiers, a race fixedly base-minded, were not able to appreciate. They could not understand that, in seeking to extend the sphere of responsibility, they were slandering their country; and, as it was the republican party which they most feared, it was upon the republican party that they unhesitatingly endeavoured to direct public suspicion. A loyal soldier, General Morand, having demanded an audience, intimated that certain details, communicated to him, tended to fix the origin of the plot upon the legitimatists, and that he was ready to impart the particulars to the administrators of justice. The intimation was received in the most ungracious, nay, resentful manner, and the general was sharply cross-questioned. The court would not listen to any other suggestion than that which involved a party, which it conceived itself especially interested in damnifying in public estimation, in the odium of this atrocious crime. "It's the republicans," cried they; and a voice which was not wont to be contradicted, said with them: "We know whence the blow proceeded; the legitimatists had nothing to do with it. It's the republicans!" in like manner exclaimed Bonaparte, after the attempt of Nivôse.

As to the ministry, they lost no time in putting the mournful event to the best political advantage they could think of. Without any other guide than vague suspicion, on no other principle than blind hatred, they ordered a host of domiciliary visits, anticipatory arrests, prosecutions. Among other proceedings, one took place which, peculiarly under the circumstance that M. Thiers was minister, struck all observers with astonishment: Armand Carrel found himself implicated in a prosecution, having for its object, or for a pretext, the discovery of the assassin's accomplices. Yet M. Thiers had been the intimate friend of Armand Carrel, and, more than that, knew him to be scrupulously true and honourable. Whether he arrested Armand Carrel from calculation or from spite, it is not worth while to inquire; in either case, the fact

does not admit of excuse, and will remain a blot upon the memory of M. Thiers.

Ministers did not stop here. There are, in the life of a people, moments of stupor so overpowering, that there is nothing which designing men may not then obtain from its imbecility. Ministers clearly saw that France was now in one of these fits, and they took advantage of it, for the purpose of still further depriving the country of its liberties. "My government knows its duties and will fulfil them!" the king had heretofore said in one of his proclamations; and the ministerial journals now proceeded to expand the implied menace: the time had manifestly come when it was essential no longer to delay providing for the safety of the head of the state by energetic measures; it had become obviously necessary to render justice more prompt in its actions and more terrible in its punishments; to render the institution of the jury more strict towards accused persons; to gag the press, and distinctly, once for all, to place above all discussion whatever, not only the person of the king, but the constitutional monarchy itself. Why any further delay in taking these so necessary steps? Had not the attempt of the 28th of July revealed clearly the poisonous source of the great evil to be overcome? Such were the topics upon which the government papers harangued, vying with each other in fierce malignity towards the party which they assailed. As if there existed the slightest connexion in the world between the right of free discussion, and the encouragement of assassination! As if the act of a bloodthirsty madman were a sufficient ground for placing human reason under interdict.

There was not even any novelty of invention displayed in this device of turning to profitable account the momentary stupefaction of a people: the ministers of Louis Philippe were herein merely copyists of those of the Restoration. After the murder of the Duc de Berri by Louvel, the royalists cried out in just the same way: "It was the opposition press that directed the blow! The prince has been the victim of the liberals!" The persons implicated in this calumny were precisely, among others of the then liberal party, MM. de Broglie, Thiers, Guizot, now ministers of the crown! Nay, the latter was personally struck by the blow aimed at M. Decazes, his patron at the time, whom M. Clauzel de Coussergues denounced as the accomplice of Louvel. And now M. Guizot unblushingly permitted himself to be made the instrument of an iniquity, the counterpart of which he had himself erewhile suffered from! If this be politics, I cannot express how deeply I pity politicians!

It had been determined to give the victims of the 28th of July a magnificent funeral, obsequies truly national. An august and touching thought, had not the ministry combined with it, or rather wholly entertained it for, the purpose of making the public grief, and indignation at the piteous sight, subservient to the triumph of the measures which it meditated. The ceremony took place on the 5th of August, 1835. It was a sad and solemn spectacle. From the Eglise St. Paul, where the bodies had been deposited meantime, to the Hôtel des Invalides, there was, on the whole line of procession, a sea of heads, a sea not destined

on this occasion to be disturbed by any unexpected tempest, and which rolled slowly on through the city, filling it with its awful silence. Fourteen funeral cars were seen advancing, one after the other, along the Boulevard. The first was that of the young girl, so cruelly cut off by an appalling chance; the last, that of the old imperial soldier whom death had surprised amidst the amusements of a holiday festival, after having spared him in so many a desperate fight! After him came, all covered with funeral trappings, his war-horse, accompanying its illustrious master for the last time. The church of the Invalides received within its walls, hung in black, and lit up by innumerable sepulchral tapers, the sad remains confided to it. The king, followed by his sons, having then sprinkled holy water over the bodies, the crowd gradually dispersed, grave, thoughtful, silent.

The attitude of the clergy in the circumstances under consideration, manifestly indicated hostility to the dynasty of Orleans. After much hesitation, very far, indeed, from flattering to royalty, the Archbishop of Paris had at length prevailed with himself to pay the king a visit of congratulation, and even to officiate at the funeral service about to be celebrated in the church of the Invalides. But the respect of the clergy for the elder branch, betrayed itself in these singular words, addressed by the archbishop to the king: "In seeing as it now does, sire, the chief and the governing bodies of the state, doubly warned by misfortune on the one hand, and by a providential interposition on the other, offer up at the sacred altars of their church, a most just tribute of homage and thanksgiving, Religion is filled with hope! It is filled with hope for France! For if ingratitude towards God draw down upon man as his punishment the withdrawal, for a greater or less period, of the divine blessing, the manifestation of humble and grateful faith, on the contrary, will be attended by heavenly goodness with a multiplication of its blessings upon princes and peoples!"

If there be one rule of sound and moral wisdom more imperative than another in legislation, it is that the legislator, when about to enter upon the forming of a law, shall avoid all precipitancy, all passion; shall deliberately and carefully disengage his mind from any impressions calculated to disturb the serenity and fairness of his judgment. Yet, as early as the 4th of August, at a period when all men's minds, in and out of parliament, were in a state of excitement at the event which had occurred but a few days previously, the Chamber of Deputies had laid before it a number of bills, founded upon that and other recent events, drawn up and enforced in the full spirit of ministerial polemics. In introducing them to the house, M. de Broglie, in a speech which quite belied the idea which the public had formed of his character, drew a picture of the state of France under the empire of the press, which presented the most striking analogies with the famous report of M. de Chantelauze in 1830. On the conclusion of his address, three bills were laid before the house by M. Persil.

The first of these, relating to courts of assizes, invested the minister of justice, in reference to citizens accused of rebelling, with the power

of constituting as many courts of assize as the occasion required; and every attorney-general with the power of abridging in case of need, the usual formalities of prosecutions. It gave also to the president of the court of assize, the right of removing by force any prisoners, who should be guilty of disturbing the proceedings, and of continuing the trial in their absence.

The second, relating to juries, gave them the power of secret voting, and reduced the number of votes necessary to constitute a majority against a prisoner from eight to seven. It also rendered the punishment of transportation more penal than before.

The third bill, relating to the press, enacted that any one publishing anything offensive to the person of the king, or assailing the principle of the established government of France, should be liable to imprisonment, and to a fine of from 10,000 to 50,000 francs. It forbade citizens, under penalties, less than these, but still exorbitant, to take the name of republican, to mix up the person of the king with discussions upon the acts of the government; to express a hope or a wish for the destruction of the monarchical and constitutional order of things established, or for the restoration of the deposed dynasty, to speak of any member of that banished family as having any right or title whatever to the crown; to publish the names of jurors, before or after a trial, or any report of the deliberations of jurors amongst themselves; to get up or have anything to do with subscriptions in favour of journals condemned in any penalties. It further took away from editors of newspapers the privilege of giving blank signatures; it obliged them to denounce the authors of articles which should be subjected to prosecution; it deprived them of the management of their journals while they should be undergoing any imprisonment under the act. It declared that no drawing, emblematical representation, print, or lithograph, should be published or offered for sale, until it had been first submitted to the censorship; and on the same condition alone, it declared, might a spectacle be produced, or a dramatic piece be put upon the stage!

When we reflect, that this appalling body of despotic enactments, was based upon the solitary atrocity of one frantic wretch; that an entire nation was in this way punished for a crime which the entire nation viewed with horror; that it was a wholly exceptional case, quite unlikely to recur, which was made the pretext for the permanent imposition of such laws as these, upon a people the most civilized in the world, the most jealous of its liberties, the most tried by revolutions—the mind is perfectly astounded, and one asks if it is not all a dream.

It is equally mournful to record that the Chambers responded with a sort of savage impatience to the demand thus made upon them. The government measures met with an absolutely convulsive approbation in the three committees named to take them into consideration, whose reporters were respectively: for the law as to courts of assize, M. Herbert; for that as to juries, M. Parent; for that as to the liberty of the press, M. Sauzet. Nay, such was the infatuation now prevalent in the Chamber, that the latter commission actually took upon itself to add to

the proposed enactments others which aggravated their rigour, excessive as that already was! It proposed to declare punishable, with fine and imprisonment, all attacks upon property, and all remarks calculated to lessen respect to the oath taken by citizens, and to the laws; it demanded that the amount of security given by each newspaper should be raised from 48,000 francs to 200,000 francs (100,000 [4000*l.*] was the sum ultimately adopted by the Chamber); that this amount should be deposited in cash, and that the editor of no paper should be permitted to enter upon his functions until he had paid up one third of the sum in his own name.

The discussion on these bills opened, in the Chamber of Deputies, on the 13th of August. It gave rise to a fierce but brief struggle, and experienced the anticipated result; the house had deliberated, if we may use the term, under the influence of passion, and the ministry obtained even more than it had asked. The co-operation of the Chamber of Peers was a matter of course; and that assembly accordingly hastened to give its sanction to those laws which were destined to remain fixed in the memory of the people, and on the page of history, under the appellation of *the laws of September*. Among those who lifted up their voices in condemnation of these enactments was M. Royer-Collard, who, on the occasion, broke a long parliamentary silence by a speech which inflicted upon ministers their first chastisement for the outrage.

The laws of September deprived accused persons of their most precious security against injustice. They falsified, rendered null and void the institution of the jury. They brought within the same culpable category the actual commission of a crime and the discussion of a theory. They converted the power of the press into warfare exclusively available by the wealthy *bourgeoisie*, stripping the poor man and his sacred interests of every possible organ of defence. A fine consummation of the glorious revolution of July!

The laws of September, moreover, re-established the censorship, that censorship against which the liberals, now in power, had so energetically raised their voices in the time of the Restoration. That an attempt should be made to give the theatres a social direction was, in our opinion, altogether desirable. Of all the means of governing, there is none more efficacious and more legitimate than the theatre. To permit a private individual to act, as his caprice dictates, upon an assembly of men, by the seductions of the stage, the interest of the drama, of whatever kind, the beauty of the women, the talent of the artists, the magnificence of the decorations, the flood of light, this is handing over to the first corrupter who shall present himself the souls of the people as his food; it is abandoning to the casual passer-by the right of poisoning the sources of human intelligence. In a country whose government were worthy of the name, the state could not relinquish the moral direction of society by means of the theatre, without abdicating its functions altogether. But if the ministers in office, on this 11th of October, 1835, had proposed to themselves, as their true object, the realization of so noble a design, instead of reverting to all that the censorship had here-

tofore exhibited in the way of arbitrary oppression and utter inefficiency for any good purpose, they would have demanded of the legislature to withdraw the management of the theatres from mere speculators, and to transfer this important, this natural charge to the state; and they would then have left the details to a committee or jury, a truly national jury, elected by the people, elected only for a limited period, and removable, meantime, by the people. They did precisely the reverse of all this, dominated as they were by low-minded passions and narrow views.

Thus, then, the rights of reason and those of the press were trampled under foot in the most brutal manner: by M. Thiers, whom the press had elevated to the high position which he occupied; by M. de Broglie, who, under the Restoration, had openly declared himself the defender of the freedom of written thought; by M. Guizot, who, as publicist and as professor, had incessantly proclaimed the sovereignty of reason. And these three very men now gravely affirmed, in the face of the world, that beyond the monarchy which it suited them to uphold, there was no progress whatever to be thought of; that mental intelligence stopped short within the limits which it had pleased them to mark out; that humanity must submit to remain imprisoned within the barrier of the forms they had chosen to draw up; that it was, in short, a crime to interrupt them even by the utterance of a hope, a wish, a sigh, in the enjoyment of their constitutional success! And what is worse than all, these monstrous pretensions of theirs, this utter burlesque, became, by the infatuation of the Chambers, the law of the land! And what is more remarkable than all, these things were passing amidst the ruins of five or six governments successively overthrown and lying prostrate, because each had successively had the insolence to exclaim: "I am inviolably immortal, not to be questioned!" Disorder truly was at its height. The anarchy of beliefs had been decreed in France, but the peaceful examination of political systems was declared to be factious! A man was no longer permitted to style himself republican in the very country where he might go about proclaiming himself an atheist with entire impunity! To entertain doubts about God was a legitimate exercise of one's rights; to suggest a doubt about the king was a crime!

CHAPTER XII.

THE year 1836 opened under the most favourable auspices for Louis Philippe. The Fieschi outrage, by the horror which it excited throughout France, had greatly strengthened the monarchy. Some, sincere in their apprehensions, pressed more closely than ever around the throne so remarkably saved; others affected to recognise the finger of God in the preservation of the king's life in the very midst of such appalling destruction; others exerted themselves to convert into an indignation,

favourable to the existing dynasty, the grief which so largely pervaded the community, by making, with repulsive ability, a commodity of the unhappy victims of Fieschi, and representing his atrocity as the result of the encouragement given by the opposition press to the spirit of revolt.

Though thus grossly maligned, the opposition restrained its just anger, postponing till a more favourable opportunity the expression of its resentment. The legislation of September was in full vigour, and might not be gainsaid. Society languished in morbid repose, and power triumphed, deriving its accession of strength from public calamity and mourning.

At the Château, however, the satisfaction was not yet complete; the same impatience prevailed there as ever, to arrive at the long-sighed for sweets of a Personal government; and this desire naturally became all the more vivid when any juncture of circumstances seemed to render less essential the necessity for a cabinet strongly constituted. The sobriquet *Casimir Premier*, given to Casimir Périer, sufficiently manifested how insolent the ministerial dictatorship of that arrogant man had been deemed, and how galling it had been to the king. That this dictatorship should be continued by MM. de Broglie, Guizot, and Thiers, a triumvirate acting as one man, was, if possible, still more insupportable. The king could bear it no longer, and the courtiers accordingly set about putting an end to the thing.

To sever the bonds wherein friendship had united the Duc de Broglie and M. Guizot, was a task ultimately effected, but which, in the outset of the business, presented such slight chance of success, that it was not for a time entered upon. At this period the two chiefs of the Doctrinaire party were considered perfect inseparables; so much so, that the king used, with a bitter smile, to call them the *Siamese Twins*.

All the machinations of the intrigants, therefore, were brought to bear upon M. Thiers; into whose ears were breathed, with an air of mystery, the most daring hopes.

M. de Broglie had long been tottering under the weight of universal unpopularity. The king hated him cordially; he had given much dissatisfaction to the foreign ministers by the stiffness of his manners, so that M. de Talleyrand had said of him, in his impertinent way, *It is M. de Broglie's vocation not to be minister for foreign affairs.* Needed there more to prepare the way for his downfall? In anticipation of that downfall, the tempting prospect of inheriting the brilliant position he occupied, was insidiously held out to M. Thiers. Instead of an office which rendered him responsible, in times like these, for the life of the king; which brought him into compromising intercourse with the police; which condemned him to an incessant and harassing struggle with indefatigable plotters; which kept him involved in a chaos of degrading cares; he had displayed before him the prospect of an office which would at once exalt him to a position eminently dignified and splendid, giving him a part in the grand game which sovereigns play

amongst themselves. What higher fortune could be promised to his proud ambition! And with what a thrill of joy must he have opened his mind to the intoxicating idea of seeing the haughtiest representatives of aristocratic Europe salute in him the modern ascendency of plebeian merit. One apprehension alone, it was conceived, might, perhaps, arrest him at the threshold of a world for which he did not seem made, and in which, consequently, he might fear that he should not be able to hold his own, as the phrase is; but here, too, care was taken to smooth the way for him. "M. Thiers," said M. de Talleyrand, "n'est point *parvenu*, il est *arrivé*." And every body bowed down before the oracle, and M. Thiers, authenticated by so eminent a master of the ceremonies, became at once *the thing* in society.

Accordingly, no one was now seen more frequently in the company of Madame de Dino, and of Madame de Lieven, those charming queens, who together governed diplomacy with despotic sway. Was the drawing-room influence thus set in motion, made use of to detach M. Thiers from the English, and bring him over to the continental alliance? The friends of M. Guizot have thought so, but the subsequent facts have shown, either that no such attempt was made, or that it failed. What is quite certain, however, is that ere he had been long amidst the circle who now beset him with their seductions, M. Thiers had with great facility accustomed himself to the *éclat* of the brilliant position which had been suggested to him.

It now only remained to detach him from his colleagues, by creating first a cause, and then an occasion for conflict. The rivalry which already existed between M. Thiers and M. Guizot was accordingly inflamed. Offensive remarks were assumed or actually invented, and made use of to sow distrust, and to exasperate self-love, ever credulous and touchy. Mere passing jests were swollen into deliberate and deadly insults, into unpardonable wrongs. In a word, the whole despicable machinery of court intrigue was set actively at work.

M. Thiers offered but a very feeble resistance. He was all the more disposed to yield, from the circumstance that he found his portfolio peculiarly troublesome to him at the moment. As supreme head of the police, it was his business to be ever on the watch, to turn aside any arm which should threaten the king's life. Now it happened that just before this, he had been very anxious to get relieved for a while from this charge, in order that be might snatch a brief holiday at Lille, but he had not been able to prevail upon either of his doctrinaire colleagues to perform the duty for him meantime; and, as he had not chosen to aggravate his responsibility by retaining it at a distance from the field of action, he had been forced to remain at Paris. The necessity, however was most galling, and had given rise to much bitterness of feeling on his part against the colleagues who had been so uncomplying. A fine principle, truly, with messieurs the doctrinaires, to throw upon his shoulders the whole weight of all the inconveniences and annoyances of power, and to reserve to themselves all its pleasures and advantages. So grumbled M. Thiers, partly out of genuine annoyance, partly, per-

haps, by way of colouring the hostile feelings tending to rupture, which had been infused into his mind.

Still the thought of betraying his colleagues had not yet entered his head. He took no steps for precipitating the fall of the cabinet of which he was a member. All that he did was to habituate himself gradually to the idea of doing without his colleagues, should fortune throw actual advancement in his way, should he find himself raised to the presidency of the council by the natural course of events.

But if M. Thiers took no steps, others did. The famous ministry of the 11th of October, secretly undermined, was about at length to fall. All that was wanted now was an occasion, and this was not long in presenting itself, whether by chance or by management we cannot undertake to decide.

On the 14th of January, 1836, the minister of finance, M. Humann, took the house entirely by surprise, in presenting to it the budget for the ensuing year, by a declaration that the present was a favourable moment for reducing the interest on the national debt. As the words quitted his lips, indescribable astonishment manifested itself on the treasury bench. The Duc de Broglie indicated by an expressive gesture his utter, his stupified amazement, his indignation, and was hastily rising, when M. Thiers whispered: "Be quiet, my dear duke; something will come of this." And, indeed, nothing could have been at once more unexpected and more serious than the declaration now made by M. Humann. To propose the reduction of the interest was to alarm the whole body of fundholders, to throw the Stock Exchange into excessive agitation, to call up the tempest of a financial crisis. We shall enter more fully upon this question further on, when we come to give an account of the debate which it occasioned; at present, we shall merely observe, that it was one of the very highest importance, involving all the principles upon which credit rests. And yet it was without the concurrence of his colleagues, without having consulted them, without having given them the slightest intimation of what he was about to do, and with the full knowledge that it was utterly contrary to all their opinions and views, that M. Humann submitted this proposition to the Chamber, to France! The situation was striking, dramatic! More peculiarly wounded in his privileges as president of the council, M. de Broglie was perfectly furious. So little had M. Humann's declaration been anticipated by his colleagues, that at the opening of the house that same day, M. Fould having asked M. Persil whether it was intended to make any reference to a reduction of the debt in the statement of the budget, received a very sincere and very decided answer in the negative. But the humiliation of ministers became still deeper and more galling, when M. Augustin Giraud announced his intention of putting some formal questions to them on the subject on the 18th of January, with the view of ascertaining what reasons there were to prevent the official introduction of a measure, deemed by their own chancellor of the exchequer beneficial and opportune.

To the questions with which they were thus threatened, the colleagues

of the minister of finance had to reply, first and foremost by the dismissal of M. Humann himself, and this was accordingly determined upon. M. Thiers, indeed, was disposed to a reconciliation with his indiscreet colleague, and even endeavoured to negotiate it; but, besides that the conduct of M. Humann towards the cabinet of which he was a member, really merited condemnation, it was necessary to sacrifice a victim to the resentment of the doctrinaires, men essentially haughty and implacable. A ball given by M. de Broglie just immediately after this affair, made matters still worse. The friends of M. de Broglie clustered around him, whilst those of M. Humann kept themselves apart, and thus inflicted an additional wound upon the duke's self-love. The bitterness of feeling was thus exasperated beyond the possibility of reconciliation; and, accordingly, on the 18th of January, the day fixed for M. Giraud's questions to be put, a royal ordonnance replaced M. Humann by M. d'Argout.

The explanations called for by M. Giraud altogether disappointed public curiosity. M. Humann sought to make out his case in a very embarrassed manner, and with a humility altogether equivocal. M. Giraud insisted upon a clearer statement; and, at last, M. de Broglie, in a fury of arrogant passion, jumped up and exclaimed: "We are asked whether it is the intention of government to propose this measure? I answer: No! Is that clear enough?"

This was precisely what the Thiers party had been looking for. In a system where the most sacred interests are never thought of by the government or the legislature, except with reference to their own miserable ends, where the highest questions of policy and morals are only regarded by those who bring them forward as the means of making and unmaking ministries, it was quite a matter of course to view the reduction of interest question simply as a machine which might be employed against the cabinet. The chief of the doctrinaire party would not consent to such a measure; their parliamentary rivals, therefore, took it up vigorously; and M. Humann had opened a breach in the ministerial fortifications through which the ambitious and discontented hastened to rush.

M. Thiers reckoned, amongst the parliamentary majority, a certain number of partisans who loved him with all the hate with which they hated MM. de Broglie and Guizot. All those who burned to supplant or mortify the doctrinaires, now rallied round M. Thiers. The opportunity was favourable; the road all marked out. M. Gouin was to take the initiative by expounding, from the tribune, the advantages to result from a reduction of the interest; the subject was then to be proposed for discussion, and, on a division, the Thiers party was to unite with the opposition in favour of the proposition; the cabinet of the 11th of October, overthrown by the majority thus obtained, would give place to a ministry, selected from among the conquerors, and headed by M. Thiers. Such was the plan of the campaign. M. Thiers did not himself take any part in it, either because he could not as yet dare altogether to break with the doctrinaires, or because, more probably, he

shrank from the dishonour of such treachery. He did more; he induced several of his friends, and amongst others M. Ganneron, to vote for the cabinet; and, for himself, stood prepared to meet the shock of the *tiers-parti* on this question with honourable energy.

And he did so: on the 4th of February, 1836, the contest having been begun in the Chamber by an able and erudite speech from M. Gouin in favour of the reduction of the interest, and M. Passy having warmly supported his views, M. Thiers ascended the tribune. "The measure is just," he exclaimed, "but it is harsh and oppressive." And he proceeded to develope this argument in a brilliant speech. His case was a bad one; for, viewing it with reference entirely to its intrinsic merits, and independently of the party which took it up for party purposes, the measure opposed by M. Thiers was in every respect unassailable. We shall have an opportunity of proving this further on. And yet, never had M. Thiers displayed more genuine oratorical power. But, at the same time, never had he been met with more determined resistance on the part of the assembly he addressed. As he was speaking, he seemed to feel it vibrate with anger and impatience. Successively combated by M. Humann, his colleague of the previous evening, by M. Berryer, by M. Sauzet, by M. Dufaure, he was fain to give way. On the 5th of Februaty the adjournment of the question was negatived by a majority of two. On the rising of the house, all the ministers proceeded to tender their resignations to the king. And the next day the Chamber accepted these resignations by a second vote, confirming that of the day before, declaring that the question should be taken into consideration.

There was something very remarkable in all these proceedings. Now, is it possible, for instance, to suppose that M. Humann merely obeyed his own personal impulses, in throwing into the Chamber and into the cabinet this brand of discord, just at a time when the government was beginning to work freely, and when the bourgeoisie were enjoying unaccustomed tranquillity? What could have induced M. Humann to take his colleagues by surprise in this way, at the imminent risk, nay, at the certainty of creating utter confusion? The most perspicuous friends of MM. de Broglie and Guizot were decidedly of opinion, that the whole movement was the result of a secret impulse given by the hand of an august personage. It is certain that several *habitués* of the Château voted on this occasion against the cabinet, and it is pretty well understood that negotiations took place between M. de Montalivet, one of the king's most devoted adherents, and M. de Malleville, a member of the Tiers-Parti. One thing, beyond any manner of doubt, is, that the ministers of the 11th of October, notwithstanding all the unhesitating services rendered by them to the dynasty of Orleans, weighed terribly heavy upon the head of that dynasty, who had never felt himself truly king, until the day when he found it possible to make M. Guizot afraid of M. Thiers, and M. Thiers of M. Guizot.

The bundle remained to be taken quite to pieces and broken up, for

good and all. The following circumstances favoured the views of the Château in this direction:

M. Guizot was about to lose the pecuniary advantages of office, and he was not rich; his friends were, therefore, anxious to place him in some position which should raise him above all vulgar anxieties, and, for this purpose, they took active measures to secure for him the Presidency of the Chamber. M. Thiers, who had not been taken into their confidence in the matter, when he heard of what was going on was deeply offended. Why, in an affair which so nearly interested him, had he been thus completely passed over? The affront touched him all the more sensibly, that he had just sacrificed himself for the doctrinaires, and that he should have been by no means disinclined to the arm-chair now held out to rival ambition.

One day, as M. Guizot was with M. Thiers in his carriage, and while the latter could scarcely conceal the irritation which was working within: "Several of my friends," said M. Guizot, "destine the Presidency of the Chamber for me, and I shall try for it." "I shall not," sharply returned M. Thiers, touched to the quick by this introduction of the subject; "the intimation, however, comes somewhat late: supposing I had entertained the idea;" and thereupon the colleagues separated, excessively dissatisfied with each other. The project was abandoned; but it had created in the bosom of M. Thiers a feeling of resentment, which those about him contrived to fan into a flame, by working upon his vanity. It was intimated to M. Thiers, and the king was not the last person to convey the intimation, that public opinion held him incapable of sustaining the weight of office, unaided by the able heads and firm hands of the doctrinaires. Why, he was insidiously asked, why did he lose any time in proving how utterly unfounded was a supposition so injurious to his reputation, by seizing with a bold hand the unoccupied reins of power? The effect of such suggestions as these upon a man, confident in his destiny, greatly moved to excitement, and who had hitherto lived amidst all the intoxications of flattery, may be easily imagined. Moreover, it happened that, from a too common ignorance of the intrigues and manœuvrings at court, the opposition journals at this time very unintentionally assisted the secret policy of the Château. In an article upon the ministerial crisis, Armand Carrel, in reference to the future career of M. Thiers, when separated from his old auxiliaries, had expressed the most provoking doubts of his success. M. Thiers had been the literary colleague of Armand Carrel; he regarded him with admiration largely mixed up with fear, was peculiarly sensitive to any judgment passed upon him by his former ally, and his pride had often and often been previously wounded by the arrows launched at him from that manly hand. Driven to extremity in this way, he resolved to show the world what he could do. His ambition, too, was everywhere sneered at as a futile absurdity, by M. Piscatory, M. de Broglie's particular friend. On hearing this last indignity, he at once made up his mind. "They defy me," he exclaimed, with passionate energy, "they defy me to form a cabinet! From this moment it is

formed?" And he made his word good. On the 22d of February, 1836, the *Moniteur* published ordonnances, naming MM. Thiers, president of the council and minister of foreign affairs; Sauzet, keeper of the seals, and minister of justice and public worship; De Montalivet, minister of the interior; Passy, minister of trade and public works; Pelet de la Lozère, minister of public instruction; Marshal Maison, minister of war; Admiral Duperré, minister of marine; and d'Argout, minister of finance.

A grand fault had been here committed, peculiarly surprising on the part of a man who had adopted the famous maxim: *The king reigns, not governs.* While MM. de Broglie, Guizot, and Thiers remained united, M. Molé would have sought in vain the materials of a cabinet, independent of and able to stand against that triumvirate. As to the Tiers-Parti it had shown the extent of its strength in *The Three Days' Ministry.* So that, while M. Thiers continued the ally of the doctrinaires, there was but one ministry possible, that could be formed so as to endure. In separating from his old colleagues, M. Thiers entirely changed the face of things: he effectually put an end to all parliamentary discipline; he enabled the king to choose among several cabinets equally possible, though all feeble, and he placed himself quite at the mercy of royal authority, now all-powerful. The king might well think that his star at length prevailed, when there seemed no other limit to his power than his own will. And he was more than half right; with the ministry of the 11th of October, parliamentary government ceased to exist; the personal government became then established.

And here was a proof of the entire fallacy of the publicists, who, like Benjamin Constant, had rested their theories on the chimera of an automaton monarch, submitting placidly to the despicable part of enacting the mere show and paraded majesty, deriving, finally, all power from himself, but never himself exercising it; constantly engaged in deceiving the people, as to the necessity for him and his eternal idleness, and, in fact, merely occupying the highest place by himself and his descendants, in order to prevent the minds of ambitious men from dwelling on too exalted hopes. How could it be ever imagined, that a king would content himself with so imbecile a character? Or, if he were despicable enough to be so contented, that he would not be overwhelmed with universal contempt?

Royalty should be either a force or a symbol. If, in England, it needs not, for the maintenance of its existence, to act and govern directly, this is, because it is there simply the head of an aristocracy, which acts and governs for all; because it there represents a political association of which, as of itself, hereditary succession is the essence; because, in a word, it is there identical in nature with the ruling class. But in France, as every one knows, the aristocracy has been utterly destroyed; the privileges of the middle ages have been abolished for ever; in every direction, except that of the throne itself, the transmission of political power has been put an end to, and the superiority of the claims of merit over those of birth, has become the constitutive princi-

ple of the ruling class. In France, therefore, royalty is an exception, instead of being a symbol; it is the representative of that which it has been thought expedient to destroy, instead of being the expression of that which exists; it personifies the idea of repose, in the face of a bourgeoisie, which has only achieved power by dint of activity; it stands immovable on a pedestal, around which rushes, in constant agitation, fretting, fuming, excited, the most restless community of Europe. As a matter of course, it is necessary, in France, for royalty to be all, or it perishes; it must annihilate the elective principle, that weapon of the bourgeoisie, or it will fall crushed under the ruins of overthrown hereditary succession. The court perfectly understood this. Hence its eagerness to place the throne above all questioning; hence the dark machinations which we have recorded. But to sow division amongst the leaders of the majority, to render the majority among themselves a prey to fatal jealousies and rivalries, was not enough: the majority could be thoroughly subjected only by corruption, by assimilating its position to that of a master, whom his chief slave has sent utterly intoxicated to bed, that he may command in his place; the progress of this corruption is the sad picture which it remains for us to set before our readers. A sad picture, indeed! for from the Chamber downwards, corruption was destined to fall, drop by drop, upon every portion of society, to penetrate its innermost recesses, and to reduce it to a state of degradation which has no example, but in the history of the Lower Empire.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1836 TO THAT OF THE YEAR 1840.

CHAPTER I.

On the 30th of January, 1836, the doors of the Palais du Luxembourg were thrown open for another trial. The Court of Peers was about to sit in judgment upon the assassin of the 28th of July, and his accomplices. In the body of the court, in front of the clerks' table, were displayed, among other proofs against the prisoners, a machine, sustaining a number of guns in an inclined position, an extinguished firebrand, a dagger, a shot belt with a quantity of bullets in it, an iron gauntlet, and a blood-stained rope. The crowd assembled in the galleries, looked on with a mixture of wild curiosity and intense horror.

The prisoners were brought in. They were five in number, of whom three more especially fixed the attention of the spectators.

The first of these was a man of under size, exceedingly impetuous in his movements. His face, disfigured by recent wounds, expressed at once cunning and daring. The forehead was narrow, the hair short, the left corner of the mouth was raised by a scar; his smile was fawning and insidious, while his lips were full of a character of impudence and grossness. He kept constantly moving about, evidently for the purpose of attracting all the attention to himself; insulting every now and then, some person or other amongst the audience with a familiar recognition, and ostentatiously making the most of his odious importance.

The second was a pallid, sickly-looking old man, but with an austereness of physiognomy, a dark fire in his stern eyes, an inflexible calmness in every feature of his Roman face, which told that the heart within was not sickly or weak like the frame which held it. He advanced slowly to the bar, seated himself in the place pointed out to him, without manifesting the slightest sign of emotion; and, with his head resting on his emaciated hand, remained in exactly the same motionless position throughout the proceedings, his eye fixed, but on no apparent object, indifferent to all that was passing around him, intent, as it seemed, on the contemplation of the world of thought within him.

The third was only remarkable for the utter abjectness, the prostration of his despair.

Before we give an account of the proceedings, it is necessary to resume our narrative of the affair itself, from the point at which we left in the preceding chapter.

The reader is acquainted with the details of the horrible catastrophe which, on the 28th of July, 1835, threw all Paris into consternation. A few moments after the explosion, a girl, coming from the Salpetrière Hospital, crossed the Boulevard at the top of the Jardin-Turc. A mortal pallor overspread her face, and with wild and haggard looks, full of anguish, she seemed to interrogate each person she passed. On arriving at No. 50, and learning that in that house had the explosion taken place, she precipitately retraced her footsteps; and having merely remained in the Salpetrière long enough to change her clothes, hastily quitted that asylum, and ran on. She wept and trembled, incessantly repeating, in a half stifled voice, "It's all over with me!" This was the assassin's mistress, Nina Lassave.

In her fear and confusion, she rushed direct to the house of an old harness-maker, named Morey, with whom her lover had been in frequent communication. He received her with the utmost kindness, did his best to reassure her, took her to a house in which he thought she would be able to remain perfectly secure, and on quitting her, promised to see her again the next day. He accordingly returned on the following morning, accompanied by a porter with a box, and it was this which led to the full discovery of the whole business. This box belonged to the assassin, and had been carried some hours before the perpetration of the deed, to the lodgings of a journeyman stonemason known to the parties, with instructions that it should be given up to no person but to Morey. There was no difficulty, of course, in tracing the progress of this box from one place to another, by means of the ticket porters to whom it had been successively entrusted; and, accordingly, on the 3d of August, 1835, the asylum in which Nina Lassave had been placed, was entered by the police. On seeing men approach, she attempted to kill herself, but the impulse of despair was frustrated by the agents of government. She then drew from her bosom, probably for the purpose of destroying it, a note, which on being taken possession of, was found to contain these words: "You are requested not again to come to see Nina; this evening she will have ceased to exist. She leaves in her chamber the thing deposited in her charge. This comes of having abandoned her. Adieu!" On being interrogated, she for some time refused to enter into any explanations; but she at length confessed, that it was Morey who had brought the box to her lodgings, and that it was to him the note was destined.

Morey cherished towards kings and kingship an implacable and concentrated animosity. A strong and energetic soul in a worn-out body, he said little, but possessed, in a remarkable degree, that command over himself and others, which one sole passion, aided by an utter disregard of life, gives for good or for ill. He was arrested and taken before the

magistrate; but here he displayed such immovable firmness, such entire presence of mind, and replied with such coolness to the questions which were put to him, that he was set at liberty. When justice, thinking she had given him too easy a bargain, determined to repossess herself of his person, he opened his door to her agents himself with the utmost tranquillity, and as tranquilly accompanied them to the prison gates.

The most important arrest, after that of Morey, was that of a grocer named Pepin, a man constitutionally most feeble-minded, most timid, most uncalculated, to all appearances, for a hero or an assassin: but who had somehow or other got mixed up with the disturbances of June, and had been, notwithstanding the solemn verdict of acquittal which he had received, ever since under the vigilant eye of the police. A search was made in his house by only three agents of police; he had managed to get out of their way and make his escape. Where could he be hid? The police were for a long time unable to answer this question, and some false intelligence designedly conveyed to the papers, and rapidly spread by them throughout the kingdom, made it generally supposed that the fugitive had quitted France; when all at once, M. Gisquet received information that his agents had got scent of him; that he had sought a retreat in the depths of the Forest of Creçy, between Meaux and Coulommiers; and, accordingly, in a very short time afterwards, Pepin was arrested at Magny, where he was found in his shirt, concealed in a false cupboard, in a recess, sinking almost out of his senses with fear.

Besides the other two men, Boireau and Bescher, common labourers or mechanics, who figured in the trial, the police laid hands on several other individuals, of whom, however, the public heard nothing more in the affair. At Peronne, for instance, in the night of the 30th and 31st of July, 1835, it is related that, availing himself of the moment wherein one of the town gates was opened to admit a diligence, a man slipped privately into the town. He was without hat, and without passport, or authenticating papers of any description. On being seized and conducted before the chief officer of gendarmerie, he could give no satisfactory account of himself, and it being especially remarked that one of his hands, which he studiously endeavoured to keep from observation, bore the mark of a recent wound, apparently made by a rope passing through it swiftly and roughly, he was forwarded to Paris, but no further indications at all connecting him with the plot were made out.

Meanwhile, however, the mystery which had in the first instance enveloped the assassin himself, gradually dissipated. He had himself given in the name and description, Girard, native of Lodeve; but upon information acquired by M. Olivier Dufresne, inspector of prisons, M. Lavocat was taken to see him, and at once recognised him. His true name was Fieschi.

Endowed with an energy and shrewdness which, in him, merely served to promote the aims of an inveterate and grovelling turpitude; vain in a degree which amounted well nigh to insanity, this man's life had been stained with every infamy. Having undergone his sentence as a convicted thief and forger—after having in his earlier days fought

bravely as a soldier—he quitted the prison at Embrun, the lover of a woman, whose daughter he afterwards seduced. In him, everything seemed monstrous, even his origin. He was a native of Corsica, a land which prides itself, and justly, on the high-souled race to which it gives birth; yet never did a baser scoundrel dishonour any country. For a long time after leaving Embrun, he carried from one town to another his restlessness of spirit, his vices, and his poverty; his knavery, all the while, never doing more for him than to procure sustenance on his way. Coming to Paris in 1830, attracted by the excitement of the period, which promised him occupation, he managed, by his shrewdness, to obtain employment in several ways, almost all of them productive of more profit than honour. For instance, by means of forged certificates, he got the government to extend to him the favours they reserved for such political offenders as chose to give in their adhesion. Prepared to be the agent of any atrocity, he offered his murderous services to those who were pleased to patronise him. Having sold body and soul to the police, he now mixed himself up with the discontented, and, fanning the flame of revolt, threw himself in a safe position behind the barricades of insurrection, brandishing a dagger, and declaiming with incendiary violence against the government, whose slave he was; until, detected by those whom he was urging on to destruction, he became useless to his employers, and, being dismissed by them, was once more reduced to utter distress, aggravated by the personal danger to which his treachery exposed him, at the hands of those whom he had sought to betray. In this position, so full of misery, of ignominy, of peril, abandoned by one of the two women whom he dishonoured with an incestuous affection, desperate, furious, impotent for all but for crime, he now meditated some terrible blow; what that blow was, and how it failed to accomplish its purpose we have related.

There probably never existed such a thing as a thoroughly complete villain; a man without some one good quality or other, and accordingly Fieschi possessed one virtue:—gratitude. M. Lavocat, director of the Gobelins manufactory, had gained his esteem by treating him kindly in some employment, which Fieschi had by his specious manner succeeded in obtaining from him, a considerable time before the commission of the crime of July. It was conceived by the authorities, judging from the turn of mind manifested in all that had fallen from the prisoner since his arrest, that the surest way of extracting a confession from him would be to subject him to the personal influence of him whom he frequently mentioned as his benefactor. The Court of Peers had delegated the preparatory arrangements of the trial to M. Pasquier, and the peers whom he had named for that purpose, and by these M. Lavocat was requested to pay a friendly visit to Fieschi, and see whether he could induce him to make the desired confession. A commission most painful and objectionable, and which no man, especially in a country like France, can accept without incurring the censure of public opinion, without inflicting a grievous wound upon the most susceptible of human instincts.

With M. Lavocat Fieschi enacted a part composed for the occasion, the hypocrisy of which became afterwards apparent. He exaggerated the expression of his gratitude in the most inflated, in the most burlesque terms; and, in fact, by dint of so emphatically setting it forth to M. Lavocat, he conceived a notion that it might be converted into a safeguard for himself, and, with this impression, in order that the man from whom he thus looked for protection might acquire with the government the necessary influence and power, he gave out that it was he, in fact, who had been the preserver of the king's life. "At the moment of accomplishing the fatal design," said he, "I perceived my benefactor, and I became agitated; my hand shook, the machine got lowered two or three inches, and missed its aim."

As to the confession required from him, he at first refused to make any. Then beginning with vague hints, he led his examiners into a perfect maze of subterfuges and lies, of half disclosures contradicted the moment after they were made. It was evident that his object was to keep what secrets he had to himself, until he was offered an equivalent, and the administrators of justice accordingly so grossly forgot their duty as to hold out to him the prospect of a pardon, which they had fully made up their minds he should never receive.* Did M. Lavocat, it will be asked, contribute to encourage in him the dastard hope of purchasing his life by the betrayal of his accomplices? We think we may affirm the contrary. But certain it is, as will be perceived further on, that Fieschi, up to the very last, entertained the conviction, that even on the scaffold his head would be denied to the executioner. What is also certain is, that the representatives of justice were not above speculating upon the vanity of this miserable wretch. He was systematically surrounded with attentions, the dexterity of which was pretty much on a par with the dishonour. In order that he might be able to send money to his mistress, fee the gaolers, and, in common with Pepin and Morey, improve the prison fare by some purchased articles of luxury, various sums were successively given him, amounting in the whole to no less than 4000 francs (160*l.*), which he took great delight in disposing of in a pompous and ostentatious manner. Then again how often did he hear himself addressed as *Monsieur* and *Mon cher!* His health was daily inquired after, with a solicitude and an urbanity which perfectly enchanted him; and, on every occasion, he was given to understand, and not very indirectly, that his superior intelligence was held in proper estimation by those who were unhappily compelled to treat him as a prisoner! And he, as was anticipated, received all this mock homage as a sort of *amende honorable*, offered by society thus readily to the genius of the man whom it had so long refused to recognise amongst its ornaments! From his prison cell he persecuted the highest personages in the kingdom with long letters, written in a jargon entirely his own, wherein the most ludicrous and

* In page 113 of the Examination we read: "You are, of course, attached to your family, *and to life*: be assured you have no other way of benefiting your children and *yourself* than by telling the truth."

preposterous adulation was interspersed with snatches of a grotesque erudition, picked up it is impossible to say where. In one of these he drew a parallel between Pepin the grocer and Pepin-le-Bref; another was a regular dissertation, wherein he compared himself with Salvator Rosa. "When Talleyrand heard me," said he, "he was confused, agitated, for my voice recalled to him that of Napoleon, whom he betrayed!" Thus morbid had become the vanity, the self-adoration of this wretch, the vilest, perhaps, who ever disgraced humanity.*

* We have before us several autograph letters of Fieschi; and if we transcribe here, *verbatim et literatim*, one of these written by him to M. Pasquier, it is, in the first place, because, at once so crafty and so burlesque, it affords a perfect insight into the character of the man who wrote it, and, secondly, because it proves with what especial attentions this ruffian was treated, attentions naturally giving him ample reason to deem himself all licensed:

"A Monsieur le Président Pasquier.

"Monsieur le Président,—Pourege laisser glice en silence la triste nouvelle que j'ait apri qu'il m'a était sucgeré par Mosieur Zangiacomi, mon digne juge d'istruction.

"Vottre délégué au prè de moi depui long temps, et que même que l'istruction soit finie vous avait la bonté, de le prier de venir au prè de moi pour qu'il puise vous doner de mé nouvelle; Mosieur, conviens cet atention et grand de votre part, car je suis persuade que le mine, serons pour vous, sadisfécente, je me porte à mervégie?

"Mais le votre il sont ette pour moi désagréable; Davoir appri que vottre santet et Emparfait.

"Monsieur le Président, conviens cet nouvelle ma plongé dans une profonde reverie; conviens il at attriste mon faible cœur; et jen fait point de difficulté, que vous puisse le croire, parceque vous este en même de juger les homme. Mais la circonstance si funeste pour moi et d'autre victimes que je regret plus que ma vie, qu'il a était la cause que vous avait eu à lstruire en si gros couppable comme moi. Au reste vous savait que je nen suis pas flacteur, car tout flacteur est un traitre, et moi cet mon cœur qui parle avecque la plus grand sincerité sans reserve.

"Monsieur le Président,—Cet lettre elle et écrite san aucoun but aucoun sentiment de flaterie pour aspirer vottre protection ni cel de persone, car ma, conduite mérite le mepri de tous le monde.

"Monsieur le Président,—Empossible à moi de garder mon silence, sans que je puise vous dire voila l'homme. vottre aute sagesse sous tous le points et principalement pour nen mettre jamais apperçue à vottre age que lé travaux legislatif vous fus à charge.

"Que le gran nombre san plagnerait jusque à dire, c'est un fardeau plus pesent que le Mont Etena que moi je conais tré bien. Pour moi je vous admire et que je vous ai bien ettudié dans mes enterogatoir.

"Car tout saison de la vie a ses eppine pour qui conque qu'il travaglerait, si sériesement, depuis long temps pour la patrie car un homme en négligent ses traveaux particuliers nen crain le reproche de persone.

"Mais celui qu'il est sincere à son pay néglige la famigle et ses affaire pour prouver la douce sadisfactions qu'il nen neglige riens pour lui êttre utile. Monsieur le President l'homme devait sa gloire a sa patrie et non à lui-meme. Le mellieurs arme de la viellesse sont le lettres et la vertu, cultivé dans le cours de sa vie.

"Elle produisent à la fin des fruit bien précieux non solement parce que ellemême sont pas abondante, pas dans l'arrière saison. cet qu'il est deja beaucoup Mais encore parce que le temoignage d'un conscience pure Et le souvenir de plaisir action vertueus sont des grand sadisfaction pour L'homme.

"Monsieur le Président,—Quel sadisfaction determiner une vie pure et tranquille par un vieglesse heureuse et douce. tel fut cele de Platon qu'il mourue à lage de quatre vinct un ans; tenant la plume à la main. Tel fut la fin de Isocrate que quatre vinct 14 ans composa son panathainaige, et, qu'il vécut encore cinq ans!

"Son maitre Gorgias de Leonse vecque cent 7 ans sans abandonner ses occupation ordinaire.

"A repondit a quelqu un,

To derive the full desired advantage from this frenzied intoxication of self-conceit, it only remained now to render odious to Fieschi the

"Je vous voudrais vivre encore lon temps parce que je nais pas de reproche a me faire.

"E bien Monsieur le Président,

"Ja madrece et je exorte au près de lettre suprême que vous pusie terminer une si belle carrière.

"La sadisfaction que j'ai prouve en voyant Monsieur Zangiacomi mat empeche de dormir et je me suis leve pour vos écrire tres pressé une lettre de trois page.

"av

"vottre ser embre et obest s ST. FIESCHI."

To M. the President Pasquier.

"Mr. President.—Could I allow to go over in silence the sad news I have had hinted to me by M. Zangiacomi, my worthy friend the mareshale.

"Your delegate with me for a long while past, and who, till the trial is ready to come on, you've been good enough to desire to come and see me, that he may let you know how I am going on; Monsieur, you'll admit this attention is uncommon kind in you, and I'm sure you'll be glad to hear I'm doing capital well in health.

"But this news I hear about you is very unpleasant; only to think you're so shakey.

"Mr. President.—You'll agree this news must needs have thrown me quite into a regular study; my poor heart, that's regular as weak as a child's, is quite upset about it, and I'm sure you'll believe me when I say so, for you're an uncommon good judge of men. But the circumstance I'm so vexed about, and for the other victims that I regret more than my own life, is that it's been the cause of your being bothered with such a great criminal as me. Any how you know I've nothing of the flatterer about me, for what I always say is a flatterer is a traitor, and for me it's my heart that speaks with the greatest sincerity without any reserve.

"Mr. President,—This letter's been written without any object, without any notion of coming round you with flattery to get your protection nor that of anybody else, for my conduct merits the contempt of all the world.

"Mr. President,—It's quite impossible for me to keep quiet any longer, I must and will out with it, whenever I think of you, I say to myself, that's the man for my money. Only to think of your wonderful wisdom in everything you do, and principally in not letting anybody perceive that at your age the legislative labour was a burden to you.

"Though the most of them would grumble at it everlastingly, and say it's a burden heavier than Mount Etna, which I know it very well. For me, I admire you, and I've regular studied you while being examined.

"For every season of life has its thorns for whoever works so uncommon hard for such a time for his country, for a man in neglecting his own private business doesn't fear the reproach of anybody.

"But he that's true to his country neglects his family and his affairs to earn the sweet satisfaction that he doesn't omit anything to be useful to his country, Mr. President, man owes his glory to his country, and not to himself. The best arms for old age are honour and virtue, cultivated in the course of a man's life.

"They produce in the end fruits very precious, not only because they are not themselves very plentiful, not even in the latter season of life, even in old age, but because the testimony of a pure conscience, and the recollection of many virtuous actions, are great satisfactions for man.

"Mr. President,—What a satisfaction to end a pure and tranquil life with a happy, quiet old age. Such was that of Plato, that he died at the age of 81 with the pen in his hand. Such was the end of Isocrates, who when 94 years old composed his *panathainaige*, and lived five years after that!

"His Master Gorgias of Leonse lived a hundred and seven years without abandoning his usual occupation.

"He said to somebody,

"I should willingly live a long time to come, for I've no reproach to make myself.

"Well, Mr. President,

"I continually address myself to the Supreme Being, and pray Him that you may end in that way your grand career.

accomplices whom the government had seen reason to assign him. Accordingly, Nina Lassave having stated that she had been told by Morey, that it was he who in the night of the 27th had loaded the machine, care was taken to remind Fieschi of this circumstance, in connexion with the explosion which had brought him within an inch of the grave. There could not be a doubt about the matter: Morey had evidently charged some of the barrels in such a manner as to insure their bursting, for the purpose, as clearly, of forestalling any possible treachery on the part of his accomplice, by making him himself a victim at the same moment with the king and the other persons destined for destruction. These insinuations had the anticipated success: on the 11th of September, 1835, the assassin made a full confession.

The substance of it was: that Fieschi had invented the fatal machine with views entirely strategetic; that the idea of making use of it to kill the king had emanated from Morey; that Pepin had furnished the money for hiring the room and purchasing the materials of the machine. As to Victor Boireau, who had appeared, from the very outset, as intimately connected with the affair, the informer denied that he had any thing to do with it; and as to Bescher, all that he had done to commit himself in the business was the having lent Fieschi, at the request of Morey, his certificate and his passport.

Such was the position of things, when, on the 30th of January, 1836, as we have already stated, the trial commenced.

Morey maintained throughout the precise deportment we have described. There was something singularly striking in the demeanour of this old man. Amongst so many persons, so variously agitated, he alone exhibited no haste, or anxiety, or wonder, or fear; he seemed utterly indifferent to all that was passing around. Silent and motionless, he only, as it were, formed a part of the assembly, during the time he was undergoing his examination. He then replied to the questions put to him, denying the offence charged upon him, but coldly, and in as few words as possible, without any parade, or without any embarrassment, and appearing in no way desirous of impressing the matter upon his judges. When openly denounced by Fieschi, this extraordinary impassability did not forsake him. His face remained perfectly unruffled, and not even a smile of contempt was detected on his lips.

Pepin, on the contrary, alternated between feverish excitement and prostrate dejection. At the slightest questions he became agitated, threw imploring eyes, filled with tears, over the assembly, spoke piteously about his wife and four children, and stammered out wild words, evidently the product of a mind disordered by fear. "I am innocent! I am innocent!" he started up and exclaimed, almost shriekingly, every five minutes: "I am the victim of an infernal plot! they have sworn to ruin me!" And then he would once more sink back into his seat, exhausted, overwhelmed.

"The satisfaction I felt in seeing M. Zangiacomi prevented me from sleeping and so I got up to write you in a great hurry a letter of three pages long. I have the honour to remain your obedient servant, ST. FIESCHI."

As to Fieschi, it is impossible to give any adequate description of the bearing assumed, the part played by him on this deplorable occasion. His head erect, his countenance inflated with pride, a triumphant smile on his lips, his every gesture carefully studied, he raised for himself, as it were, a throne on his very infamy, whence he, to his own immense satisfaction, amused his judges by low buffoonery, held forth in constant harangues, wherein he set up, in the most absurd manner, for an orator and a man of erudition, watching, as he went on, the effect he was producing, and at each period, which he thought more peculiarly happy, pausing for applause, like a mountebank at a fair. And among the judges, there were found some who did not deny him the applause he sought; there were found some who, at every revolting attempt at jest that quitted his lips, gave an approving, an encouraging laugh. Whenever the assassin rose to speak, opera glasses were directed upon him from every part of the assembly, as upon a favourite actor in a play. Did he indicate by a theatrical gesture that he wished to speak? The gesture was instantly seconded by eager voices: "Fieschi demands to be heard! Mr. President, Fieschi is in possession of the house!" They would not lose a word of what might fall from the lips of the great man! As for him, he was perfectly beside himself with pride and delight. His bloody hand, every now and then, sought in the crowd around him other hands publicly to press it—and found them. At intervals, he exchanged with his mistress, who had been provided with a prominent seat in the gallery opposite, signals of mutual intelligence and affection. He threw himself into all sorts of burlesque attitudes, by way of appearing grand, imposing. And, in fact, he was the principal person present; it was, in fact, he who managed the whole affair, who encouraged or reprimanded the witnesses, who exercised the functions of public prosecutor, who superintended the proceedings. There was nothing which was not permitted him to do. At one time, for instance, in order to give an idea of the manner in which guns should be levelled at a mark, he cried out to M. Pasquier, familiarly aiming at him at the same time with his fingers, as with a gun: "Now, Mr. President, we'll suppose you're a duck," &c. At another time, rallying the wretched Pepin, who seemed struggling with himself to bring out a confession: "Keep yourself up, friend Pepin," said Fieschi, with a disgusting laugh. "Never say die; women are brought to bed, sometimes at nine months, sometimes at seven. It's seven months with Pepin—he'll be delivered presently." With all his impudence, Fieschi did not venture, even while denouncing Morey, to offer him the slightest insult; but seeing the excessive timidity of Pepin, he indemnified himself, and seemed to take a ferocious pleasure in it, by overwhelming the wretched man with outrage and contumely. As to himself, he complacently accused himself to the fullest extent; loudly insisted that he was the very greatest of criminals, and was incessantly declaring how happy he should be when the time came for him to offer up his blood as an atonement for the lives of the unfortunate persons who had fallen beneath his discharge. But the more he talked about the fate

that awaited him, the scaffold erecting for him, and so forth, the more it was manifest, to all thinking observers, that in his own mind he was convinced he should be spared. It was this idea which prompted him to the outrageous flattery with which, on every possible occasion, he overlaid those upon whom he conceived his life to depend.

In the course of the scandalous scenes illustrating this ruffian's temporary triumphs, a few incidents of a different character stood out in agreeable relief. Among the witnesses against Fieschi, there was one whose forehead was partly covered with a silver plate. When he had concluded his deposition, Fieschi cried out insolently, "What would you have me say to a crack-headed fellow like this?" "Yes," returned the witness, coolly, but at the same time with a look which made the murderer slink back to his seat abashed. "Yes, 'tis true my head has been shattered, but 'twas in battle, and not when engaged in assassination."

The proceedings had already occupied twelve sittings without throwing much more light on the matter than had been obtained ere the trial began, when the position of one of the prisoners was considerably deteriorated by an unexpected circumstance. Irritated by something that had fallen from Pepin, and which seemed to have been directed against himself, influenced further by the entreaties of his mother, who had been imploring him from the outset to tell all he knew, Boireau stated, on the 11th of February, 1836, that if, as imputed to him, he had on the evening of the 27th of July, ridden on horseback before Fieschi's house, in order to enable that miscreant to adjust the aim of his barrels, he had done so at the request of Pepin, who, in the first instance, was himself to have done it.

This confession fell upon Pepin like a thunderbolt. And yet this very circumstance, so appalling to him at the moment, operated as the signal for an entire and truly astonishing change, amounting to a phenomenon, which took place in him at this juncture. One of his two counsels, M. Marie, calling upon him in person, immediately after the rising of the court for the day, found him full of calmness, resolution, and dignity, the very reverse of all he had hitherto shown himself. "Boireau has condemned me to the scaffold," said he; "I might easily avenge myself upon him, but no I will not provoke him to involve Morey, too, in the fate that awaits me." From this moment, Pepin was another man. His countenance assumed an expression of unaffected and touching firmness; his language became full and lucid; a new and extended horizon seemed to have opened itself to that intelligence hitherto so limited.

The compassion which he had generally excited, increased. It seemed clear, that if a man of Pepin's temperament had really become attached in a plot such as that now under investigation, it could only have been from fear or sinister impulse working upon a weak mind. He was charged with having supplied the funds necessary to the perfecting of the crime; but who could say whether the money given by him had been offered spontaneously, or had been wrested from him by

some terrible influence, which his pusillanimity did not enable him either to overcome, to shake off, or to fly from. The public had got hold of the examination of the prisoners, and this document, sent forth under the authority of the President of the Court of Peers, showed that Pepin had exerted every effort, compatible with the natural timidity of his character, to dissuade Fieschi from the contemplated crime; that not being able to destroy the machine itself, never, indeed, having seen it, he had at all events destroyed the model; that up to the very latest moment he had sought to induce Fieschi to give up his intentions, by pointing out to him the number of victims he would inevitably sacrifice. All this was shown, even in Fieschi's own statement, in the presence of Pepin. Truly there were here some extenuating circumstances? At least so thought many of the more moderate thinkers, though by them, as by every body else, the atrocity of the 28th of July itself was regarded with just horror.

The attorney-general, M. Martin (du Nord), had now concluded his case, having sustained with much energy and ability, the full charge against Fieschi, Pepin, and Morey, abandoned it in the case of Bescher, and so modified it in that of Boireau, as to subject him to but a slight punishment. The case for the prisoners then opened.

Entrusted with the defence of Fieschi, a defence utterly impossible to make out, M. Patorni, in sheer despair, was fain to set to work upon an argument to show, that in a community conducted upon sound and intelligent principles, Fieschi's faculties would have found scope for action beneficial to himself and to society, and so forth. Whereas—and he was proceeding to reproach the government with having been itself the means, by its unsound administration, of driving Fieschi to this act of despair—when he was interrupted by a movement of disapprobation on the part of the house. Hereupon Fieschi, true to his part, had the effrontery to call his own counsel to order, an indirect compliment to the judges, and the climax to his base servility.

M. Dupont, counsel for Morey, next addressed the court. After having branded Fieschi on the forehead, as with a hot iron, and effectively compared the empty vapouring of the informer with the calm, true courage of his client, M. Dupont pointed out the numberless contradictions which pervaded the testimony of the various crown witnesses, and the depositions of the principal prisoner. He then applied himself to show, that Fieschi had an accomplice whose name he concealed, and to whom the statement applied by him to Morey actually referred; that the latter was merely a victim selected to take the place of the unknown accomplice, thus shielded by Fieschi; that, in a word, Fieschi and Nina Lassave had entered into an atrocious conspiracy for the destruction of the old man. This view of the case, argued with the utmost ability, the most logical perspicuity, produced a deep impression upon the auditory; and this impression became still more decided, when, in a raised voice, and with emphatic gestures, M. Dupont exclaimed: "Think you the advocate's duty ceases when judgment is pronounced? Ay, if by that judgment his client be acquitted; but if he be condemned, the advocate

who knows his client innocent of the guilt imputed to him, has still duties to perform. For myself I will say this; if Morey be condemned, there shall not a day of my life pass over, wherein I do not continue my search after the real accomplice of Fieschi, until that accomplice is discovered and brought to justice. And you, Messieurs, after you had sent Morey to the scaffold, would you not be in constant fear lest my efforts should be successful; lest, one day, I should come before you, and shout forth in your hall the name of him who really did that, for which you had doomed to death this innocent old man?"

Not less was the sensation, when, in the course of his speech for Pepin, M. Marie pronounced these energetic words: "Fieschi, aiming at such glory as he does, may well be satisfied with that which he has attained here. You admire him, you make much of him, you give him every sort of encouragement; you've been openly told of the warm interest which it is said he has raised in the breasts of some of your house. It seems as though, if you cannot decently pardon him, you are determined that, at least, his progress to the scaffold shall be a triumphal march! But public morality will protest against this attempted outrage upon all it holds sacred. Your protégé will undergo, amid universal anathemas, the penalty of his atrocious crime, and his name, if it pass down to posterity, will pass down accursed, among the most accursed!"

Other counsel were then heard: for Fieschi, MM. Parquin and Chaix-d'Est-Ange; for Pepin, M. Dupin, junior; for Boireau, M. Paillet; and for Bescher, M. Paul Fabre. These gentlemen having completed their respective tasks, Fieschi himself rose, and held forth for some time in an extraordinary harangue, wherein he insisted with complacent emphasis upon the enormity of his crime; the immensity of his remorse; the courage with which he would meet his fate; introducing an episode about posterity, which would canvass his conduct; and, notwithstanding his extreme desire to atone for his crime by offering up his own life as a sacrifice and boon, concluding with some fulsome flattery of him, on whom his life depended, affirming that he considered Louis Philippe fully the equal of Napoleon, and admired, esteemed him quite as much.

Next day, 15th of February, 1836, the court gave its judgment, which acquitted Bescher, and condemned Fieschi to death, as a parricide; Pepin and Morey to death; and Boireau to twenty years' imprisonment.*

MM. Philippe Dupin and Marie, on going to visit Pepin, after sentence had been pronounced, found him in his strait-waistcoat, and surrounded by gaolers, as master of himself as though he had been at perfect liberty, and in the midst of his family. He talked with them

* It ought to be recorded here, that previous to the final deliberation, M. Pasquier did not hesitate to question Boireau as to another conspiracy, unconnected with that for which he was at this time under trial. So that justice did not think it unbecoming to take advantage of the terror which naturally distracted the mind of a young man at the so near prospect of the scaffold, for the purpose of wringing from him confessions which did not at all concern the crime then under consideration.

about the arrangement of his private affairs, with a clear-headedness and a precision of language which quite astonished them.

Morey's tranquil firmness had all along been such, that his utterly unmoved reception of his sentence surprised no one. A friend having contrived to bring him poison, he rejected it. "No," said he, "I will be guillotined; I will have my blood on their heads, not on my own."

As to Fieschi, he still retained the confident hope that his life would be spared. And there was every reason why he should do so. Considering the marks of extreme attention and interest which were daily lavished upon him, he might well calculate that a person so admired, would not be suffered to die before his time. He was requested, on several occasions, to sit for his portrait; his miserable jokes were treasured up; his memoirs were an object of anxious inquiry; his autographs were a lucrative stock in trade for his mistress. Even some of his judges were undisguisedly eager to possess a scrap of his writing, a specimen of his bad orthography. Nay, more, to receive visits from the daughter of his former mistress, Laurence Petit, to pass whole hours with her, to share his meals with her—all this was permitted him!

As a further illustration of the man, we may add, that there was no form which his ostentatious repentance did not assume. By way of climax, he wrote one day to the Archbishop of Paris, begging permission to attend mass, reminding his grace that the first mass was served by the Penitent Thief.

Accordingly, the surprise of Fieschi was necessarily extreme, when his confessor came, and told him to prepare for death. "It's impossible!" he exclaimed, and the result proved that he was perfectly sincere in this exclamation. The very evening before the execution, he told his counsel, M. Patorni, that government would make up a little stock in trade for him, and send him off secretly to America. When M. Patorni sought to prove to him that he was cherishing fallacious hopes, he became uneasy, and looking at Nina Lassave, who was sitting at the table, said: "At all events, Nina shall go and throw herself at the feet of Madame de Trevise, who will not refuse to speak to the king for me." He repeatedly stated that promises had been made him that his life should be spared; and his counsel having lent him some books: "I will write," said he, "exactly what they promised me; and, if I die, you will find what I have written between the leaves of one of your books, when they are returned to you." The books were returned, but there was no such writing found in any one of them.

The fatal hour approached; the scaffold had been raised during the night on the Place de la Barrière St. Jacques; all was ready; the condemned men were looked for by an anxious multitude. Fieschi, in the morning, requested the Abbé Grivel to offer on his part a cigar to Morey, in token of reconciliation. Morey refused the cigar; it was accepted by Pepin.

The apartment destined for the funeral preparations, received at the proper time the three condemned criminals. Fieschi, amidst all his

swaggering, was evidently much agitated; Pepin, was resigned; Morey, indifferent and austere. While their hair was being cut, Fieschi had his eyes constantly directed, with a deeply anxious expression, towards the door; at last, he exclaimed: "But, M. Lavocat! Isn't M. Lavocat coming?" He was told that he might at once give up all idea of seeing him. At this intimation, with flashing eyes, his face quivering, his body agitated with a convulsive, furious, fearful struggle, he cried out: "Ah! if M. Lavocat does not come, I die damned! damned!"

Three coaches, destined to convey the criminals and their confessors, the Abbés Grivel, Gallard, and Montès, were stationed in the Cour de l'Orangerie. As Fieschi was getting into that reserved for him, Colonel de Pozac said to him: "Fieschi, put your trust in God, and remember the soldier of Gaeta." Fieschi explained to his confessor, that this referred to a Corsican soldier, who, at the siege of Gaeta, had displayed extraordinary courage. And he himself, till the last moment of his existence, manifested the greatest intrepidity. While he had thought he should preserve it, he had clung to life; but now that he knew to a certainty that all hope was at an end, he contemplated death unmoved. "I ought to be superstitious," said he, to the Abbé Grivel, as they were rolling on towards the scaffold; "for when I was in Calabria, a gipsy told me I should die by the guillotine, but with a contented spirit:—she told me true."

At about eight o'clock, the dismal cortége arrived at the place of execution. The triple rank of soldiers which guarded the access to it, opened to give admission to the condemned men and those who accompanied them, and then closed up again. Pepin, Morey, and Fieschi, got out of their coaches. Morey, bowed down by physical suffering, was supported towards the scaffold by two soldiers, to whom he had said: "Assist me. The spirit is strong, but the body is weak." The three men placed themselves, their hands tied behind them, at the foot of the instrument of death, the priests, meantime, presenting to each repeatedly a crucifix to kiss. At this awful moment, an agent of police came up and intimated to Pepin, that if he had any statements to make, his execution would be postponed. He replied with firmness that he had nothing to say.

Another moment of intense anguish passed on. Then, the crowd perceived a pale, wan man, a long yellow cloak on his shoulders, ascending the steps of the scaffold with a firm tread: it was Pepin. Arrived on the platform, he exclaimed: "I die innocent, I die a victim; farewell to you all!" Then raising his eyes for a moment towards Heaven, he yielded his head to the executioners.

Next came Morey. There was not the slightest change perceptible on his features, not the least quiver of emotion, and he addressed no observations to the crowd. The only words that passed his lips, were directed to the executioners, to whom, as they were roughly pulling off his upper garments, he said gently: "What occasion is there to spoil this waistcoat? It may be useful to some poor man." When the old man's silk cap was taken off, his white hair floated in the breeze.

And there was a movement, a murmur throughout the crowd at the sight.

It was now Fieschi's turn to undergo the sentence of the law. Accompanied by the worthy Abbé Grivel, whom he had entreated "not to quit him till he was as near as he could be in this life to eternity," he ascended the scaffold with a firm, proud step; then throwing himself into an oratorical attitude, he addressed to the multitude a few words, bidding them farewell, and expressing his repentance. This done, he turned to his confessor, and said in his ear: "How I should like to be able, in five minutes from this time, to come and tell you how I feel then." He then turned quickly round, and placing himself without assistance on the fatal plank, the knife of the guillotine, for the third time that day, fell, and secured its victim.

Two days after this, an immense crowd of people were struggling and elbowing each other to try which should get nearest to the doors of a café on the Place de la Bourse. Those who achieved this important object, saw gravely seated in a *comptoir*, adorned with rich carving, made beautiful with costly draperies, an ordinary-looking woman, blind of one eye, and possessing, in fact, no other external merit than that of youth. It was Nina Lassave. Ay, there she was, her forehead radiant, her lip quivering with delight, her whole expression that of unmingled pride and pleasure at the eager homage thus fixed to her celebrity! A circumstance eminently characteristic of an epoch! Here had a creature, only known to the world as a base and treacherous informer, as the incestuous mistress of an assassin, been caught up for a show by a speculator, as a certain source of revenue. And more remarkably characteristic still, the public took it all as a perfect matter of course, and amply justified the speculator in his calculations.

CHAPTER II.

THE revolution of July had held the world in suspense. And it was a marvellous thing that awakening, once more, of the French nation! When, towards the end of the eighteenth century, she showed herself capable of making all around her tremble, all around her give way, at the very time when she bore within her own soil, the seed ready to burst forth of twenty civil wars; and when afterwards, though she had been meanwhile decimated by war and by the scaffold, though her energies might well have been exhausted by the enthusiasm, the fury of the Revolution, she sufficed, with what remained to her of fire and of blood, for all the enormous fatigue of the Empire, for all its miracles, there was in these evidences of power, ample subject for the world's utter astonishment. But the efforts of France having been thus stupendous, when, in 1815, she was seen to fall wearied, worn out, at the feet of a king brought back by a million of foreign soldiers, every one looked upon her as a

nation which had completed its course, as a nation at an end. And yet, after fifteen other years of an enervating rule, when motionless, humiliated, prostrate beneath the double yoke of courtiers and of priests, she seemed more than half dead, in the year 1830, had this nation suddenly raised itself and stood again erect, younger than ever, more full of youthful vigour, drunk with daring, with radiant front, and able and willing once more to give proof to the thunderstruck powers around, of its exhaustless strength!

In such circumstances, a great man having the foundation of a dynasty for his object, had but one course, as it seems to us, to pursue.

Far from aiming at the annihilation of the revolutionary and democratic spirit, he should have applied himself to simply keeping it within due bounds by gentle and judicious guidance; and thus, instead of converting it into an obstacle, he would have rendered it a stay and support. After having said to France, "Liberty is impossible, unless in conjunction with peace. Let us, therefore, while keeping Europe in respect, carefully avoid anything tending to alarm or provoke her," he should have then addressed himself to Europe: "Render my dynasty popular by refusing nothing to my country which is her legitimate due, and make up your minds to honour her in my person. For I hold the tempest in my hands: compel me to send it forth, and your thrones will be shaken!" In this position, commanding on the one hand France by means of Europe, and on the other, Europe by means of France, he might have raised himself, perhaps, in his character of moderator, far above the glory of the most illustrious conquerors, and, at least as far as it is possible to do so in a monarchy, have established the greatness of his house in that of his country.

It was a policy precisely the reverse of all this which the royalty of July, from the very outset, thought fit to pursue. In order to conciliate the continental powers, it declared war to the knife against the revolutionary principle, to which it owed its existence. This was nothing less than to deprive itself of solid support for the sake of gaining hollow patronage; to fall at once from the character of moderator down to that of vassal; to encourage in the European sovereigns all sorts of unjust and injurious caprices, after having lost the strength which would have enabled it to resist them; it was, in fine, as regarded the dynasty which it was sought to establish, the undermining it within by unpopularity, and without by dependence! Twofold folly, involving twofold danger!

And yet, preposterously enough, the instigators of this policy so utterly remote from ability, gravely announced themselves as able men. But facts will not, for any length of time, permit a people so to stultify itself as to mistake the miserable calculations of selfishness for indications of mental power, craft for genius. The truth is, that selfishness is at the least quite as much a proof of a weak head as of a cold heart. Trickery is the implement of incapacity, the poor resource of mediocrity.

M. Thiers might readily have convinced himself of all this, at the time of his accession to the Presidency of the Council. At this period,

all was silence around the throne of Louis Philippe; there were no insurrections, no outbreaks; assassination had been rendered vulgar and out of the question by Fieschi; the press scarcely respired under the laws of September; France was in a state of calm, amounting to stagnation. And what was the result of all this? That the cabinets of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin, became twice as haughty, twice as insolent, twice as exacting as before, in reference to the court of the Tuileries. So that, placed between revolutionary France and monarchical Europe, the government of July had only, by its base efforts to weaken the former, drawn upon itself more and more the despotic insolence of the latter, and irritated still more and more its imperishable hate. Let us now proceed to this melancholy episode in our history.

In the address voted by the Chamber of Deputies, in the opening of the year 1836, of which we are about to sketch the leading features, the sympathy of France with Poland was introduced in touching but cautious terms. Adopting an amendment proposed by M. de Mornay, the Chamber had said, with reference to our foreign relations: "This happy concord inspires us with the hope, that, in combination with Great Britain, and the powers whose interests are united with our own, you may be able, sire, to re-establish that balance of power in Europe, so necessary to the maintenance of peace; and that the first pledge of this may be the preservation of the old Polish nationality, consecrated by treaties."

These words expressed, with all due moderation, the feelings and wishes of the French people. They were, moreover, but a natural reaponse to a speech addressed by the Emperor Nicholas to the municipality of Warsaw, a speech full of passionate arrogance, and which betrayed sentiments altogether hostile to the cabinet of the Tuileries. Yet the continental courts took offence, and as daring now as they were the very reverse of daring in 1830, they formed the determination of bearding, by a collective manifestation, both Great Britain and France.

Our readers are aware how the Congress of Vienna, that congress of kings, was the cradle of the Republic of Cracow. Europe having become, in 1815, a prostrate prey, whose bleeding limbs were being parcelled out amongst the strongest of those who remained dominant, Austria and Prussia warmly disputed with each other the possession of Cracow, which the one wanted for the purpose of closing in Gallicia, the other for a similar purpose as to Silesia. On its part the cabinet of St. Petersburg regarded the litigated city with an anxious eye. It was found impossible to come to an understanding upon the matter, and so, in order that Cracow might belong to nobody, it was determined that she should belong to herself. Thus exiled into a republic by the wilful selfishness and jealousy of three rival monarchs, it was not long ere Cracow became by its political institutions, its language, its religious beliefs, its university, the sanctuary of Polish nationality. Neutral in 1830, and in 1831, occupied, ransacked, trampled under foot by General Rudiger, she had yet received within her confines and preserved the last wrecks of poor crushed Poland. It was by the brutal violation of her indepen-

dence that the cabinets of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin, resolved to insult the French government.

The project of occupation was communicated to M. de Broglie in the early part of the month of February, 1836. He was then on the point of quitting office, and was accordingly merely in a position to receive the communication, leaving his successor to reply to it. But as the continental powers had fully made up their minds to take no counsel but their own in the matter; without waiting for any answer at all, they at once proceeded to outrage. On the 9th of February, creating a pretext out of some ephemeral disturbances to which the *fête* of the Emperor of Russia had given rise, they ordered, by their presidents, the senate of Cracow to expel from their territory within eight days all the refugees, Poles, and others, whom they chose to describe as dangerous. Resistance would have been mere madness; hesitation, even, was out of the question. M. Wielioglowski, president of the senate, accordingly was fain to content himself with representing, in a note of the most respectful, suppliant character, that among the refugees upon whom they were about to inflict so terrible and unexpected a blow, there were several highly respectable men, who had for some time past been connected with Cracow itself by ties of family or business. Could not these at least, have enough time allowed them for the regulation of their affairs? No; the three courts were inflexible. Not an hour more than the period first named was allowed, and as that period was absolutely insufficient, on the 17th of February, the Austrian troops entered Cracow, fully equipped for battle, and with menace on every feature.

This was an utter outrage. Never had solemn treaties been so flagrantly violated in the face of the whole world. And it is to be remembered, that the treaty more especially violated here, was precisely that upon whose inviolability Russia, Prussia, and Austria rested their usurpations of 1815. For by Article VI. of the act of the Congress of Vienna, Cracow was declared *a free, independent, strictly neutral city*, under the protection of the three powers; and, in order beforehand to take away any pretext for bad faith, it was declared by Article IX., that no military force should be introduced into the city, *under any pretext whatever*. True, the same article set forth that Cracow was not to afford refuge or protection to fugitives or deserters, or to persons flying from the law, subjects of either of the three powers; and it was upon this clause that the respectable governments in question relied, as their justification for occupying by a military force, contrary to solemn treaty, a city declared independent by solemn treaty! As if refugees were to be confounded with malefactors; as if the prohibition to the inhabitants of Cracow to receive among them deserters, involved the right of invading their territory, such invasion being forbidden by treaty in the most absolute and unequivocal terms; as if it were lawful for the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian governments to extend to Italians, for instance, or to Frenchmen, their rights of sovereignty and their measures of constraint!

But when force looks to force for impunity in its outrages, what avail

the terms of conventions and the laws of justice? The more monstrous, the more audacious the proceeding, the better did it answer the end of the continental despots, which was to humiliate France and England, and to make the old monarchical principle once more ascendant in Europe.

The affair was thus conducted with an arrogance, an abruptness, a contempt of all diplomatic usages, a disregard of the claims of unresisting weakness and misfortune, of which history furnishes but few instances. The Austrian troops had been the first to pour into unhappy Cracow; these were followed by the Russians, and the Russian soldiers by those of Prussia. The Cracow militia was immediately dissolved, the refugees were hunted after with ferocious eagerness; several of the inhabitants were grievously ill-used; fine and imprisonment were denounced against any person who should conceal a fugitive; the hand of foreign power weighed heavily upon the Cracow government, too feeble to offer any resistance, and very speedily the independence of that city was completely at an end.

The military occupation of Cracow took place on the 17th of February; it was on the 22d that M. Thiers was appointed minister of foreign affairs. What determination would he adopt? Would he honourably signalize his accession to his new office by an act of decision and vigour? No such an apprehension was entertained either at St. Petersburg, or at Berlin, or at Vienna. The cabinets at all these places trusted for the maintenance of peace to a more potent will than that of the new minister; and besides, M. Thiers himself, for reasons which will be seen further on, began at about this time to lean towards the policy of the continent, and to detach himself from England. To impel him still further in this direction, were the orders given to MM. de Werther, d'Appony, and de Pahlen. These diplomatists accordingly intimated to him in the most conciliatory manner possible, the occupation of Cracow, begging him clearly to understand, that no similar communication had been, or would be made to the cabinet of St. James's, it being the object of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, to manifest to the French government, by this difference of proceeding, how highly they esteemed the moderation and wisdom which pervaded the Tuileries. Thus, on the one hand, they sought to veil under a hollow affectation of deference, the extreme insult conveyed by their late outrages, and, on the other hand, to sow the seed of distrust and jealousy between M. Thiers and Lord Palmerston. The trick was palpable; but whether M. Thiers was really the dupe of it, or merely feigned to be so, we cannot, of course, take upon ourselves to say. Certain it is, that to the universal indignation of France, he raised no protest, expressed no dissatisfaction at an act which his countrymen rightly regarded as a deliberate attack upon the revolutionary principle.

In England the popular feeling was equally awakened by the outrage, and the strongest terms were made use of in parliament in questioning the Whig cabinet respecting it. But, without the co-operation of France, Lord Palmerston did not consider himself in a position to head the Eng-

lish nation in speaking the language of menace; he declared, indeed, from his place in the House of Commons, that the entry of the Austrians, Russians, and Prussians into Cracow, appeared to him a flagrant violation of treaties; but no vigorous measures were taken by him to carry this declaration into effect.

It was easy to foresee the result of all this. The insolent assumption of the enemies of the July revolution, soon knew no bounds. In the absolutist journals, the military occupation of Cracow was vaunted as a grand and conclusive answer to the declarations of the English and French parliaments, as a glorious retaliation for the occupation of Ancona. The German court papers seemed absolutely insane on the subject; in a correspondence published in the *Augsburg Gazette*, a Prussian actually flung Rosbach in our teeth; he could not surely have forgotten Jena!

If at this juncture, France and England, closely drawing together the bonds of alliance between them, had determined upon intervention in Spain, there is no doubt that the victory just achieved by continental diplomacy would have been fully and efficaciously counterbalanced. This was clearly seen by Lord Palmerston.

The situation of Spain had, besides, become the source of very great anxiety to the cabinet of St. James's. While it looked upon the cause of Don Carlos as tottering, it rather feared than desired intervention on the part of France, as calculated to cramp it in its proposed management of the affairs of the Peninsula. And this was precisely the reason why English diplomacy assigned to France only an expectant part in the famous Treaty of Quadruple Alliance, respecting which we may be permitted to express an opinion, that M. de Talleyrand signed it without having taken any previous trouble to understand it. But the progress of the Carlist insurrection had changed the whole aspect of the question in an English point of view. The presence of the French south of the Pyrenees, before so inconvenient, had now become extremely desirable. For it was essential, above all things, to get rid of Don Carlos, to dry up the sanguinary source of civil war; it was necessary, before England could realize the benefits of exclusive guardianship, that she should first devise means to achieve the guardianship itself. Now the Whig ministry was quite aware that Evans's legion, consisting as it did of a collection of plundering vagabonds of the worst description, would merely serve to disgrace the English name in Spain, without in the slightest degree contributing to confirm Isabella on her throne. Soldiers were wanted to replace these fellows, and Lord Palmerston, accordingly, turned towards the Tuileries, invoking the Treaty of Quadruple Alliance, and demanding aid.

But the reason which had influenced Louis Philippe in resisting intervention in 1834, now appeared to him still more powerful and decisive than ever; and two circumstances, frivolous in appearance, served to render him perfectly intractable.

On the day on which Lord Palmerston, with impertinent levity, made him wait in his antechamber, M. de Talleyrand swore implacable hatred

to the Whig cabinet; a petty insult being quite sufficient to detach this weak-minded man from that very English alliance to which he had been previously so favourable, and on which he had, however groundlessly, plumed himself in the eyes of Europe. M. de Talleyrand accordingly resisted intervention in Spain, for the sole purpose of humiliating Lord Palmerston; a piece of miserable spite which admirably suited the repugnance which the king felt towards the English minister. It so happened, that Lord Palmerston combined within himself all the defects regarded with most antipathy by Louis Philippe; pert foppishness, self-opinionativeness in the management of affairs, a taste for noise and excitement, a rash, meddlesome activity. His lordship, in fact, was regarded at the Tuileries as a mere firebrand mischief-maker and peace-marrer, and the same opinion was entertained of him at nearly all the courts of Europe, to which in one way and another he had managed to make himself generally odious.

Moreover, the king had imperceptibly allowed himself to be detached from the English alliance by the adroit flattery of M. de Metternich. The old Austrian courtier had it ever on his lips that Louis Philippe was the greatest man that had for a long time past occupied the throne; that his glory was in his wisdom; his power in that inflexible attachment to peace, that noble firmness of purpose, to which monarchical Europe owed her repose. The bait was so delicious, that though the trap was gross and palpable, Louis Philippe fell into it. He opened a complacent ear to flatteries, all the more charming to him that they came from a distance, and thus seemed borne on the wings of fame! He became intoxicated with the hope of at length taking rank among potentates who had hitherto affected to look down upon the princes of the house of Orleans as mere political mischief-makers, mere kings of the kennel, *protégés* of the populace. He believed every word that was told him about his sagacity, his wisdom, his genius, by men who found it useful to draw him over to their policy: and yet, a thing worthy of remark, this very king, so easily gulled, piqued himself above all things upon his knowledge of human nature, and was ever ready at other times to suspect deceit and chicanery in all men and things.

M. Thiers was cajoled in just the same way. Scarcely entered upon his office as minister for foreign affairs, he found himself the object of attentions most kind and familiar on the part of great personages. His plebeian ambition was elated in the highest degree at seeing, as he thought, the aristocracy of Europe placing itself, as it were, under his protection, whereas, in reality, it was merely making a tool of him. It had done just the same thing to M. de Talleyrand, creating for him a factitious reputation, which has operated as one of our greatest misfortunes. M. Thiers was rewarded with encomiums and encouragement: how glorious for him if through him, a minister still so young, the repose of Europe should be assured! How original, how striking the part to be played in the sight of the world by a man who, himself the offspring of tempests, should make use of his well-earned exaltation to appease those tempests, now and for all time! Instances, doubtless

there were, of ripened age having immortalized itself by acts of daring; but how much nobler, how much more imposing the aspect of youth immortalizing itself by the exercise of prudence, the result, not of fear, but of sound judgment!

M. Thiers, without admitting the fact even to himself, was under the full influence of these charming delusions, so adroitly administered, when, in the name of the Quadruple Alliance, Lord Palmerston formally invited France to co-operate with England for the welfare and safety of Spain, by occupying the port of Passage, Fuentarabia, and the valley of Bastan.

The embarrassment of M. Thiers at this demand must have been immense. On the one hand, the proposition itself had ever been the object of his most cherished hopes, had ever formed the basis of his policy. But on the other hand, to intervene in Spain, even only to the extent required, would not this involve an entire severance from the policy of the continent? And if so, was it worth while to sacrifice to Lord Palmerston the honoured friendship of M. de Metternich? Intervene in Spain! What would the boudoir diplomatists, whose approbation had become so dear to M. Thiers, think of such a proposition? What would the king think of it? What would M. de Talleyrand think of it—he who was now the most determined enemy of English alliance? It was clear to M. Thiers, that no member of the council but himself and M. Passy would hear of such a thing; and, making up his mind accordingly, he, on the 18th of March, addressed to General Sébastiani, who had succeeded M. de Talleyrand at London as ambassador, a despatch, whereby the demand of intervention was rejected.

The despatch set forth that a co-operation of the nature pointed out, would inevitably involve France in further and more decisive steps; that intervention, and the immense sacrifices which would necessarily attend it, appeared to France equally without tangible object and without dignity; unless there were, which there was not, some reasonable expectation of thereby pacifying Spain, and the various parties by which she was torn in pieces; that even if the idea of intervention or co-operation had seemed practicable at a former period, the case was no longer the same, now that increasing anarchy and scenes of horror incessantly recurring, had thrown everything in Spain back into its original confusion.

Whether or not he had expected a refusal, Lord Palmerston could not help being extremely angry when it actually came; and from that day, the alliance between the cabinet of the Tuileries and that of St. James's, if not absolutely broken up, was very seriously impaired.

On the other hand, M. de Metternich and his now perfectly reassured associates were triumphant, and a series of pacific measures were, thereupon, graciously conceded. In the first place, the *Augsburg Gazette*, which had not long before grossly insulted France in letters from a Prussian correspondent, printed towards the end of March a letter from an Austrian correspondent, making the most friendly, the most coaxing advances to the French government; next, the *Austrian Observer* of

the 19th of April published a proclamation, in which General Kauffman announced the early departure from Cracow of a major part of the troops then occupying it; the Austrian army itself was reduced to proportions, which placed it once more upon the same footing as before 1830; finally, the cabinet of St. Petersburg seemed disposed to give a proof of its moderation; and, accordingly, the *Journal de Paris* of the 22d of April, announced the reduction of the Turkish debt, and the evacuation of Silistria by the Russians.

This was more than enough to revive in the court of the Tuileries a hope, which it had never had the courage altogether to abandon. After the service it had just rendered to continental policy, it felt itself entitled to demand a place in the family of sovereigns; and the July royalty hereupon became entirely absorbed in plans how to realise this romantic and blissful vision, its thought by day, its dream by night.

The Duc d'Orleans, the king's eldest son, was young, well made, with agreeable parts, a regular face, and features pleasing, though inexpressive. Destined, according to appearances which human pride never condescends to imagine may be fallacious, to wear one day the most brilliant crown in the world, he had early been in a position to command all the enjoyments that are to be found in that elegant but empty grandeur, that frivolous *éclat*, which has ever such magic influence over the hearts of women. The pleasures and the poetry of single life having become exhausted for him, he had begun to think of some marriage whose splendour should compensate for any dull restraint in which it might involve him; and his wishes became directed towards an archduchess of Austria. Nothing could be more gratifying than this desire to the royal family, who were eager to get into favour and connexion with monarchical Europe. But was not the idea too audacious, even as a hope? And should they risk the humiliation of a refusal? M. Thiers had too much sagacity to give himself altogether up to illusions; he was, at all events, alive to those of other people. In the present case, he anticipated an answer full of haughty disdain, and he felt it to be his duty not to shut his eyes to this impression. Had he possessed the moral courage, the elevated soul, which ought so particularly to characterize those who fill the important office which he then administered, he would have given the royal family the only counsel which ought to have been acted upon; he would have represented to it, that to seek counter-revolutionary alliances, was a gratuitous degradation of itself; that, after such a revolution as that of July, and in a country like France, monarchy had nothing to do with, nothing in common with, nothing it could borrow from the old Gothic monarchies; that it could only exist, if at all, on the condition of sufficing to and for itself; that a Frenchwoman, the daughter of some considerable citizen, was quite as good, and better, for a French prince, than a princess of foreign, of hostile blood; that Rome ruled the nations of the world, because it deemed the least of its citizens superior in nobility to the greatest kings; that Napoleon, in running, under the influence of a trumpery, upstart vanity, after the alliance of the Germanic Cæsars, in the eyes of the

world morally abdicated his throne, and actually prepared the way for his downfall: this was what M. Thiers either did not understand, or did not venture to say. He contented himself with pointing out that there was no occasion for haste in the matter; that new families should marry late, so as not to lose by precipitation what good luck might otherwise offer; that, at all events, it was desirable to select some petty princess of Germany, provided only she had royal blood in her veins. The objections advanced by M. Thiers did not go beyond this, and the court found no difficulty in getting the better of his resistance. Whether from management or from conviction, the king, in the presence of his minister, had hitherto but half-seconded the ambitious desires of the Duc d'Orléans, and a slight coolness had consequently sprung up between father and son. One day, taking M. Thiers aside, Madame Adelaide urged him to put an end to hesitations, which she said threw discord, to some extent, into the family; and M. Thiers gave way. At bottom, he was by no means sorry to mark his accession to his new office by a notable event; and, moreover, how could he be otherwise than infinitely flattered at the homage paid to his importance, by those who constituted him, a man of obscure origin, the introducer of the house of Orleans into the family of the old sovereigns?

Resolutely forming his determination, therefore, he contrived a private interview with MM. de Werther and d'Appony, ambassadors of Prussia and Austria, spoke to them about an excursion into Germany, projected by the Duc d'Orleans, requested them to obtain the sanction of their respective courts, and recommended them to keep the thing a secret for the present.

It is always the interest of an ambassador to promote mutual goodwill and intimacy between the power which he represents and that to which he is accredited: MM. de Werther and d'Appony received the communication of M. Thiers most favourably. Special messengers were immediately placed at their disposal, and answers containing all that could be desired were speedily received from the two courts. The surprise, the anger of the Russian ambassador on discovering what had taken place, without any reference to him, may readily be imagined. But M. Thiers, who was intimately acquainted with the Count de Pahlen, undertook to soothe him, and found no difficulty in doing so. Thus far all had succeeded perfectly. The Duc d'Orleans was in an ecstasy of joy; the Duc de Nemours, his brother, was chosen to accompany him, and the king, laying aside his economical habits on an occasion affecting his dynastic interests, placed at the disposal of his sons as much gold as they needed, to enable them to make a princely figure.

At the same time, M. Thiers wrote to M. de St. Aulaire a letter which had all the importance of a despatch, without having the character of one; and which was only to be read to M. de Metternich in case of necessity. It was not desired, in fact, that this family affair should resemble a cabinet affair; and it had been arranged that the Duc d'Orléans should himself personally conduct the negotiation up to a certain

point, the French ambassador being called upon to give officially his crowning aid only when success became probable. In his letter, M. Thiers had not failed to marshal forth in imposing array the various advantages held out to Austria in the august friendship of France. A conviction very difficult to impress upon a court where such a subject naturally awakened deeply painful recollections! For when Maria Louisa became the bride of the all-conquering emperor of the French, was it not as a pledge of the protection accorded to Austria by a resistless soldier of fortune? And, going still further back, was it not from the heart of Germany that the fair and imprudent daughter of Maria Theresa came to measure the distance which, in France, separates the throne from the scaffold, came, poor thing, so soon to be the victim of a revolution, inevitable and powerful as destiny, and as terrible as pitiless?

The reception which the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours met with at Berlin was extremely gracious, and in its graciousness more sincere than it was generally believed to be throughout Europe. The King of Prussia was a moderate-minded man, who, to the childish pleasure of affronting France, preferred the solid advantages which might be derived from his attaching her to his interests, by a calm and conciliatory course; and although formerly engaged in a war of extermination against us, he did not share, with reference to the French government, either the fierce and haughty resentment of the Emperor of Russia, or the systematic distrust of the old Austrian diplomacy. He accordingly offered to the two French princes, a right royal welcome; and this was quite sufficient at once to bring around them the whole troop of courtiers, a base tribe, ever ready to cry ay or no, at the least whisper from the monarch, in whose shadow they live.

It was the aim of the princes to surround themselves with an air of splendour, enhancing the most assiduous courteousnes of demeanour, by the charms of a well-directed profusion. On the other hand, for those Germans who had, in visits beyond the Rhine, caught the heroic contagion of modern ideas, for those who were agitated by a vague desire for liberty, there was something very exciting in the arrival among them of two princes who, in despite of themselves, bore about with them the living image of a revolution, of which, though they might have abjured its policy, they were forced, after all, to parade the colours.

From Berlin they proceeded to Vienna. Here, too, they met with a reception calculated to encourage their secret hopes; here, too, the crowd manifested, whenever they showed themselves, a sort of passionate curiosity. It is related, that in reference to this circumstance, M. de Metternich went the length of saying: "*You have ruffian revolutionists in Paris;* those we have here are merely simpletons."

The Duc de Nemours was not a man to make himself liked, for his deportment was excessively stiff and supercilious. But his brother was charming. Ere he had been long at Vienna, the ladies talked of nothing but the amiability and good looks of the Duc d'Orléans; and the incense of this drawing-room popularity readily got into his head,

and intoxicated him. The Princess Theresa, daughter of the Archduke Charles, had pleased him; he insinuated himself into the good graces of the father, into the friendship of the son; and when matters seemed in a fair way for success, he, without further hesitation, made a proposal, which the archduke seemed not indisposed to accept. But other approbation than his had to be consulted. Instantly on hearing what was going on, M. de St. Aulaire hastened to the Austrian minister, and repeating what he had just learned, showed him M. Thiers' letter. M. de Metternich listened very attentively, and with apparent interest, to all that M. de St. Aulaire urged upon the subject, and then calmly replied, that it was entirely matter which the family must decide upon. This seemed very like the commencement of a refusal; to warrant a refusal objections were not wanting. Would it be worthy of the illustrious house of Austria to accord the distinction and benefit of its connexion to a sovereign of date so recent, and who had well nigh lost his original titles of nobility amongst the barricades? What would the Austrian aristocracy, the haughtiest, the most sensitive of the aristocracies of Europe, think of such a misalliance? It is said that, more especially on the part of the Archduchess Sophia, the opposition was vehement, and the negotiation ultimately failed. "It is quite out of the question for an Austrian princess to be subjected to ride within a carriage, which, the chances are, will be pierced with bullets on its way!" Such was the pretext under which was veiled the insult now offered to the house of Orleans.

Surprised, humiliated, eager to heal the wound thus inflicted on his pride, the eldest son of Louis Philippe immediately set out for the courts of Italy, where he hoped for better fortune. It so happened that at this very moment, Maria Lousia was approaching Vienna by the same road which carried the Duc d'Orléans from that capital. A meeting necessarily took place, and the nature of such a meeting may be easily imagined. In a prince radiant with youth, in a prince but newly come from the banks of the Seine, it was natural that, despite all her wrongs as wife and as widow, the mother of the Duc de Reichstadt, should have called up before her, through the dark clouds of memory, the image of a beloved and departed son. The youth whom she now saw, was posting over Europe in search of heirs for a throne which, in reality, Napoleon, when he fell, left for ever vacant; the other slept the sleep of eternity in the dark vault, into which the Empire had gone down with him. At sight of the Duc d'Orléans, Maria Louisa was deeply affected; she essayed to speak, but her tongue refused its office, until a passion of tears had relieved her. There was an omen in this meeting! Six years afterwards, a funeral cortège, truly mournful, passed along the way leading from Paris to Dreux, a small town where the Orleans family lie in death. A young prince had shattered his skull against a roadside pavement, leaving a doubtful crown suspended over the head of an infant.

CHAPTER III.

The Duc d'Orléans, and his brother had arranged to prolong their stay abroad, when they were recalled to Paris by bad news from that capital.

On the 25th of June, 1836, at half-past six in the evening, just as the king had quitted the Tuileries, on his way to Neuilly, there was a terrible commotion at the corner of the Pont Royal. A walking-stick gun had just been discharged into the royal carriage, at the moment when his majesty was bending forward to return the salute of the guard. A rapid movement of the head saved the king's life, but the wadding lodged in his hair. The assassin was instantly seized, and a poniard having been wrenched from him, with which he was attempting to stab himself, he was taken to the next military post, amidst general execrations.

By a singular contradiction, the young man who had dishonoured himself by this odious attempt, had something extremely gentle and prepossessing about his whole appearance; his face, shaded by a quantity of dark, flowing hair, was soft in expression, and of regular beauty; his blue eyes were full of tenderness, and his physiognomy exhibited a remarkable combination of melancholy, of feminine graces, and of proud determination. He was assailed, as he went on, with reprobation and invective, but he did not heed it; his countenance manifested but one feeling, that of having exhausted, in a vain effort, the concentrated powers of his soul's passion; his demeanour was firm but unassuming; at times, a smile of grave contempt passed over his lips at the furious denunciations hurled at him, but he was otherwise unmoved. One of his guards having committed the outrage of tearing a quantity of hair from his bald head: "There's courage for you," said he, with bitter scorn, "you are a brave fellow!" The person who first ran in upon him after the attempt, was a gunsmith, named Devisme. "I know him," exclaimed this man, in an agitated voice; "his name is Louis Alibaud. It was I who sold him the weapon he has just made use of. Wretch! was it for this abominable purpose then!....." Alibaud gently and civilly requested him to be silent. A colonel having exclaimed, "Monster, I would have given you bread had you asked for it!" his eyes glared fiercely, and he replied: "Bread! I do not beg for it, I seek to earn it, and he who prevents me from gaining it, I kill him." Taken subsequently to the Conciergerie, he was placed in the cell formerly occupied by Fieschi, and those who accompanied him remarked, that he ran over with contemptuous indifference the inscriptions which the vanity of his predecessor had scrawled upon the walls. At a later period, it became perfectly clear that as to Alibaud, no desire for notoriety had operated upon him. Within himself, sad and resigned, with reference to others, firm, inflexible, but without the least tendency towards insolence or assumption, he sought not to defend himself in any way; all he asked was to die as soon as possible.

He had, in truth, endured much suffering; but true to his republican creed, he had not deemed himself warranted in withdrawing from life merely for the purpose of avoiding mental or physical pain; it was solely in the hope, the insensate, the deplorable hope, of rendering his suicide useful to the nation, to the world, by prefacing it with the murder of a king, that he had quitted Perpignan. It is related, that on the eve of departure, he, in the course of a quarrel, publicly received a blow. The friends, who knew him to be endowed with extraordinary courage, saw him to their utter surprise receive this insult in silence. His assailant equally astonished at his conduct, and generously anxious lest his character might receive a stigma, besought him to vindicate his honour. "If you would have me beg your pardon," replied Alibaud, with mournful calmness, "I will do so. But as to fighting, I have something else before me!" A few days after this he reached Paris. Here he lived several months, the prey of unutterable anguish, pursued, beset, by his fatal design, watching that enemy of his thought whom he had vowed to himself to immolate; and meanwhile, poor, humiliated, scarcely able to procure food from day to day, and even treated as a government spy by several honourable citizens, whom the hints he daringly threw out to them rendered at once suspicious and indignant. Such was his utter poverty that in order to procure the instrument of his contemplated crime, he was compelled to offer his services to a gunsmith, who at length gave him some walking-stick guns to dispose of. A fortnight afterwards, Alibaud sent them all back, with the exception of one, which he pretended to have lost, and said he would pay for as soon as he could. Yet his principle of honour was most delicate; he had, in this same fortnight, obtained a humble employment, and lost it almost immediately afterwards, because he had refused, in some matter that arose, to associate his name with a falsehood. His disgust for mankind and for life itself was hereby aggravated. The rest has been told.

Ministers hastened to remove from public observation a man whom they saw they could make no use of. On the very day of the attempt, the Chamber of Peers had constituted itself a court of justice for the trial of the case, and no delay took place in proceeding with the matter. Alibaud answered the various questions that were put to him firmly, energetically, but with perfect respect. He had, in the outset, declared: "The head of the conspiracy is my head; the accomplices are my arms;" and throughout the business he did not utter a word which was not entirely consistent with this statement. By the most careful reserve, he guarded from suspicion every person with whom he had at any time been, however slightly, connected or acquainted. For himself he was perfectly inaccessible to remorse or regret. Yet there was one brief period when his firmness abandoned him. Having been led to speak of his family, the unhappy man was all at once overcome with agitation, the nascent words expired on his lips, his countenance fell, and he burst into tears. The following extract from the trial (proceedings of the 27th of June, 1836), will describe the scene:

M. Pasquier.—"Having failed in your efforts, what did you next?"

Alibaud.—"My family proceeded to Perpignan, where they now reside."

(Here the interrogatories were suspended for some minutes by the tears and sobs of the accused.

M. Pasquier.—"The affliction you exhibit would seem to be the result of good feeling. What is it that causes so deep an emotion?"

Alibaud.—"Nature."

M. Pasquier.—"Is it not also the thought of the injury you have done your relations, and of the anguish your conduct has caused them?"

Alibaud.—"Yes."

M. Pasquier.—"Well, then, should not these feelings induce you to extenuate by the sincerity of your confession the horror which your crime everywhere inspires?"

Alibaud.—"It is the king who is the author of my crime; it is he who made me an assassin, it is he who is the source of my father's misfortune and misery."

We have mentioned that Alibaud had formed the determination not to offer any defence whatever, and he adhered to this resolution so long as he thought he had nothing but the executioner to fear. But he soon discovered that his prosecutors were seeking to impute to him dishonourable acts which he had never committed, unworthy propensities of which he was wholly unconscious; that, in short, whether merely to blacken the regicide's character, or from a miserable adulation of the monarch, endeavouring to make out a case that no one but an utter wretch could seek his life, the authorities aimed at first loading with opprobrium the head which they designed to cut off. Some passages in the bill of indictment ran thus: "Human institutions have influence only over the future; it is rarely that they can retroact upon the past. It is quite possible then to meet with one of those peculiar organisations, which, by a species of anomaly, combine within themselves all the conditions necessary to a crime, of which the cause now no longer exists; the factious views of a demagogue with the vicious inclinations of a base and wicked-minded man; want and idleness, with the desire to have money, but not the industry to earn it by honest exertion; ignorance and vanity, an immoderate grasping after ends, but without either the ability or the wish to attain them patiently by creditable means." Moreover, M. le Comte Bastard, in the report which he had been charged with the drawing up of, represented Alibaud as having been discharged for misconduct by the tradesmen who had employed him; an imputation notoriously false, and which converted an honourable sacrifice, made at the dictate of conscience, into a merited punishment.

In his natural resentment at these accusations, which manifested an intention of throwing a stigma, if possible, over his whole life, Alibaud accepted the judicial contest which he had in the first instance wished to avoid. He selected an advocate, and prepared for his use a sketch of his past career, with such of its particular features as presented points for the defence. In this narrative there was no trace of a desire to

shine forth a hero, no outbursts of angry passion. The writer even omitted several incidents which he might have introduced with high honour to himself, and which would have remained unknown to the public, had they not come out in the course of the trial.

The first sitting was held on the 8th of July, 1836. Alibaud appeared before his judges in an attitude alike exempt from weakness and from assumption. A shade of sadness was on his brow, but it was none the less obvious that he preserved entire the fierce, inexorable faith which had rendered him, in thought, in word, and in attempt, a murderer. The president having asked him how long since he had entertained his deplorable design, he replied: "Since the king declared Paris in a state of siege, since he sought to govern instead of reigning: since he caused the citizens to be massacred in the streets of Lyons and in the Cloitre St. Mery. His reign is a reign of blood, an ever infamous reign. And that's why I would kill the king." Such was the dark fanaticism of the man, such his indomitable resolution. The evidence began; and its course showed that, to a political fervour amounting to the furious, the frenzied Alibaud joined an extreme gentleness of manner and disposition, exquisite sensibility, an all-daring love of truth and honesty, and that impulsive energy which renders a man regardless of his own life when he can serve others. While yet a mere child, without an idea of swimming, he threw himself into the water to rescue another child of his own age, and both nearly perished; at the age of seventeen, at Narbonne, he saved a girl who was sinking for the last time beneath the devouring waves, and brought her on shore amid the acclamations of a large crowd of anxious spectators; when a non-commissioned officer at Strasburg, he exposed himself to, and underwent, a severe military punishment, by throwing himself regardless of all personal consequences into the midst of a struggle in which some of his comrades had involved themselves with superior numbers. These facts were borne testimony to by several witnesses, some of whom did not hesitate boldly and openly to avow the friendship in which they still held him. On hearing the insinuations directed by one of the prosecuting counsel against the prisoner's private conduct, one of his old military comrades impetuously denounced them as calumnies; and when the assembly manifested various excitement at this expression of fearless conviction: "Yes, gentlemen," the witness energetically proceeded, "I swear that Alibaud has been calumniated, and no power on earth shall make me say anything to the contrary."

Only one day was occupied in the hearing of evidence, for the prisoner had not been allowed time to summon all those whom he wished to call in his behalf, the Council of Peers having, notwithstanding the emphatic protest of his counsel, arbitrarily shortened the period which the law gave him for preparing his case.

It was in the sitting of the 9th of July, that M. Martin (du Nord) made his speech against the prisoner. He pointed out in able and energetic language, how savage and senseless a thing political assassi-

nation is; but he forgot the grave importance of his mission, and the respect due to truth, when he exclaimed: "Consult the documents before you, and you will find this Alibaud to be a man who, swayed by the most vicious inclinations, plunged into misery by his idleness and self-conceit, cursed an existence which had become to him only a burden and a disgrace." The documents to which the attorney-general appealed, showed the precise contrary of all this.

M. Charles Ledru could necessarily do nothing more than implore the clemency of the judges in behalf of his unhappy client, and this he did in eloquent and touching language. He impressively urged upon them that, with the exception of the points wherein he was misled by political fanaticism, the prisoner was proved upon clear evidence to be a man of noble sentiments, of pure and virtuous tendencies. "Gentlemen!" exclaimed the advocate, in closing his address, "I entreat you to honour yourselves by an act of clemency. The prisoner, indeed, solicits it not, he rejects it; but heed him not; manifest your high-mindedness by extending your pardon to the unthinking man. You must, after all you have heard, feel with me, that he ought not to perish. You will not doom that noble head to fall, even amid the apprehensions which the firm bearing of Alibaud may for the time have inspired you with. But one word more: last night, in the agitation wherewith this terrible affair has filled my soul, unknowing how best to address you on behalf of this man, perceiving nought but an abyss before me, I cast my eyes upon a book; I took it down and opened it; it was Corneille, and therein I read these words, addressed by Augustus to Cinna, whom he had loaded with favours, and whom he now found conspiring against him:

> "'Tu veux m'assassiner demain au capitole
> Pendant le sacrifice; et ta main, pour signal,
> Me doit, au lieu d'encens, donner le coup fatal.'

"Augustus, the destined victim and the judge, was merciful. From that time forth, no murderer's poniard ever sought his heart."

M. Charles Ledru had scarcely completed the last sentence of his defence when Alibaud rose.

He began thus: "Gentlemen, I have never entertained the idea of defending my head. Having forfeited it to the law, I offered it freely and honestly to the law, in the expectation that you would have contented yourselves with taking it in the same spirit wherein it was offered. A conspirator succeeds or dies. I, whether I succeeded or not, perfectly well knew that death would be my portion." He then applied himself to repelling the disgraceful accusations with which he had been outraged. Coming, subsequently to the attempt which had brought him now well nigh the foot of the scaffold, he exclaimed, "I had with reference to Philippe I., the same right which Brutus exercised against Cæsar." Interrupted for a moment by exclamations from every part of the Chamber, he resumed: "Regicide is the right of all

men who are debarred from any justice but that which they take into their own hands."

This language exciting intense sensation on the peers' benches, the president ordered the prisoner to be silent. He again gave him leave to speak, after the reply of the attorney-general; but as Alibaud still came back to the expression of his fierce hatred of the king, M. Pasquier, for a second time, and finally, enjoined him to silence. Yet the regicide Louvel was heard by his judges to the end of all he had to say.

There could not be a moment's doubt as to what would be the result of the trial: Alibaud was condemned to the guillotine.

The trial and condemnation produced a deep impression upon the public. Some feared they should be adding to the contagious force of fanaticism, were they to give expression to the least sentiment of compassion for the guilty man; they were apprehensive lest the weak-minded should see, in any interest manifested in the criminal, an apology for the crime; and under the influence of this fear, they abstained from showing any interest they may have felt. Others, more prejudiced, cursed Alibaud for his virtues, as they had cursed him for his crime: had he acted less from conviction, had he displayed less courage, they would have pursued him with a less inveterate hatred. Others, again, deeming truth inviolable under all circumstances, and that murder is in itself so odious, that we may well dispense with being unjust upon other points even towards an assassin, commiserated the youth of Alibaud, so deplorably misguided, his perverted sensibility; they admired his firm courage; they thought piteously of all he had suffered, of the fearful expiation he was about to make. The accusations of theft and imposture cast upon him, alike grieved and astonished all generous minds. What! was Alibaud to be stigmatised as a robber, because the weapon with which he was armed, when he threw himself into the teeth of certain destruction, had not been yet paid for; because, after all the destitution in which he had been involved, he had left a few, a very few, debts for his friends to discharge? What a contrast was here: Fieschi had met at the hands of government with every kind of attention, had been flattered, fostered, fawned upon! Alibaud received at its hands every species of insult and outrage! Besides, to what end heap indignities upon a man for whom the executioner's knife was being sharpened, whom God was about to judge? Armand Carrel reminded the authorities, in the *National*, that even amongst the savages of Lake Erie, it is not deemed just to insult the prisoner whom they are about to sacrifice; and against the vehement declamation of M. Martin (du Nord), as to the base turpitude inherent in the idea of regicide, he set these words of M. Thiers, since become minister of state:

"Republicans who thought they beheld another Cæsar, might arm themselves with the steel of Brutus, without being assassins. To call them so, were an abuse of words, to be treated with silent contempt."*

* History of the French Revolution, by M. Thiers. Narrative of the 18th of Brumaire.

The discussion becoming animated, and assuming greater extension, the court writers designated political assassination a republican conception. Armand Carrel thus replied to the imputation: "There have been, within the last fifty years, a tolerable number of kings and princes assassinated. Let us run over a few of these, and see by whose ideas have the regicide weapons been whetted, or loaded, as the case may have been. Gustavus III., King of Sweden, was assassinated by the Swedish aristocracy. Paul I. was slain like an ox in the slaughter-house, by his own family, because he had been in treaty with the First Consul, and threatened to unite with him in defence of the freedom of the seas against the British aristocracy. Sultan Selim was cut in pieces by his own soldiers, at the instigation of the emissaries of England and Russia, because he was the friend of France. Murat, the admirable Murat, after having been recognised king by the whole of Europe, was shot like a highway robber, by the miserable dynasty which now rules at Naples. Napoleon, Sovereign of France, as legitimately its sovereign as any of those who have, since his fall, occupied the Tuileries, Napoleon, anointed king by a pope, elevated to the throne by the voluntary suffrages of six millions of Frenchmen, died at St. Helena, the victim of an assassination, the most protracted in its agony, the most horrible and cold-blooded in its cruelty, that ever mortal man perished under, in ancient or modern history; and in that atrocious regicide all the crowned heads of the world were accomplices."

In the afternoon of Sunday, the 10th of July, Alibaud received, in presence of the director of the prison, M. Valette, and of the chief of municipal police, M. Joly, a farewell visit from his counsel. After having expressed to this gentleman, in the most earnest and touching language, the deep gratitude he felt for all he had done in his behalf, he charged him to convey his heartfelt thanks to those witnesses who had vindicated his honour; and among others, more especially to MM. Leon Fraisse, Bothrel, Wattelier, and Lespinasse. He seemed, also, greatly touched by the manner in which M. Cauchy, clerk of the court, had notified to him the sentence of death. "Thank him earnestly in my name," said Alibaud. "Ah, how kind, how gentle was his voice! How I felt for that excellent man, whose lips well nigh refused to utter the words it was his duty to repeat." He also mentioned, that as he was being led out of the court, a lady clasped his hand in the passage, with an air full of benevolence and sorrow. "That moment," added he, "fully compensated me for all the invectives of M. Martin." His father being referred to, he became so much affected, that he was fain to retire, and accordingly took leave of his advocate for the last time.

Not having been able to prevail upon Alibaud to petition for mercy, M. Charles Ledru himself presented a memorial, couched in the following terms:

"Sire, Alibaud having long since made up his mind to die, has bequeathed to me the charge of consoling his aged father. In fulfilment of this sacred mission, I supplicate you to cast an eye of pity and for-

giveness upon a criminal whose immovable resolution would confer additional lustre upon your high-souled clemency. It has been proved impossible to overcome the pertinacy of my client, a man holding life in too great contempt to seek to prolong it by a single day; but I have deemed that if it is the duty of every citizen to pardon his enemy, it is worthy of the first citizen of the state to pardon his assassin."

The petition was rejected. Upon ascertaining this fact, M. Charles Ledru hastened, accompanied by M. Gervais de Caen, to M. Sauzet, keeper of the great seal, whom he requested to receive an appeal against the judgment, for it was Sunday, and the courts were closed. M. Sauzet, however, told him that there was no appeal against a judgment of the Court of Peers; that such an idea was quite out of the question.

Alibaud passed this same Sunday, sometimes plunged in mournful revery, sometimes singing the songs of his childhood, of his home. He was to be executed on the morrow. On the morrow, accordingly, at daybreak, the excellent Abbé Grivel entered the prison. The condemned man lay in a deep slumber. A lamp burned near him, throwing its light upon his face, which was perfectly serene, and unruffled. The confessor awoke his penitent, and addressed to him, beneath the eye of God, the solemn words befitting the occasion. Alibaud listened with profound respect; but the terrible thought which had, so to speak, entered into his very blood, was destined to remain fixed there immovably to the latest moment. Just before he was summoned for the toilet of death, the abbé asked him whether he would not once more taste the wine of his native province. A glass of it was brought, but Alibaud had scarcely put it to his lips, ere his countenance changed, and his eye bespoke anger and apprehension. The worthy abbé divining his thoughts, took the cup, and draining its contents, reassured his penitent. The water which the gaoler had deemed it prudent to mix with the proffered beverage, had suddenly impressed Alibaud with the idea that they sought, by means of a narcotic, to prostrate his energy at that last moment, and thus afford themselves a pretext for impugning his courage. At four o'clock in the morning, the executioner having arrived, the condemned man was taken down stairs. His countenance was pale, but full of calm, unostentatious resolution. When the executioner, in arranging his dress, touched his neck, a slight shudder passed through his frame, but it was at once succeeded by a smile at this momentary weakness. The white gown and black veil, the dismal costume assigned by the law to parricides about to expiate their crime, but which Fieschi had been exempted from wearing, having then been thrown over Alibaud, he was led away to death.

The scaffold, which is so much cried up as a medium for striking terror by example, the scaffold which, according to the law, ought to be set up where all may see it, was in this case hidden as it were, in the Place St. Jacques, far from the centre of Paris, at an hour when in the streets all is solitude, silence, and gloom. Around it crowded, in a triple rank, thousands of soldiers.

Placed at the foot of the instrument of decapitation, and relieved from the black veil which had covered his face, Alibaud listened without emotion to the formal reading of his sentence. Just before submitting to the mortal stroke, he exclaimed in a clear, sonorous voice, "I die for liberty!" Then, having first slowly cast his eyes along the rank of soldiery, silent and motionless witnesses of the scene, he resigned his head to the block.

At five o'clock, the sharp ring of horses' feet was heard along the street which leads to the graveyard where the bodies of executed criminals are interred. It was the military, escorting the decapitated regicide to his last home. The body was taken from the basket, but ere it was committed to the earth, the sexton, in observance of the hideous custom in such cases, took the head up by the hair, and holding it forth at arm's length, exclaimed: "You see, this is Alibaud!"

The press was still under the influence of this drama, when it was suddenly called from that topic by the necessity of looking to its own condition; for a great revolution was about to take place in *journalism*.

Among the authors of this revolution prominently figured M. Emile Girardin, a speculator.

To reduce the price of the chief daily newspapers, and by the inducement of this reduction in price, to increase their subscribers, and to cover the loss resulting from the diminution of price by the *augmentation* of the revenue derived from advertisements, which would flow in more and more extensively, as the publicity afforded by increased circulation became greater, such was M. Emile de Girardin's plan.

In other words, it was proposed to convert into a vulgar trade, that which, justly considered, justly administered, is a magistracy, nay a priesthood; it was proposed to enlarge the portion hitherto allotted in newspapers, to mendacious announcements, to the self-commendations of quackery and imposture, at the sacrifice of space which should be devoted to philosophy, history, literature, the arts, to all which elevates, while it delights the mind of man. Journalism, in a word, was to be made the speaking-trumpet of speculation. No doubt, that in this point of view, the new principle was highly objectionable. On the *other* hand, it called into public life a vast number of citizens who had been too long excluded from it by the high price of newspapers; an advantage which it was manifest injustice not to recognise. But men's personal interests are ever despotic and exclusive in their resentments. M. Emile de Girardin, who had opened the attack, was assailed in his turn, and with most blamable violence by some of the journals, which conceived their prosperity, nay, their existence, menaced by the competition now so unexpectedly announced. And singularly enough it was the *Bon Sens*, a democratic newspaper, that took the lead in the movement against M. Emile de Girardin. At this particular period, however, great disunion prevailed among those who had the direction of the *Bon Sens*, and it may have been the circumstance of the consequent disorder and irregularity, which enabled one of its editors, M. Capo di Feuillide, to indulge in his somewhat intemperate attacks upon

a cheap press and M. Emile de Girardin. The articles published by him were written with much spirit and ability, but in a tone quite unfitting the grave importance of the subject. M. Emile de Girardin, though he had a journal at his command, where he could have fought his antagonist at his own weapons, had recourse to an action for defamation, thus placing himself under the protection of a law which does not permit the accuser to prove the justice of his accusation. This led to an irreparable catastrophe.

Armand Carrel had not thought it consistent with his duty to remain a silent spectator of a quarrel into which a journal of his side of the question had entered; and accordingly, on the 20th of July, 1836, he published in the *National* a few lines in which he maintained that M. de Feuillide did perfectly right to find fault with M. de Girardin's propositions, and censured the latter for having had recourse to the September laws.

M. de Girardin replied by an article which seemed to call in question the good faith of the chief editor of the *National*, and intimated, in general terms, the writer's intention of returning to the attack.

Armand Carrel was placed in so elevated a position with reference to the person who thus took upon himself to challenge him to the lists, that he might well have received the bravado with silent contempt. But he allowed himself to be carried away by the warmth of his temperament.

Let me here pause to explain what was at this time the condition of Carrel's mind. It was agitated with the most painful uneasiness, torn by doubts and fears. For, while saluting him head of a party, opinion had furnished him with no solid body on which to support the character, and this he felt bitterly. It being in his nature to have a dread of popular outbreaks and the possibility of a vast social reform scarcely appearing to him in the far distance, he would probably have been disposed to throw himself upon the bourgeoisie, had he deemed it worthy to enjoy a republic, and capable of a taste for great things. But finding it, in general, the slave of gross passions, charmed with a repose destitute of grandeur, fond of mediocrity in all things, servile from the basest cupidity, he had turned away from it with mixed regret and indignation. He entertained, moreover, for him whom the bourgeoisie had selected as its leader and guide, a hatred almost amounting to the personal, a hatred which each new circumstance in that leader's policy had only contributed to envenom and deepen.

On the other hand, he was ill at ease with his own party. He was alarmed at having to act as the leader of certain members of that party, who in their very obedience, were violent and imperious: he conceived them to entertain an eager impatience to commence the work of reprisals tending to a despotism, at which his moderation stood aghast. Amid the exciting temptations of the crisis which they were looking forward to, would they be able so to command themselves as to respect individual liberty? Would they consent to proclaim forthwith the reign

of Common Right? These were the questions which, under the influence of his high-souled anxiety for his country's welfare, he was wont to ask himself. Meantime, the men who excited these apprehensions were ever around him, urging him on to a more daring course, energetically exhorting him to march on and conquer, without troubling himself meantime as to the future limits to their progress: for victory once secured, the essential thing is not so much to acquit it with the conquered, as to complete and establish it. This was what Armand Carrel himself could not but see, especially when he had presented before him from time to time, the excesses of a government which ruled only according to the dictates of blind rage. The thoughts of the statesman, and the feelings of the oppressed citizen struggled therefore in his breast with those of the knightly soldier, and his soul had become filled with manly sadness.

He mourned, too, over the utter disappointment of the cherished wishes of his youth. His early aspirations had been for military glory, a life in the tented fields, or death on the bed of honour; but he was fain to employ his energies in journalism, a species of warfare, the occasional and transitory excitement of which, was far from compensating, in his estimation, for its monotonous anxieties, its common-place laboriousness.

Nor was this all: he was, moreover the object amongst his own party, of the most galling distrust; on the part of some, not going beyond sullen suspicion, but carried by others into active malevolence. The former murmured at his not having, what they considered proper respect for the people, and at his not being sufficiently eager for their triumph. The latter went further: they loudly complained of his air of military elegance, of his patrician *hauteur;* they could not forgive his superiority to themselves, the graces and high qualities by which he had won the esteem even of his adversaries. This, indeed, is what is least of all pardoned in first class men by the envious mediocrity, which in a free country constitutes the grumbling and grovelling base of all parties in the state. But in the service of liberty, such men as Armand Carrel hesitate not to incur the risk of that gravest of her dangers, ostracism.

To complete this picture of the moral agony of a great heart, we may add that Armand Carrel had for some time past been receiving anonymous letters, full now of menace, now of insult; they called him *bully*, and foretold as the just chastisement of the dictatorship exercised by his fearless courage, his approaching and tragic death. Some of these letters had ominous emblems drawn in them; a pistol and sword crossed, for instance. In former days, Armand Carrel would have regarded these base and cowardly insults with a spirit of contempt; but in the depression which had now taken possession of him, they filled him, despite his efforts to repel their influence, with dark forebodings. One day he thus related to an intimate friend a dream, the recollection of which haunted him: "I saw my mother in my sleep. She was dressed all in black, and her eyes were full of tears. I asked her with

affright: For whom are you in mourning? Is it my father? No. Is it my brother? No. For whom then? For you, my son." It was on the day after this prophetic dream that Armand Carrel wrote in the *National* the article mentioned above, as having elicited from M. Emile de Girardin the reply which led to the fatal consequences we are about to narrate.

The question for the parties to consider was, had the dispute assumed such a form, that, if it remained unmodified a meeting must necessarily take place? Carrel, with his high susceptibility on the point of honour, did not hesitate. Accompanied by M. Adolphe Thibaudeau, his particular friend, and a man of rare talent, he, upon reading M. Girardin's reply, at once proceeded to that gentleman's house determined upon having either a public retractation, or personal satisfaction. He entered M. Girardin's room, holding open in his hand the journal containing the offensive article. By a strong effort over himself he was quite calm, and his manner and his language were alike courteous. He had no sooner, however, stated the object of his visit than M. de Girardin begged leave to have one of his own friends present during the discussion, and accordingly sent forthwith for M. Lautour-Mezeray. But pending the arrival of that gentleman some sharp words were interchanged. Armand Carrel conceived that he was justified in regarding the course adopted by M. de Girardin, as indicating an intention to bring the matter to a duel, and on his suggesting as much, M. de Girardin replied: "A duel with such a man as you, sir, would be quite a *bonne fortune*." "Sir," replied Carrel, "I can never regard a duel as a *bonne fortune*." A few moments afterwards, M. Lautour-Mezeray arrived; his presence served to give the discussion a more conciliatory tone, and it was ultimately agreed that a few words of explanation should be published in both journals. On M. de Girardin's proposing to draw up the note at once: "You may rely upon me, sir," said Armand Carrel, with dignity. The quarrel seemed almost at an end: an incident reanimated it. M. de Girardin required that the publication of the note should take place simultaneously in the two journals. Carrel, on the contrary, held that it ought to appear first in the *Presse*, Girardin's paper, but he experienced on this point the most obstinate resistance. It was then that, carried away with indignant emotion, wounded to the quick, utterly unable to adhere longer to the moderation which with so noble an effort he had hitherto enforced upon himself, Carrel rose and exclaimed: "I am the offended person; I choose the pistol," and he was quitting the room, when, with a laudable impulse, M. Lautour-Mezeray ran after him, and sought to stay and appease him. But an inexorable fatality seemed to weigh upon the whole of this affair: M. Lautour-Mezeray's mediation failed. Again, in the evening, when a meeting took place between MM. Ambert and Thibaudeau, as friends of Carrel, and MM. Lautour-Mezeray and Paillard de Villeneuve, as representatives of M. de Girardin, it was found impossible to come to an understanding, and the duel proceeded.

It is often given to superior natures to have impressed upon them intuitively presentiments, the infallibility of which cannot be denied, though reason is quite incompetent to penetrate the mystery of their birth. Armand Carrel, in former affairs of honour, had ever hastened to meet danger, with an extraordinary heedlessness, a sort of buoyant indifference, as a man implicitly trusting to fortune; nay, as one who took a pleasure in thus stoutly questioning destiny. But on the present occasion, a remarkable change was observed in him in this respect. He was still, indeed, calm and composed; but his conversation with his friends seemed to breathe, as it were, the words of parting consolation; his smile conveyed the impression of an eternal farewell; his thoughts seemed intensely concentrated upon the friends who were more especially dear to him. In further illustration of the fatal presentiment which filled his soul, he returned, with singular precipitation, a deposit which had been entrusted to his care, and a thing he had never before done, made his will.

It was early on the morning of Friday, the 22d of July, 1836, that Armand Carrel and M. de Girardin found themselves once more face to face, in the Bois de Vincennes. The former was attended by MM. Maurice Persat and Ambert; the seconds of the latter were MM. Lautour-Mezeray and Paillard de Villeneuve. While the pistols were being loaded, Carrel said to M. de Girardin, "Should the chance be against me, sir, and you afterwards write my life, you will, in all honour, adhere strictly and simply to the facts?" "Yes, sir," replied his adversary. The seconds had measured a distance of forty paces; the combatants were to advance within twenty of each other. Armand Carrel immediately took his place, and advanced, presenting, despite the urgent entreaties of M. Ambert, that he would show less front, the whole breadth of his person to his opponent's bullet. M. de Girardin, having also advanced some paces, both parties fired at nearly the same instant, and both fell wounded, the one in the leg, the other in the groin.

Amongst the most devoted friends of Carrel, was M. Gregoire, who had accompanied him to the entrance into the wood, where he awaited the result in an intense state of anxiety. Suddenly the wheels of a tilbury were heard rolling rapidly down the avenue. It stopped at the gate, and two friends of M. de Girardin got out. These were MM. Cleeman and Boutmy, who, on the part of Carrel, came for M. Gregoire. From them he learned the fatal issue of the combat, and with them he hastened to the spot where it had taken place. On reaching it, he saw the two adversaries stretched upon the ground, the one on the left of the road, the other on the right. Carrel's wound was the deeper and more dangerous, the ball having bruised the intestines. They hastened to him, and raised him in a reclining position. As he passed M. de Girardin, he asked him whether he was in much pain; noble-minded and generous to the last! He himself was suffering acutely, and felt persuaded that he should not survive. A man who was working in the fields close by,

having run up on hearing the report of the pistols, endeavoured to reassure him, but he shook his head with a smile of incredulousness and resignation. Conveyed to St. Mandé to the house of one of his old comrades of the *Ecole Militaire*, M. Peyra, he was received with the most affectionate and touching kindness. For a few hours his friends were cheered with a dim ray of hope. Drs. Jules Cloquet, and Marx, were instantly in attendance, and watching with unremitting care, over that so precious life.

Meantime, the mournful intelligence having spread abroad from mouth to mouth, excited universal, unutterable consternation. There were many persons who absolutely refused to believe that a career full of such high promise, could have been cut short by a vulgar bullet; others, as also happens under circumstances of overpowering disquietude, dared not permit themselves to cherish a hope, and in their anguish, they reproached Carrel for the magnanimous puerility which had led him to venture his life against that of a man whom they deemed utterly unworthy of such an adversary. The popular indignation against M. de Girardin, amounted, in a large number of instances, to frenzy; he was loudly accused of having brought about the duel, merely because he knew that it would excite general attention, and thus attract, somehow or other, the observation of the public towards himself; that, in short, he had regarded it as a matter of speculation. All classes vividly recalled to mind the past career of Armand Carrel, and the brilliant qualities which had distinguished it.

In the night of the 23d of July, the state of the wounded man assumed a most alarming character. His sufferings had become intolerable; and, in a heart-rending voice, he entreated those about him to have a bath brought for him. All at once he asked M. Gregoire, who had not once quitted him, "if they had taken away the lamp?" "Yes," replied M. Gregoire, with suppressed emotion..... the lamp was burning, as before, at the wounded man's side; but Carrel was already entering upon the night of eternity. The last agony had come upon him. Amidst the dark shadows of death rapidly hemming him round, in the presence of the friends who encircled his bed wrapt in mournful silence, Armand Carrel passed most of the moments which yet remained to him in a sublime delirium, the while his hands, stretched out on either side, incessantly sought those of the friends whom he loved, and whom he instinctively knew to be around him. In his soliloquy, mysterious as a dream, glowing as a prophecy, it seemed as though he was eager to concentrate in those dying words all the thoughts and feelings of his great soul. He spoke of France, and of Spain, whose destinies had ever been closely connected in his aspirations, and in his regrets. He sketched, with surprising distinctness, an imaginary description of the streets of Madrid, a city he had never seen. He complained briefly of the injustice of his enemies; and called up the memory of several of his departed friends in language of impassioned eloquence. Speaking of one of these, an officer named Maillé, who died in Africa, he ex-

claimed: "He was killed by a pistol-shot—no, it was by a sword-thrust; he was a gallant fellow!" This dying improvisation, this true song of the swan, was made up of fragments having no connexion with each other, but each complete in itself, and presenting, in a few striking sentences, his opinions and feelings on the particular point. From time to time, he interrupted himself to ask, more and more earnestly, for his bath; and at length the wish was complied with, there being, unhappily, no reason for withholding it, now that death was inevitable, imminent. By and by, just after he had described how he desired to have the bath prepared, Carrel became motionless, speechless. It was a solemn moment. Did he sleep—or had death come upon him? The assembled friends remained for some time where they stood, mute and motionless well nigh as the beloved form before them, chained to their places, as it were, by respect and fearful suspense. Suddenly the bath was heard on the stairs, and Carrel, who for a full quarter of an hour had given no sign of life, raised himself in his bed, with an exclamation of delight. "Ah!" said he, "there's the bath! Come! Come!" His friends took him in their arms, and lifted him to the bath; but he had scarcely touched the water, ere he was seized with suffocation: he murmured a few words, *France! Friend! Republic!* sent forth a feeble cry, and then rendered up his soul to God. It was a scene never to be forgotten. I saw him as he lay, his pale features all expressive of passion in repose, death in him seeming thoughtful; his attitude was firm, inflexible, martial, like that of a soldier who slumbers on the eve of battle.

All parties united in lamenting him, in doing honour to his memory. MM. Arnold Scheffer, Thibaudeau, and Martin Maillefer, in the name of all France, delivered eloquent and touching orations in his praise; while Chateaubriand, Arago, Cormenin, Beranger, were seen bathed in tears around the grave which had received, and which still retains, the honoured remains. The illustrious sculptor, David, has resuscitated Carrel in speaking bronze; his tomb has become the object of solemn pilgrimage. His loss is still deeply felt by the party on which he reflected such honourable distinction; but which has not with him lost its courage and its fortune.

CHAPTER IV.

The administration of M. Thiers comprehends two phases, two perfectly distinct the one from the other.

In the first, M. Thiers was seen the fervent ally of absolute monarchies, seduced by the intoxicating advances of the continental diploma-

tists, and by the hope of procuring for the Duc d'Orléans the hand of an archduchess of Austria.

In the second, become sensible of the illusions by which he had been so cruelly played upon, he endeavoured, but too late, to resume a revolutionary attitude in Europe; and it was then that, by reviving the question of intervention in Spain, he sought to return to the English alliance.

Before we proceed to the latter period, it is proper that we should succinctly exhibit the sacrifices which, in 1836, were made by the French government to the counter-revolutionary principle, which it so mistakenly sought to conciliate.

The country which had ever prominently engaged the attention of M. de Metternich, was Italy; and next to Italy, Switzerland. Placed between Austria and France, Switzerland might, in fact, become, to the one or the other of these countries, a great support, or a great danger. M. de Metternich, therefore, entertained a very strong desire to withdraw the twenty-two cantons from French influence, more especially since the cantonal revolutions of 1830, and 1831, had begun to sap the foundation of the Helvetic aristocracy.

So long as France was represented in Switzerland by M. de Rumigny, our authority there preponderated. But on the arrival of M. de Montebello, the aspect of things changed. Feebly supported by Mr. Morier, the English minister, a person who appeared to regard everything with entire indifference, M. de Montebello had to contend with rivals of unremitting activity, in M. Severin, the representative of Russia, and M. de Bombelles, the Austrian envoy, whose influence was especially ascendant in the cantons of Uri, Unterwald, and Schwitz.

But it was not enough for Austria, Prussia, and Russia, leagued together, to undermine secretly, and by slow degrees, the credit of France. They were impatient to inflict a decisive blow, under some pretext or other, and this pretext was readily found in the hospitality afforded by Switzerland to the refugees from different countries who resorted there.

M. de Bombelles had been for some time writing despatch after despatch to his government, with most alarming accounts of the proceedings which he alleged to be on foot amongst the Italian refugees. He at length spoke of an armed body of these men being about to invade the Grand Duchy of Baden. Austria, hereupon affected the utmost terror; and energetic representations were made to the cabinet of the Tuileries, as to the necessity of breaking up the focus of conspiracy thus threatening all Europe from its very heart. "It is in Switzerland," said the Austrian ministers, "that the enemies of monarchy hold their regicide school; this bloodthirsty school must be closed, without delay. And what prince more interested in the matter than Louis Philippe, surrounded as he is by assassins?"

At the same time, M. de Metternich intimated, that if France

refused to act against Switzerland, Austria, for its part, would not hesitate.

M. Thiers was anxious, without giving offence to Austria, to prevent the intervention of that government in Switzerland, and he, therefore, taking the task upon himself, addressed the Directory in the most haughty and menacing language.

Thus had M. de Metternich succeeded beyond his hopes. France, suddenly become the police of the absolute kings, consented to take upon herself the entire odium of initiating the contemplated outrages; she was about to persecute, in the last asylum open to them, a few unhappy exiles, to annoy, to irritate Switzerland, perhaps to render her for ever an enemy; a double triumph for the Austrian cabinet, which had thus at once brought the government of July to arm itself against liberty, and to do that which would, in all probability, detach from it, and throw into the embraces of Germany, a people whose friendship was so essential to its welfare.

The French government forwarded grievous complaints of the conduct of the refugees, assembled in Switzerland, of the manner in which they abused the hospitality accorded them, of their underhand correspondence with the Parisian conspirators.

Now nothing could be more utterly unjust than these accusations, at least as far as France was concerned. So far from being in correspondence with the *Haute Vente Universelle*, at Paris, the principal members of the association called *Jeune Europe*, denounced it as the most dangerous of all the political societies. They charged it with contemplating the absolute unity of Europe, with the intention of confiscating the rights of all for the benefit of one single country, France, and even of one single city, Paris; they charged it with having conceived the audacious and tyrannical design of erecting, in the middle of the nineteenth century, a republican papacy, all-devouring as the universal monarchy to which, in former times Charles V. and Philip II. aspired. Was it not clear, asked *Jeune Europe*, that such were the aims of the *Haute Vente Universelle?* Its theories of centralisation, its dictatorial aspect, the profound, the formidable secrecy maintained as to its mainspring, and nucleus, the art with which it had managed to disjoin and break up the strength of the revolutionary party in different countries, so as to prevent that party from acting in concert against any measure, from within which might appear dangerous or oppressive. Did not these circumstances thoroughly show what were the projects entertained by the men who aimed at governing the whole of republican Europe, by a conclave sitting at Paris? And upon this distrust, evidently sincerely felt, though unfounded, the leader of *Jeune Europe* acted; it was federalism in conspiracy. The efforts of *Jeune Europe* were accordingly directed, not towards France, but towards Germany and Piedmont, so that in calling upon Switzerland to expel the refugees, the French ministry was merely, at its own risk and peril, doing the work of the Austrian monarchy.

And it was the very consciousness of this which decided the court of the Tuileries to act as it did, so great was its eagerness to be admitted into the favour and confidence of the league of absolutist powers!

Things were in this state, the powers only awaiting some pretext for further proceedings, when, on the 22d of June, 1836, the Directory* of Berne addressed a note to the Duc de Montebello, wherein it requested the French government to receive within its territory the refugees whom Switzerland might find herself under the necessity of expelling.

Switzerland herself thus supplied the powers with even more than was required for their present purpose. Delighted with their success thus far, the northern cabinets, who were impatient in every possible way to compromise France, to disgrace her in the eyes of the world, and, more immediately to alienate from her the affections of the Swiss, were not content with compelling the royalty of July to do penance for its origin, by an open declaration against the revolutionary principle; and accordingly, a thing scarcely credible, M. de Montebello, at their instance, was ordered by his government to reply to the advances of the Directory of Berne, by a note drawn up at the foreign office at Paris, and of a character so menacing, so impertinent, that had it been addressed to one of the great powers, it would have at once been returned without a reply. After intimating that the French government was satisfied with the recent proceeding adopted by the directory, adding: "It is necessary that the measures ordered by the Vorort be punctually carried into effect," the writer of the note reminded the directory of the expedition attempted in 1834 against Savoy, and of the other attempts which had threatened the security of some of the German states, and then went on in the following terms to make, as in the times of the Inquisition, even hopes, desires, thoughts, criminal: "The undersigned has thus far only spoken of Sardinia and Germany, as having their security menaced by these conspiracies, these flagitious enterprises; but France herself is also eminently interested in this important question of international right, when she has reason to believe that the refugees in Switzerland are in close correspondence and connexion with the French anarchists; when the indiscretions of those refugees themselves, in point of fact, so evidently attest the knowledge they have of the abominable projects of French regicides; when, in fine, it is demonstrated that their designs are mixed up, at all events, *in hope and intention*, with the crimes recently attempted in France." The note then required the federal government to propose to the diet such means as it might deem most efficacious for carrying out, in each canton, the measures ordered to be taken against the refugees, and it enforced the demand with this menace: "The directory must doubtless see, that should the pledge of good faith which Europe requires at its hands, be

* Our readers are aware that, in Switzerland, the Vorort, or chief directory, is alternately enjoyed by Zurich, Berne, and Lucerne. At the period here in question, Berne was the directing canton.

limited to mere declarations, unattended by any active measures for carrying those measures into practical effect, the powers interested in having them fulfilled, will be fully at liberty to rely only upon themselves for punishing the refugees who conspire, within the territories of Switzerland, against their tranquillity, and for putting an end to the toleration of which the incorrigible enemies of the repose of constituted governments shall continue to be the object."

Never had the independence of a free state been more openly set aside, more shamelessly trampled under foot. Throughout Europe, the note excited general indignation. When energetically questioned in the House of Commons, by Dr. Bowring and Mr. Hume, Lord Palmerston declared, that the English government had taken "no efficacious steps upon the subject." In France, all generous minds revolted against the outrage. "The diet," said the *Bons Sens*, a democratic journal, "the diet might have reminded the ambassador of Louis Philippe, that his master, when a sufferer under revolutionary tempests, was, heretofore, but too thankful to find food and shelter in those tranquil valleys, which all parties, conquerors or conquered, ought alike to respect as a sanctuary, protected by the conscience of mankind."

As to the shuddering excitement which the note produced in Switzerland, it is scarcely possible to give an idea of it. At Reiden, ten thousand confederates from the cantons of Berne, Lucerne, Schwitz, Soleure, Bâsle, Campagne, and Argau, met to protest against it. In a large and ardent assembly held at Munzingen, Major Clias, having spoken of applying for the recall of the Duc de Montebello, his proposal was hailed with one immense shout of enthusiastic approbation. At Flawil, a district of St. Gall, M. Hume, a popular orator, had already sent forth words, whose eloquence and spirit well merited for them to be repeated by all the echoes of Switzerland. At Viedikon, near Zurich, twenty thousand men met on the vast federal shooting-ground there; and when, from a platform decorated with the flags taken in the wars against Burgundy, M. Zehnder exclaimed: "Are you all resolved, at the risk of your lives, to resist unjust aggression?" Twenty thousand manly voices thundered forth: "We are! we are!" and an address, in unison with this determination, was voted to the diet, as guardian of the rights and the independence of the country.

But the diet, acting under the sordid influence of a mean-souled and timid prudence, did not respond to the popular impulse. A commission had been named by it to consider the subject, which seemed to hesitate between honour and fear. At this juncture, M. Thiers wrote word to the Duc de Montebello, that if the proceedings adopted by the diet were not satisfactory, Switzerland would be immediately placed in a state of blockade. This was proclaiming the abuse of superior force an established right; it was heaping up the measure of outrage. Yet it failed to rouse the commission, the majority of which remained under the influence of fear. The report to the diet proposed by the commission accordingly recommended that a central police should be esta-

blished; that the obligation of expelling the refugees who should be shown to have compromised the international relations of Switzerland, should be imposed on the respective cantons; that the directory should call upon the various cantons to make the necessary aarangements, and itself watch over their fulfilment: that, in the event of a dispute on the subject, between the directory and any particular canton, the directory should be empowered, with the assistance of a council of federal representatives, to decide upon the matter in dispute; and if the canton still continued recusant, that the directory should have authority to effect the execution of its orders within the district, at the expense of the contumacious community. So that, in violation of the federal compact, the cantonal sovereignty was completely sacrificed, to a central power, itself placed practically under the sway of foreign diplomacy.

When submitted to the diet, on the 9th of August, 1836, the report was vehemently assailed by M. Steiger, member for St. Gall, the most democratic of all the cantons; but it was supported by the Avoyer Tscharner, a man peculiarly responsible for the honour of Switzerland, by reason of the dignified office which he held. M. de Chambrier went still further than the report. Member for Neufchatel, and acting under the influence of Prussia, he ventured to demand, that the directory should be invested with the right of directly pointing out suspected persons, and ordering their expulsion. Vainly was it urged how disgraceful it would be for the diet, yielding to menace, to set aside a solemn compact, to renounce the right of affording an asylum to the unfortunate, to make itself the instrument of the hate of foreign despots. Thirteen states and a half adopted the report; Zurich, Uri, Unterwald, without reservation; Zug, Soleure, Schaffhausen, Valais, Neufchatel, Grisons, Fribourg, Lucerne, Berne, Bâle-ville, and Schwitz, with a reservation as to local ratification in the respective cantons; Appenzell, Thurgau, Bale-Campagne, and Vaud voted against it; Geneva, Glaris, Argau, did not vote at all, as was the case with St. Gall, whose member wished by an express declaration, to reserve to his canton its sovereign rights.

At the news of this result, Switzerland was agitated to her centre; and in the grand councils, summoned in each canton to ratify the decision of the diet, the discussions were renewed with increased energy. Sixteen cantons concurred with the diet; but among those which rejected its decision, were St. Gall, Thurgau, Vaud, and Geneva, four of the most considerable, and all of them frontier cantons. Vaud and Geneva forming the principal portion of French Switzerland, their resistance to the unjust pretensions of the French government was the object of more especial remark and approbation on the part of Europe; and hereupon arose a question of grave import for the consideration of the majority. Was the *conclusum* of the diet obligatory? In creating a central police; in depriving the cantonal sovereignty of the right of giving refuge to such as might be deemed worthy of it; in subjecting to the decisions of the directory and the federal representatives, the diet,

the supreme authority of the confederation, had not the majority set an impious hand upon the solemn pact which bound them all together; had they not done that which, if persisted in, would overthrow the whole system under which they lived; and, to alter the condition of that sacred compact, to change that system, was it not essential to first obtain the unanimous consent of the cantons? Such were the views urged with much force and ability by M. Gaulheim, in the *Nouvelliste Vaudois*, the faithful organ of the Swiss patriots.

Such was the position of things, such the condition of men's minds, when an odious machination was suddenly brought to light.

On the 19th of July, 1836, M. de Montebello, addressed a note to the directory, demanding the expulsion of a person named Conseil, whom he, the French ambassador, denounced as an accomplice of Fieschi. Now, at ten o'clock on the night of the 10th of August, the prefect of Nidau received intelligence, that among several strangers who were lodged in the Hôtel-de-Ville, there was a spy. Thereupon the prefect of Nidau commanded the production of passports. Two were delivered to him bearing the names of Berthola and Migliari, Italians, and a third with that of Hermann, a Frenchman, native of Strasburg, commercial traveller, journeying over Switzerland on commercial business. This latter passport had been delivered by the French embassy, November 13, 1835, and was signed *Le Chargé-d'affaires de France, G. de Belleval.* The same functionary received also several papers belonging to the pretended Hermann, among which were, 1st, a passport in the name of August Chéli Conseil, dated Ancona, April 22, 1834; 2d, another passport in the name of Corelli, delivered at Besançon by the prefect at Doubs, August 4, 1836, *good for one year.* Being arrested and taken before the prefect of Nidau, the pretended Hermann avowed that his name was Conseil; he acknowledged the three passports, and finally confessed that he had been for some time in the service of the French police. On the 12th, he was handed over to the police of Berne with his two travelling companions, Berthola and Migliari; and, on the 16th, an investigation was ordered, the result of which was the following report, which we here quote exactly, as an immortal testimony to the morality of monarchial governments.

"Conseil declares, that he has been in the service of the police of Paris since the beginning of last June. Immediately after Alibaud's attempt at murder, he was summoned to one of the offices of the minister of the interior. A secretary named Jacobin told him he must set out for Switzerland, where they were arresting political refugees to transport them through France to England. He told him that a letter should be written to the French embassy at Berne, pointing him out as an accomplice of Fieschi and Alibaud, in order to have him arrested and transported out of the territory; that by that means he would become acquainted with the Germans, French, and others who should be expelled; that he should seek to gain their friendship and confidence, so as to ascertain whether they were meditating any attack upon the

royal family of France; that if need were he should manage so as to be arrested and sent to England, in order to continue his mission in that country; and that it was expected he should make an exact report of everything he could learn. He was given the address of the under-secretary of the ministry of the interior. Thereupon a passport was given him in the name of Chéli Napoleon, and a sum of 450 francs (as police agent he drew a fixed salary of 300 francs a month, with 150 francs additional when sent on distant service). Directions were given him, at the same time, that immediately on arriving in Berne, he should go before the police and declare his real name, Auguste Conseil, adding that by a concatenation of unfortunate circumstances he had been implicated in the charges against Fieschi and Alibaud; that, after the prosecution against the latter, he had been forced to quit Paris to escape imprisonment; that he came to Switzerland in search of an asylum; that for this reason he requested a *permis de séjour* (license to reside); and that, furthermore, the means of existence were secured to him by his family, so that there was no danger of his becoming a burden to any one.

"On the 4th of July, Conseil took a place in the diligence from Paris to Berne for the next day, when he actually set out. On the 8th he was at Besançon, on the 9th at Neufchâtel; on the 10th, he arrived in Berne, where he remained until the 15th of August. He lodged, at first, at the Abbaye des Gentils Hommes, afterwards at the Croix Fédérale; he entered his name in the strangers' register as Napoleon Chéli.

"On the day of his arrival, the 10th, Chéli repaired at noon to the platform; it was Sunday, there was music, and the place was crowded. There he entered into conversation with the Italians, Boschi and Primavesi, whom he heard speaking his own language; he gave them immediately to understand that he was implicated in the affairs of Fieschi and Alibaud, a thing which, according to their declaration, excited their surprise, as coming from a man whom they saw for the first time. Conformably to the instructions given him in Paris, Conseil presented himself at the police-office of the town.

"The *permis de séjour* was refused him, and he was ordered to quit Berne.

"Notwithstanding this he continued to reside until the 22d in that capital, under pretext that he was waiting for funds for which he had applied to his relations. During his stay in Berne he frequently went to the Jews' tavern, situated in the Rue d'Aarberg, watched, as he says, the refugees, in accordance with the orders given him, had frequent interviews with the Roman count Berthola, and the Venetian Maxata, whom, according to the declaration of the two latter, he wished to persuade to enter the *Société des Familles* newly organized in Paris on the model of the *Société des Droits de l'Homme*, and for which he was endeavouring to procure members in Berne, most of whom should be students. Thus did he overstep the limit which separates the office of spy

from that of *agent provocateur* (instigator), a practice common enough with those who are once entangled in the bonds of depravity.

"During this time, Conseil confesses that he several times addressed reports to a Sieur Jacobin of Paris, from whom he alleges he received two replies, which were addressed to him, *poste restante*, by that person. These two replies, he tells us, are the mutilated letters, without address or signature, (the address appears to have been torn up,) which will be found with the other papers, and are in the following terms:

"No. 1. 'Accept all the proposals which shall be made to you by your fellow-countrymen. Give your address where you are to be, so that the correspondence may be continued.'

"'Paris, July 16, 1836.'

"No. 2. 'July 16, 1836.'—If they want to force you to quit Berne, learn among your friends where you can find a place to retire to in a neighbouring canton, where you cannot be molested, and where you will be among friends. If you are expelled from Switzerland, cast yourself on Providence.'

"Being annoyed by the police, Conseil quitted Berne on the 22d of July, passed the night in Neufchâtel, took post for Pontarlier the next day, and arrived at Besançon on the 24th. He wrote instantly to Paris for fresh instructions, which did not immediately arrive. As soon as they came, he went to the prefecture, where a new passport was delivered to him in the name of Napoleon Chéli, and one hundred and fifty francs in silver (for his inn charges and travelling expenses), with orders to repair to Berne by way of Morteau, Neufchâtel, and Locle, and to call for new instructions at the French embassy. On his objecting, that he had received orders in Paris not to set his foot within the doors of the embassy, he was told in reply, that counter orders had been received. He pointed out that quite a new passport might give rise to suspicions as to whether he was really a refugee, but no regard was paid to this observation.

"He immediately set out again, and arrived once more in Berne, on the 6th of August. On alighting at the Aarberg gate, he inquired where was the *Sauvage* inn; there he signed his name Correlli, in the strangers' register.

"Conseil had excited the suspicions of the refugees Migliari, Boschi, and Primavesi, who resolved secretly to search his trunk, and seize his papers. Conseil's arrival baffled this design, and a breakfast was appointed for the next day, August 7, at which Conseil was to be present. The intention of the refugees was to clear themselves in each other's eyes at this meeting, from the imputation of *espionnage*.

"On the night of the 6th of August, Conseil repaired, at a very late hour, to the French embassy. The following is his statement on this subject: 'On arriving at M. de Montebello's I told a servant to announce me; he desired my name, wanted to know my business, &c.; but as I insisted, I was introduced directly into a room on the ground floor, in which there was a party of ladies and gentlemen. The duke immediately came up to me and led me into a little cabinet, where I saw

a desk and papers. There I detailed to him the position in which I was, and the duke replied to me nearly in these words: 'Do you know that this position is an extremely bad one? What is to be done? The police are in search of you since I denounced you. You must quit Berne. I will give you a passport in another name, and you must try to escape.' The duke then sat down, told me to take a seat, and sent for his secretary. As the latter was not to be found, the duke told me to call on him again at five next morning. Upon my observing to him that a visit at so unusual an hour, might cause me to be detected, he changed his mind, and desired me to call the next day at nine in the evening, at the chancery of the embassy, where he would give me a fresh passport and money for my journey. The duke dismissed me with these words: 'I will give my first secretary the necessary orders, and he will arrange the affair with you.' Whereupon I went back to the *Sauvage*.

"On Sunday, August 7, at six in the morning, Berthola, Migliari, Boschi, Primavesi, and Conseil repaired to the appointed breakfast.

"Conseil was ordered to give up the key of his trunk, which he immediately threw on the table. Berthola took it up along with the passport, and it was determined that the party should go back to the Sauvage to examine Conseil's baggage.

"It was then, they say, that the examination of the trunk took place. If one of them is to be believed, they went so far as to search Conseil's person, on which they found seven or eight francs in silver. Berthola seized all the suspected papers to the number of ten, the same which were afterwards put into the hands of the Prefect of Nidau.

"At that moment Conseil renewed his avowals, and to give proof of his good intentions and his wish to repair his fault, he made known to his companions, that he was to go that same evening at nine to the secretaryship of the French embassy, to receive a new passport, money, and instructions, which he promised to communicate to them.

"At the hour appointed, Conseil, followed by Berthola and Migliari, who went with him to the Place de la Cathédrale, proceeded to the ambassador's chancery.

"'I found M. de Belleval there,' says Conseil; 'he exchanged some words with me, and said, among other things, 'Well, how shall we arrange the matter? it is an awkward one.' He then took a blank passport, filled it up in my presence, put his signature at the foot, and told me to add mine, which I did immediately. He had put the date of November 15, 1835, to the passport, which was made out in the name of François Hermann. He gave me also two hundred French francs in gold napoleons, with orders to quit Berne and go to other Swiss towns, where it would be easy for me to pass for a traveller, and to watch several refugees of different nations. The names of these refugees were in my pocket-book, in which I had written them down; but the leaves containing them, were destroyed by me at Nidau, where my pocket-book was not taken from me until the day after my arrest. The only names I remember are those of Mazzini, and the two brothers Ruffini.

"Immediately after this last confession (dated 26th of August), Conseil drew from his breast a paper he had contrived to conceal until then,

and which was no other than that just spoken of. It contains in two different handwritings several names of persons and places, among others:

"Rauschenplatt, Ruffini, due fratelli.

"Genevra, Duperey, Dumoler.

"A Zuriche, Gragne (doubtless Granier).

"A Lusana, M. de Ludre.

"A Interlachen, Chancel.

"A Bal Champagne, Liestal.

"According to Conseil's confession, the words *Rauschenplatt*, *de Ludre*, *Interlachen*, *Chancel*, were written by M. de Belleval. In the word *Duperey*, M. de Belleval changed the initial *S* written by Conseil into a *D* which now begins the word.

"Conseil ran immediately from the chancery of the embassy to the Ober Thor, where the four Italians were waiting for him, as had been agreed on. He made known to them the passport he had received in the name of François Hermann, commercial traveller of Strasburg, and the instructions he had received, naming to them the persons who had been pointed out to him: he spoke also to Berthola and Migliari of the money he had received, and showed it in gold pieces. After promising not to betray any of the Italians that had been named to him, Conseil returned into the town with the Italians, and following the advice of Berthola, instead of going to the *Sauvage*, he went to lodge at the *Cigogne*, where he enrolled himself in the strangers' register by the name of Hermann.

"Meanwhile, Migliari had resolved to disclose the purpose of Conseil's mission, and to make him publicly known as an agent of the French police.

"With this intention he bespoke at the post-office two places for Fribourg (whither he was to go again to get his papers for the journey he had previously projected), paid for them with a gold napoleon he had received for that purpose from Conseil, and wrote to M. Bandelier, formerly an *employé* in the *Jeune Suisse*, at Brienne, that he would bring some one on Wednesday, August 10, to Nidau. At noon he set out with the post. His companions waited for him at the Ober Thor, on the road, where Conseil got into the carriage.

"From that moment Migliari never lost sight of Conseil. He lodged in the same hotel, and passed the night on a bench placed before the door that separated his chamber from Conseil's, keeping watch to frustrate any attempt at escape which the latter might make."

What need we add to these overwhelming disclosures?

Meanwhile no reply except the *Conclusum* had been made to the too famous note of the Duc de Montebello; it was amidst the indignation and disgust excited by Conseil's affair that the diet began its deliberations on a draft of a reply concluded and summed up in these words: "The office of M. de Montebello does not sufficiently respect the legitimate susceptibilities of Switzerland, when it supposes a case in which she would be untrue to her international obligations. The confederation has shown by deeds that it knows its duties without being reminded of them, and fulfils them without being called on to do so.

But it likewise knows its rights, which its geographical position does not weaken. Accordingly, it cannot admit the pretension that others than itself should arrogate the right of doing *justice on the refugees who conspire in Switzerland, and of putting an end to the toleration she exercises.* The diet would repudiate, in the most energetic manner, such a violation of the federal sovereignty, confident in the rights of a sovereign and independent state, and in the support of the whole nation."

Such language would have been sufficient, strictly speaking, to protect the dignity of Switzerland, but for the previous adoption of the *Conclusum*. But after so deplorable an act of submission, what signified a few pompous phrases on the inviolability of a sovereign independent nation? The diet ought to have comprehended, that the recall of the ambassador who had insulted it was not too much to demand for the re-establishment of the old equality of honour between the two countries. But this it did not comprehend: for inane as it was, the draft was adopted by eighteen cantons. Three thought the reply too energetic! These were Uri, Unterwald, and Schwitz.

Again, if the *Conclusum* had not been rigorously executed! But on the 24th the Vorort enjoined all the cantons to expel the strangers who came under the scope of the first article. Orders were given to convey to the French frontiers the refugees Mazzini, Ruffini, Rauschenplatt, Peters, and Litzius; Harro Harring was arrested in Berne; Strohmeyer was sent to England, and Boschi found himself subjected to a decree of expulsion on mere suspicions, not *on proved facts.*

Thence a redoubling of threats, pushed to the degree of insolence, on the part of the northern powers. "We learn from authority to be relied on," said the *Augsburg Gazette*, "that the *troubles* of Switzerland have given occasion to a treaty between the powers of the east and west of Europe, who have chosen France as the exponent of their demands. . . . If the Helvetic diet does not accord with good grace *what diplomacy requires of it*, the most severe coercive measures will be taken against the confederation. The syndic Thomas has laid before the senate of our free town the plan of operations prepared." Such is the part the government of France was made to play in Europe six years after the revolution of 1830! Not thus had Napoleon dealt with Switzerland, of which he was almost the legislator, and which owed so much to the protection of his genius. But the time of great conceptions and of great men was passed away.

Here it is necessary to suspend the narrative we have begun, for we are close upon the fall of M. Thiers, under whose ministry the quarrel with Switzerland had commenced.

What was the share of responsibility resting on M. Thiers in this disastrous and shameful quarrel? The truth is, that he was not cognizant of the whole matter in all its bearings, as he afterwards distinctly declared. For instance, he was ignorant, he, the prime minister, of the utterly ignominious mission committed to the spy Conseil. But what he may with justice, and what he must be reproached with is, that he crushed Switzerland, a friendly country, a land of liberty; that he pre-

tended to take in a serious light pretexts, the falsehood of which his keen intelligence must have seen through; and that, in consequence, he leagued himself with the enterprises of absolute kings against the democratic principle.

It is true he repented of this in the end, but not until the affront put upon the eldest son of Louis Philippe by the court of Vienna made it clear and manifest how artificial were the caresses of M. de Metternich, and how invincible were his feelings of repugnance. M. Thiers then wished to retrace his steps up hill; a vain attempt! The state of things, such as he had contributed to make it, was stronger than he, and, as we shall see, bore him down.

It was the Spanish question which was to overthrow M. Thiers. Now the situation of the Peninsula, during the year 1836, had been as follows:

It was governed, in the beginning of 1836, by M. Mendizabal, a man of volcanic temperament, with a head full of schemes and expedients, a man unequalled in Spain for quick and shrewd apprehension, and boldness in enterprise, but who knew not how to make the most of his successes or of fortune; a brilliant adventurer, had he moved in a minor sphere, and in office an impassioned revolutionist. He combined, moreover, all those qualities that speak mightily to assembled bodies of men; tall stature, a glance of fire, a peremptory bearing, and such a proneness to emotion, that one day he even burst into a fit of sobbing in the very tribune.

To dazzle the minds of men by announcing the possession of a *secret* that would save Spain; to obtain a vote of confidence from the chamber of procuradores; to order, at all risks, a levy of a hundred thousand men; to direct discussion to a remodelling of the electoral law; to break down the first resistance of the Cortes amidst the cheers of the people; to set up the national estates for sale; to authorize the redemption of dues accruing to the religious communities; to decree the suppression of convents in Spain, the old country of the Inquisition; all this was for Mendizabal the business of a few months. On the matter of the suppression of convents, it is alleged, that having presented himself one evening to the regent Christina, he said to her, pulling out his watch, "Madame, couriers are in readiness on all the roads; they will set off in an hour if the regent deigns to approve of the measure I propose;" and in the contrary case he would have resigned. Christina signed the decree, that is to say, a whole revolution.

It was impossible but that such a minister should be hateful to the court of the Tuileries; the more so as the reforms attempted by him were completed in the very height of the strange alliance contracted by the French government with the absolutist courts. Thus, whilst M. de Rayneval, our ambassador at Madrid, was studying to damage Mendizabal in the opinion of the regent, pains were taken in Paris to have him thought guilty of selling himself to British interests. Nothing, however, that he had sacrificed to them was particularized; but appearances were made use of against him: he had lived long in England, was attended by an English servant, retained certain English

usages, and received muskets, ammunition, and money, from the court of St. James's, to fight against Don Carlos.

The court of the Tuileries had, besides, special motives for ruining the Spanish minister, which it is good to make known.

Mendizabal—and this was a deplorable inconsistency on his part—had brought with him into office, along with the desire of revolutionizing Spain, that of strengthening the foundations of the monarchy. But this latter consummation depended on the solution of three problems: it was necessary, first, to extinguish the civil war, at the same time preserving the throne from the too great popularity of a victorious general; next, to provide for the case in which the regency should become vacant before the majority of Isabella; and, thirdly, to anticipate the diplomatic difficulties which the marriage of the young queen could not fail to create. Mendizabal proposed secretly to Christina, to melt the three problems into one, by the *immediate* marriage of Isabella. In that case there would be no further cause to fear, on behalf of the monarchy, the ascendency of a triumphant general, since the supreme chief of the army would be the queen's husband; the regency becoming void, supreme authority would then be in the hands of a prince elevated above ambitious rivalry; and as for the matrimonial embarrassments to be avoided, the best course was not to give them time to arise, by settling the matter at once.

There remained the task of choosing a prince who should combine the various qualities required by the circumstances, viz.: military habits, in order that he might be able to put himself at the head of the troops; exalted birth, so that the sovereigns might not scruple to accept him; such a condition in Europe that his marriage might not excite an outbreak of the mutual jealousy of the principal powers; lastly, wealth, that he might not be reproached with having come into Spain to enrich himself. The prince who in Mendizabal's opinion united all these qualifications was the Duke of Leuchtemberg:* he did not hesitate to propose him to Christina.

The regent seemed to regard this plan with favour: but it could only be rendered successful by promptitude and secrecy in the means of its execution. Now M. de Rayneval was made acquainted with the scheme, and this was quite enough to defeat it. The Duke of Leuchtemberg had one insupperable defect in Louis Philippe's eyes, that of belonging to the Bonaparte family. Mendizabal had consequently alarmed a dynastic interest, and it was not long before he knew what influence was undermining his credit, what hands were preparing his fall. So then, that French intervention which he repudiated as a Spaniard and a revolutionist, Mendizabal was likewise interested as a minister in rejecting.

And yet how many fearful evils had civil war heaped on Spain since Mendizabal had taken office! In 1835, the Carlists had lost in Zumalacarreguy a man as competent to organize an army as to lead it against the enemy, an indomitable soldier, an experienced officer, a

* The same who has since married the eldest daughter of the Emperor of Russia.

hero. Yet great as was this loss for Don Carlos, the insurrection had kept its ground and gained more strength. Encamped, in 1836, in a territory more than thirty leagues in extent, comprised between the Pyrenees, the Arga, the Ebro, and the ocean, it occupied formidable inaccessible positions there, was backed by a compact mass of nearly forty thousand men, and radiated to a distance by means of bands under daring leaders, drunk with rage, strong in their audacity, activity, and cunning, and everywhere leaving bloody marks of their passage, in Catalonia, Lower Aragon, La Mancha, Old Castile, Galicia, and the Asturias. Accordingly, there were no pitched battles, but ceaselessly recurring attacks, ambuscades at every step, towns surprised, villages plundered, horrible acts of vengeance, incendiary fires, and butcheries. Cabrera's old mother, shot at Tortosa, and immediately avenged by the murder of eighty women whom Cabrera shot in his turn;—what more is wanting to portray the character of that bloody struggle in which a brave and unfortunate nation was desperately engaged! Had the arena even been circumscribed! But the excesses of armed brigandage that desolated the rural districts, were responded to by the savage howlings and frightful holocausts of insurrection in the towns. One shout was often sufficient to raise the multitude: Death to the Carlists! At Barcelona, for instance, on the night of January 4, 1836, the people ran by torch-light to the citadel, scaled the walls, massacred a hundred and twenty Carlist prisoners, threw Colonel O'Donnell from the ramparts, dragged his corpse about the streets at the end of a rope, and then burned it in the open square, with bellowings of frantic applause.

How were all these horrors to be cut short? How was Spain to escape from the bloody lists in which she had so long been turning? To those who were not afraid of the importance of counter-revolutionary ideas ripened in the court of France, the question was not dubious, and they loudly called for intervention. But on this point Mendizabal was not a man to bend. All he had made up his mind to sanction was the system of *translimitation*, intended solely to deprive Don Carlos of the succours transmitted to him by the northern powers; and we have stated the causes that induced M. Thiers to reject that system in his despatch of March 18, 1836.

About two months after the sending of that despatch, Mendizabal fell a victim to this mistaken belief, that the prosperity of a popular revolution was compatible with the consolidation of a monarchy; he fell under court intrigues, notwithstanding the support of the chamber of procuradores and the sympathy of the people. And it was Isturitz who governed Spain when M. Thiers endeavoured to renew by intervention that English alliance which he himself had broken off.

The opportunity seemed favourable. Gained over by Christina, Isturitz, on taking office, had put himself forward without scruple, as the adversary of his old friends, and of the principles he had till then upheld, as a deserter from the revolutionary cause; and, lastly, as a partisan of intervention. M. Thiers, in interfering in Spain, had no

longer, therefore, to fear either a collision with a hostile ministry, or the danger of giving aid to democratic ideas.

The foreign legion, composed of three thousand soldiers, had been formed and destined to succour the Peninsula. Thiers resolved to augment it to twelve thousand men, and thus to protect Christina in a more efficacious manner. To this end it was necessary to enrol picked soldiers in the legion, and to put it under the command of an officer of great energy and boldness. M. Thiers cast his eyes on M. Bugeaud, whose military qualifications he esteemed most highly, and on whose devotedness he relied. He wrote, therefore, to him to Africa, where that general had just won the battle of Sickah, and so adroitly set before him the advantages of the expedition committed to his zeal, that M. Bugeaud accepted the appointment, though it went much against his feelings to fight under a foreign cockade.

The king's consent was yet to be obtained, and Thiers had a very hard battle to fight with the monarch on this ground. But clearly foreseeing this resistance, he had managed to procure himself supporters in the royal family itself. The queen desired, though timidly, that Christina should not be left exposed to the chances of civil war; the Duc de Nemours had let himself be gradually overcome by the persuasive eloquence of M. Thiers; but of all the members of the royal family the one who most warmly supported the prime minister's policy was the Duc d'Orléans.

That prince, a mixture of good and bad qualities, was full of craft, but full also of valour. The interests of liberty gave him but slight concern, though with a dissimulation common to heirs-apparent, he affected some outward show of liberalism; but the interests of nationality held an enormous share in his thoughts and feelings. He was passionately fond of Military France, and abhorred Europe. Accordingly, no one took more pleasure than he in the manœuvres of camps, and in the government of the army. He entered readily into familiarity with the soldier, accommodating himself with a cleverly assumed appearance of heartiness to the habits of army life, gaining good will by the freedom of his language, and the bluntness of his demeanour, attentive to the grumblings of the barracks, and a skilful fisher for the favour of military men. Thus he made his preparations for a reign which he intended to devote to stormy issues. For, the disdain with which his family had been treated by the great courts; the insolent language in which they indulged against it; his sisters doomed to desire husbands and to wait for them; the humiliating refusals he had himself endured; all this rankled in his breast. His pride as a young man and a prince revolted against affronts, to which his father's prudent philosophy submitted with resignation.

The struggle began then between the king and M. Thiers, backed by the Duc d'Orléans. It was long and obstinate, and Thiers spoke at last of resigning.

The king, who possessed a rare sagacity when his decision was required in small matters, possessed in other respects no administrative knowledge. No one had a mind less capable of generalization, and yet,

strange to tell, he had no idea whatever of practical details. Seeing the fruitlessness of the attempts made by Christina's agents to recruit auxiliaries in France, he fancied that it would not be found possible to march nine thousand volunteers across the Pyrenees, and it was with this expectation that he at last consented to let his minister take his course. Thiers instantly set to work. Applications were made to the regiments forming the corps of observation sent to the Pyrenees under General Harispe; a call was addressed to such as were well inclined; and such was the warlike impatience of the soldier, that in a short space of time the auxiliary legion was organised and ready for action. They were superb troops, full of ardour, intoxicated with confidence, and there was reason to expect everything of their courage.

The king had not looked for this result; it alarmed and disconcerted him. But his uneasiness redoubled when he learned that General Bugeaud was disposed to take the command of the legion; for he had a misgiving of the military impetuosity of the general, whom he disliked for his rude and arrogant manners.

Meanwhile, Spain was in a state of extremity, and party rancour, superexcited by a continual state of troubles, had assumed there a character of fanatic exaltation more and more dangerous. What was to be the fate of the revolution in that country? The cabinet of St. James's ceased not to insist on the fulfilment of the Quadruple Treaty. Christina sent a monk in disguise to M. Thiers, soliciting aid, and promising the hand of Isabella to the Duke d'Aumale.

But the king still resisted. The offer of the crown of Spain for one of his sons tempted him little: he would never have consented for the sake of aggrandising his family, to alarm the great courts, which he was determined to keep quiet at all cost. Besides, he thought, or appeared to think, that in order to maintain a footing in Spain it was necessary that the French influence there should be more carefully masked. According to him a French prince on the throne of Spain would have given too much umbrage to the Spanish people, and this view was not without truth. As for the danger to which the Spanish revolution was exposed, the king was not the man who, for the sake of saving it, would sacrifice his pacific system and the good-will of the continent.

A ministerial crisis was approaching; it was inevitable. However, as the king valued the services of M. Thiers, who shared his own notions and repugnances in matters of home politics, he made some efforts to keep that minister in office, by making him yield.

M. de Talleyrand was then in France, where he was dragging out an useless old age. He had completely enthralled himself to the king, who had contrived to win upon him by flattering his servile vanity, and by standing, for instance, before the arm-chair in which he insisted that the lame diplomatist should remain seated, on account of his infirmity. It was M. de Talleyrand whom the king employed to bring M. Thiers over; but it was a cause which the very history of the negotiator's life rendered very difficult to plead. "What!" said M. Thiers to the Prince de Talleyrand, "it is you, the signer of the Quadruple Alliance Treaty, who urge me to trample on its clauses! It is you, first ambassador of

the revolution of July to London, who seek to withdraw me from England, and to connect me with the continent!"

The negotiation failed therefore, and secret steps were taken for the formation of a new cabinet, after all the means of seduction had been in vain exhausted on M. Thiers. For Louis Philippe liked in him the creature of the *régime* inaugurated in 1830, the new man, and he had never much taste for ministers who had served another government besides his own. Thus, strange as it may seem, what he most disliked in M. Guizot was his journey to Ghent. He reproached him, in fact, with not being sufficiently *blue*, and he has been known more than once to say: "M. Guizot discolours me."

To him, nevertheless, he resolved to turn.

Unfortunately, M. Guizot had for friend and for necessary colleague the Duc de Broglie, whom the court would not have at any price. To part those two men became the grand business of the moment. M. Guizot found himself surrounded with assiduous and flattering attentions. To him thenceforth belonged the glory of securing the policy of the 11th of October, by the maintenance of peace; but to fit himself for properly fulfilling so high a destiny he ought to have the courage to sacrifice his personal affections to the good of the state, by separating from M. de Broglie, a stiff, proud man, whom the diplomatic body did not like, and who was capable of putting everything in jeopardy. M. Guizot held out for some time. Besides that he was called on to lower himself in his own eyes by a sort of treachery not exempt from ingratitude, he felt plainly that he was about to commit a blunder, and to deprive himself for ever of a support, without which he could never fill office with more than subaltern authority. His impatient ambition at last prevailed, and the king had the satisfaction of hearing him say one day: "From this moment your majesty may consider me as free." This was a great victory for the Château, and care was taken to make it complete. M. Guizot, in separating from M. de Broglie, whom he liked, had consented to be minister under the presidence of M. Molé, whom he disliked. More than this was effected. M. de Montalivet was sounded, still in secret, and was easily prevailed on to second the views of the court. The colleague of M. Thiers, to whom he had given a right to reckon upon him, he held himself in readiness to abandon him and take office by his rival's side, when the proper time should arrive. Thus the cabinet led by M. Thiers was undermined some time before its fall, and the court became so much the more intractable, knowing that it could not be taken unawares or unprovided.

Things were in this state when news arrived of a great event in Spain.

At the time of Mendizabal's fall, the insurrection of Navarre was suffocating within a circle of 100,000 bayonets. But that perilous situation had been of short duration. Villareal, the Count de Casa Eguia's successor in the command of the Carlist army, lost no time in baffling the plans of Cordova, the commander-in-chief of the enemy's forces; and whilst the latter was hurrying to Madrid to take part in the cabals fomented by a new ministry, the Carlist general, Gomez, fol-

lowed by 5000 intrepid adventurers, was breaking down the line of blockade towards Balmaceda. There was something sparkling in the expedition of Gomez. Pressed on by Espartero, who panted in his track, he overran with the rapidity of lightning the Asturias, Galicia, and the mountains of Leon, crossing rivers, escaping from the combined movements of Generals Manso, Latre, and de la Puente, traversing the capitals with victorious steps, levying contributions, and everywhere scattering terror and the seeds of revolt. During this time, another corps was invading the province of Soria; Cabrera and Serrador were extending their ravages on all sides; the English general, Evans, was rapidly withdrawing from Fontarabia which he had threatened, and withdrawing in a panic; Cordova, now returned to the camp, was bustling about in impotent restlessness; Carlism, in a word, seemed already lifting itself up before Madrid like a bloody, inevitable phantom. And, as a climax of evils, the Isturitz ministry, pushing the counter-revolution to extremes, was setting men's passions on fire. Then Spain distracted, exasperated, and palpitating, was seized all at once with a fearful movement. At Malaga, a junta was formed over the still warm corpses of the Count de Donadio, and M. San Just, who had been mercilessly butchered. Cadiz, Xeres, the Isle of Leon Seville, Cordova, Saragossa, Badajoz, Valencia, Carthagena, Lorca, Alicante, Murcia, rose by a common impulse. From one end of the Peninsula to the other, one cry resounded: the constitution of 1812 was proclaimed, that democratic constitution formerly voted under the invader's fire, and on a rock, the last refuge of Spanish freedom.

Amidst this immense tempest the city of Madrid alone remained silent and unmoved. Subjected to martial law, it seemed to tremble under the hand of General Quesada, who was encompassed with the insignia of a bloody dictatorship. Suddenly, at some distance from the town, almost at the gates of La Granja, the palace inhabited by the queen, the regiment of provincial militia put itself in march, singing Riego's hymn. This was on the 12th of August, 1836, at eight in the evening. The soldiers of the fourth regiment of the guard, swelled the mass of the military sedition. A few minutes afterwards, some sergeants forced their way into Christina's apartment, and at their dictation, and under their eyes, the regent signed a paper containing these words: "The queen authorises General San Roman to permit the swearing of the constitution until the meeting of the Cortes." Less than this would have been enough to produce an explosion in Madrid. In vain the ministry prepared to make a furious resistance; in vain Quesada ran through the streets, sword in hand, with threatening and indomitable aspect: the revolt had fully infected the city; a boding murmur rose from the Porto del Sol, the usual focus of disturbance; from hour to hour the commotion of the mob increased—the ministry could not but fall. Calatrava was named president of the council of ministers, and General Seoane, captain-general of New Castile. It was in the very house of the latter that Isturitz concealed himself from the pursuit of the vindictive populace. General Quesada, less fortunate, had left Madrid, and proceeded towards the village of Hortaleza. He was re-

cognised by a scar on his face, and his flight having been announced in Madrid, General Seoane instantly despatched horsemen to protect him. They arrived too late; outstripped by some frantic men, they found only a lifeless body, with which they hastened to Madrid, to hawk about its gory fragments.

Such was the news brought to the Tuileries. The king made use of it against M. Thiers. Was it possible to succour a government that had sprung out of such a revolt? Was it decent to employ the monarchical sword of France in the service of the corporals who had vanquished Christina? M. Thiers might have replied to the king, that the insurrection of La Granja proved peremptorily how urgently necessary it was to extirpate civil war in Spain; that it was by civil war that the fury of parties was kindled and kept glowing; that it was from the prolongation of these dismal disorders that the enemies of Christina derived boldness enough to declare their intentions, and to lay their hands on her crown; in a word, that to abandon Spain to herself was to dig her a grave between anarchy and war. M. Thiers chose rather to admit that the scenes of which Spain had just been the theatre called for adjournment. He desired only that the auxiliaries assembled at Pau should not cross the Pyrenees until the situation of Spain should be more distinctly defined.

Things were in this position when it was learned, that on arriving on the 12th of August, 1836, at Pampeluna, to take command of the foreign legion, General Lebeau had published an order of the day in which, after saying, "honoured by the King of the French with the command of the foreign and French legions in the service of Spain," he added, "I precede numerous auxiliaries whom France in her alliance with Spain, is sending in addition for her service. The month will not have elapsed before their arrival." General Lebeau was assuredly authorized by circumstances to hold this language, especially at the moment of entering on a campaign, and almost under the enemy's fire. He was disavowed, nevertheless, and that by a few lines inserted in the *Moniteur*, contrary to the wishes of the president of the council. Then came the question, what was to be done with the auxiliaries assembled at Pau. According to MM. Thiers, Passy, Duperré, Maison, Sauzet, and Pelet de la Lozère, the corps ought to be kept together until a clear insight into events should be obtained. The king, on the contrary, was for dissolving it. There was the knotty point of the difficulty.

Thiers felt plainly that he was tottering; but wishing to make a last effort, he assembled his colleagues. Until then, he had proceeded in harmony with them; and in spite of numerous warnings, and foretokens of many kinds, he flattered himself to the last moment that M. Montalivet's support would not fail him. He was, therefore, equally surprised and irritated when he heard Montalivet declare firmly in favour of the king's system. Giving way to his anger, he said, in a passionate voice, "And pray, sir, who has taught you this lesson? You did not know it so well eight days ago." Montalivet retorted haughtily, and Thiers replied, "Well then, let us go to the king, he will explain himself." In the king's presence Thiers continued the dispute, and had

the satisfaction to find himself strongly supported by Marshal Maison. The marshal was not in favour of intervention in Spain, but he thought that since France was engaged by a treaty, the honour of her signature ought to be preserved. He spoke to this effect with a firmness and a military frankness, that affected the king without persuading him. From that moment the cabinet of the 22d of February was dissolved.

M. Thiers, on quitting office, had serious grounds for self-accusation. The scandalous occupation of Cracow long endured; the advances of Metternich lightly accepted; England dissatisfied by the despatch of March 18; Switzerland odiously persecuted in the name and for the benefit of the most cruel enemies of the French revolution; here were unquestionable capital faults, faults worthy of everlasting reprehension. The honourable portion of M. Thiers' administration, is that which relates to his efforts on behalf of Spain. Here he showed not only firmness, but lofty and courageous disinterestedness. It was not, it is true, the cause of real democracy he proposed to support beyond the Pyrenees; but it would not be just to charge upon his character and conduct what was but an error of opinion.

It was without regret he surrendered that power, the enjoyment of which had been greatly embittered for him by certain influences not easily to be overcome. He had involved himself in the Swiss business, because he had been given to understand that at that price he should have the intervention in Spain conceded to him, and he had found his expectations disappointed; he had supposed that nothing would be kept secret from him, and the affair of the spy Conseil had shown him that there was another police besides that belonging to the ministry: what grounds for disgust! Attacked by the press, battled against by the king, goaded by England, deceived by the other cabinets of Europe, it was natural that he should be wearied out. So he turned his eyes towards Italy, whither his lively imagination invited him, and where he wished for some months to forget the vexations of politics. But when he found the negotiations for the formation of a new cabinet tediously prolonged, he expressed his displeasure, and dreaded lest during the ministerial interregnum there should happen in Spain some disaster of a nature to involve his responsibility. According to the king, it was a minister's duty to remain in office until a successor should have been found for him; but to this M. Thiers replied very justly that if he was left the responsibility of office, he ought also to exercise its functions, and that it was competent to him, so long as he was not superseded, to march an army into Spain if he thought fit.

The king, fearing some self-willed act on the part of M. Thiers, pressed forward the negotiation, and at last made known its result. But not wishing to make an enemy of a man who had just been minister, he commanded the attendance of M. Thiers, received him at Neuilly with lavish marks of regard, and let fall by design some apparently casual expressions that seemed to hold out to him the prospect of a return to office. M. Thiers took leave of the monarch and the queen and set out for Italy, leaving to his successors an authority without in-

dependence, and honours which were in the end to prove only a pompous servitude.

CHAPTER V.

It was on the 6th of September, 1836, that the king signed the ordonnances appointing a new cabinet. These ordonnances bestowed the *presidency of the council and the ministry of foreign affairs* on M. Molé; *justice and public worship* on M. Persil; *the interior* on M. Gasparin; *marine* on M. de Rosamel; *finance* on M. Duchâtel; and *public instruction* on M. Guizot. Some days afterwards, Lieutenant-general Bernard having been named minister of war, and M. Martin (du Nord) minister of commerce and public works, the ministry was completed.

People were generally surprised at not seeing in it the name of M. de Montalivet. It was, indeed, singular that that person had derived no benefit from his disagreement with M. Thiers, and from a rupture in which the king had been so much interested! But M. Montalivet was strongly bent on having the *portefeuille* of the interior, which was one much too important not to be coveted by a man like M. Guizot. Thence arose a disagreement to which Montalivet was sacrificed.

It was not that M. Guizot desired the ministry of the interior for himself. Earnestly pressed to accept it, both by M. Duvergier de Hauranne, and by the leaders of the doctrinaire party, he had constantly refused to do so; but it was his purpose to occupy it through one of his creatures: he applied for and obtained it for M. Gasparin, of whom he was sure. For it pleased this proud man to rule the cabinet in a secondary position.

Among the foremost of the difficulties bequeathed by Thiers to the new ministry, Molé found the Swiss question.

We have made known the reply of the diet to the note of M. de Montebello; but after the arrest and confession of Conseil it was impossible that Switzerland should confine herself to a timid protest. On the 9th of September, 1836, there was read before the diet a report on the affair of Conseil, drawn up by MM. Monard, dan Keller (the one already cited), which contained these words: "Let what will be thought of the employment of spies by governments and embassies; let it be held to be true or false that the limit between what is allowable, and what is not so, is not marked out for diplomacy and police in accordance with the ideas of ordinary men as to honour and probity; nevertheless, we shall never be able to persuade ourselves that acts like those here in question, that fraud and forgery which in all countries of the world are designated crimes, and are abandoned to public contempt, are ordinary and every-day acts when they emanate from diplomacy, whose high mission it is to draw together and unite nations. The honour of the Confederation does not allow of its silently enduring such conduct. And all this has taken place in Switzerland in the name of France and

of her king! and these facts have given occasion to a judicial inquiry. The honour of France and that of her king are alike compromised. But France and her king do not fabricate false passports; France and her king do not commit crimes, and they have not ordered any one to commit them in their name; and any one who dared to commit them in their name would have ceased to act as their representative. . . . They must be made aware of the truth. . . . May it please the high Diet to instruct the Vorort to inform, through the Swiss chargé-d'affairs at Paris, or any other sure channel, the King of the French and his government of the real state of the affair, and to join to that communication certified copies of the documentary evidence."

Terrible as were such conclusions from their veiled meaning, M. Bruggiser, deputy of Argau, opposed them as tame and feeble, M. de Chambrier, on the contrary, declared them excessively offensive and full of danger. After a very animated discussion ten states only — the requisite majority was twelve—pronounced for the report. Several cantons had called for the *referendum*.* But the cantons of Fribourg and St. Gall having, without delay, given their adhesion to the conclusions, the federal directory had to think of executing the decision of the diet.

Who would believe it? M. Molé was deceived respecting this disgraceful affair of Conseil just as M. Thiers had been. He made inquiries of those who were most competent to enlighten him, and *he did not learn all.* A significant smile of M. Appony's having subsequently caused him strange suspicions, he at last became aware of the truth; but the mischief was already done; a scandalous iniquity had already been perpetrated against Switzerland. Confident, in fact, that there was no truth in the spying mission attributed to Conseil, and that the report adopted by the diet was but the result of a plot laid by the refugees to ruin the French ambassador, Molé had not hesitated to strike at Switzerland; and, on the 27th of September, 1836, he addressed a note to the federal directory breaking off all diplomatic relations between Switzerland and France.

The note of the 27th of September, acknowledged in the first place—an avowal singularly imprudent — that France was not directly implicated in the discussion that had arisen. Then came violent attacks upon the internal régime of Switzerland, which was represented as under the sway of insensate conspirators. The affair of Conseil was regarded in the note merely as a plot got up against the ambassador of France. It concluded thus: "France believes firmly, that Switzerland will lose no time in rediscovering, in her reminiscences, in her interests well understood, in her real interests, motives that will preserve her from the dangers to which she is exposed by a handful of foreign conspirators. Should it unfortunately prove otherwise, strong in the justice of her cause, France will hearken only to her offended dignity, and will then decide alone on the measures she must take to obtain just satisfaction. Lastly, she will know how, without compromising the peace of the world, to show that she will never leave an outrage unpunished."

* That is to say, an adjournment in order to receive the commands of the constituents.

This was placing Switzerland between the shame of a reparation and the disasters of a commercial blockade.

It would be hard to express how painfully astonished was the sensitive portion of the French people; and as for Switzerland, a cry of malediction burst from the depths of its most peaceful valleys. What! they had begun by addressing to the diet injunctions manifestly contrary to the law of nations, derogatory to the principle of the sovereignty of the states; then, in order to quicken those same plots which the federal government was accused of having too long tolerated, they sent a vile spy, an instigator, to Berne. And when, after a minute judicial investigation, Switzerland made complaints, and offered proofs, it was with violence they replied to her, and they blushed not to insist on her asking pardon for the insults they had inflicted upon her! Switzerland was too weak to withstand the power of France:—the more reason why France should acknowledge herself in the wrong; for there was double honour in yielding with justice against one, and might on one's side. To the effect of language like this, disseminated among the people, was added the agitation produced and kept up by the discussions in the political assemblies. "What power," exclaimed M. Stettler, in the great council of Berne, "what power is it that insults us? That one for which we have shed blood enough to redden the Rhine from its source to the sea." The journals, too, inveighed vehemently. M. Gaullieur lavished encouragement, in the *Nouvelliste Vaudois*, on those of the deputies, such as Baumgartner and Bruggiser, who bravely stood forth to shield with their own persons the honour of their country; and he was unceasing in his attacks on those who evinced a less lofty punctiliousness: De Chambrier (of Neufchâtel), Schmid (of Uri), Burckhardt (of Bâle). "It is remarked," said the *Fédéral*, "that among the members of the French administration, there are actually three ministers brought up in Switzerland, or by Swiss: MM. Guizot, Gasparin, and Duchâtel; one functionary sprung from a Swiss family, M. Delessert; and the president of the council, M. Molé, who, during the emigration, came to Switzerland to seek an asylum, and obtained it; not to mention his Majesty, Louis Philippe I., who more than once has boasted of the hospitality the Duc de Chartres received in Switzerland." Thus everything seemed to concur to precipitate the rupture, and even to render it terrible. Some persons remarked that the commercial blockade would, after all, be no less disastrous to France than to Switzerland; they proved, by unanswerable calculations, that it would entail on French commerce a loss of more than forty millions of francs; and they pointed to the intensely anxious and nervous condition of the towns of Marseilles and Lyons. Others, anticipating war, recalled to the minds of their fellow-citizens a long past history of martial heroism: the Burgundian flying along the blood-stained Granson road, with the trumpet of Uri and the horns of Lucerne pealing in his rear; a peasant of the victorious cantons trying on his head, upon the field of battle, the hat of the rival of Louis XI.; the charnel-house of Morat, and that frozen pond in which the house of Burgundy was sunk, in the person of Charles the Bold.

At the same time preparation for resistance was made in acts and deeds. A national subscription was opened in favour of the citizens against whom the Duke de Montebello's manifesto was levelled. And that it might be clearly evinced, that in the eyes of the Swiss, the French nation was not implicated in the faults of its government, there was circulated in the canton of Vaud an address conceived in these terms:

"Frenchmen of July, you are about to make war on us, on us who are united to you by six centuries of brotherhood, on us who have hailed with enthusiasm your glorious revolution, who have given asylum to your proscribed, who have mingled our blood with yours in battle. And what is our crime? That of having shaken off the yoke of a faction that was laying our old independence at the feet of the monarchs of Europe; of having torn the veil that covered infamous and audacious schemes! An inexcusable crime, for the expiation of which we are challenged to a sacrilegious combat! But God is just; he will give us courage and strength, if your soldiers are hurried against us. With what grief should we shed their blood! Ah! may they at least remember, should fortune deliver to them any portion of our territory, that the men against whom they are impelled, are their brethren, and that they ought to redeem by their humanity this unjust and cruel war."

But amidst all this vast commotion, the government of Berne showed only indecision and dismay. The resistance party was there represented only by M. Stockmar. The avoyer, Tscharner, was for submission; M. de Tavel advised that recourse should be had to the mediation of England. Some voices were shamefully raised against the prefect of Nidau, who had arrested Conseil; against MM. Bille and Luft, who, in obedience to superior orders, had conducted the proceedings against the spy. Lastly, that the measure of humiliation might be full, the council of state of the canton of Vaud did not hesitate to prosecute the *Nouvelliste Vaudois*, at the request of the French ambassador, and to please a government which, not content with keeping Switzerland blockaded, suspended the payment of interest on stock due by France to Swiss. The *Nouvelliste Vaudois* had spoken of *the deserter of Fumars*, of the *apostate of the Hôtel-de-ville*, and M. Montebello founded his complaint on the assumption, that the journal had designated Louis Philippe by these expressions. As it was feared that the condemnation of the journal would not be carried to the length of imprisoning the editor, the legal functionaries of Lausanne caused M. Gaullieur to be arrested *preventively*, on the pretence that he had not furnished the extraordinary recognisances required in such cases. The event proved that the functionaries of Lausanne had done well to hasten the accomplishment of the vengeance of which they made themselves the instruments, for M. Gaullieur was sentenced only to a slight fine. The judgment of the court was given in terms of rude and insulting flippancy, and contained these words: "Seeing, that although the King of the French was not designated by name in the incriminated article, there was no mistaking him in the expressions *deserter* and *apostate;* seeing, especially as to the former, that according to the

History of the French Revolution, by M. Thiers, the Duke of Orleans was the only general officer who passed over with Dumouriez into the enemy's camp," &c.

An extraordinary diet had been convoked. It assembled on the 17th of October, 1836, and the perilous honour of preparing a reply to the ultimatum of M. de Montebello, was intrusted to a commission consisting of seven members: Tscharner, Monnard, Keller, Amrhyn, Kern, Nagel, and Maillardoz. From the labours of this commission, there soon emanated three drafts of reply, all three devoid of energy, and presented, the first by the majority of the commission, the second by M. Tscharner, the third by M. Maillardoz. The discussion took place with closed doors, and it was not until after several stormy sittings, that the diet put together a definitive reply out of the three different drafts. In that document Switzerland formally retracted its previous decisions, and declared, that the diet had in no wise intended to offend the French government, in deciding that the documents in Conseil's affair should be sent to it. Thus the bad cause triumphed, both by the violence of the stronger party, and the pusillanimity of the weaker: sad consummation of so many scandals.

Now, on the very eve of the day when the diet so far forgot what was due to the dignity of a republic, the following statement was put forth (doubtless with the intention of conveying a side-wind insult) in the *Augsburg Gazette*, the organ of the chanceries, published under the control of the censorship: "The small republic of San Marino, which makes so little noise in the political world, wrote a letter of congratulation to Louis Philippe, on the occasion of Alibaud's criminal attempt. The monarch replied, in very gracious terms, that the republic of San Marino might be assured of the continuance of his good will; but that, to merit the same, it would do well to remove out of its territories eight refugees who had been received there. The letter mentioned, among other individuals to be expelled, Doctor Bergonzi, of Modena. The gonfaloniere replied, in the name of the republic, that the request of the King of the French could not be complied with, and the refugees specified had won the esteem of the citizens of the republic to such a degree, that the latter would not hesitate to oppose their expulsion, even by force. It is to be observed, that France has taken the initiative in this demand, and that hitherto no similar insinuation has reached San Marino on the part of any other power."

The French government having intimated to Switzerland that it was satisfied, the quarrel was thus appeased; but a bitter and legitimate resentment remained in the hearts of the Swiss. And Austria had the double satisfaction of having created new enemies to the monarchy of July, and of having humbled it in the face of the world, to the extent of arming against the democratic principle, on behalf of the interests, animosities, and jealousies of the old despotisms.

Meanwhile, a plot was in hand, which was to cause much surprise and agitation in France. Of the two sons of the ex-king of Holland, Napoleon's brother, the elder, we have seen, had perished in the Italian troubles, by a death as mysterious as premature. The young one had

retired to Switzerland, where he applied himself unceasingly to the preparation of projects that flattered his pride, and responded to the most earnest aspirations of his soul. Nephew to him whom France called the Emperor, the Emperor *par excellence* (Imperator), and condemned to the vexations of an obscure youth; having to avenge his proscribed kindred, while himself exiled by an unjust law from a country he loved, and of which it might be said, without exaggeration, that Napoleon still covered it with his shadow,—Louis Bonaparte believed himself destined at once to uphold the honour of his name, to punish the persecutors of his family, and to open to his disgraced country some way to glory.

Furthermore, though he put himself forward as a pretender to the crown, democracy appeared to him too formidable a power to allow of his thinking himself free from the necessity of reckoning with it. His design, therefore, was to make trial of the prestige of his name to overthrow the Orleans dynasty, after which he would convoke the people, consult, and obey it.

Nothing is more certain than that this respect for the principle of the sovereignty of the people was perfectly sincere and honest on the part of the young prince; but the hopes with which he flattered his ambition were not the less grand on that account. Heir to the imperial tradition, might he not be the choice of the people, especially when he should appear surrounded with the lustre of a successful revolt? Louis Bonaparte made no doubt of this, being well assured, that in times of ignorance and uncertainty, every revolution is accomplished according to the programme, adopts the flag with which it has been begun, and easily turns to the profit of the provisional government which presents itself the day after the fight.

Had he been better prompted and more magnanimous, he would have sought glory in absolute disinterestedness, and he would, perhaps, have found success. But the education which princes receive does not dispose them to such lofty thoughts.

Be this as it may, the enterprise was hazardous, and the prince, who had conceived it, did not yet possess all he was afterwards to derive from the lessons of adverse fortune.

To know how to command one's own heart, to be insensible and patient, to care for nothing but the end in view, to dissemble; not to expend one's daring on mere projects, but to reserve it wholly for action; to urge men to devotedness without putting too much faith in it; to traffic with baseness whilst seeing through it; to despise men; to seem strong in order to become so; and to make oneself creatures less through gratitude which wearies zeal, than through hope which stimulates it: such is, in the egotist and vulgar meaning of the phrase, the genius of the ambitious. Now, Prince Louis Bonaparte possessed scarcely any of its constituent elements, whether good or evil. His easily moved sensibility exposed him unarmed to the spurious officiousness of subalterns. Through haste or good-nature, he sometimes erred in his judgment of men. The impetuosity of his wishes deceived him or hurried him away. Endowed with a straightforwardness injurious to his designs, he exhibited, in rare combination, the elevation of soul that

loves the truth, and the weakness of which flatterers take advantage. He was prodigal of himself to augment the number of his partisans. He possessed, in a word, neither the art of husbanding his resources, nor that of dexterously exaggerating their importance. But, on the other hand, he was generous, enterprising, prompt in military exercises, and the uniform sat upon him with a manly grace. There was no braver officer, no more gallant cavalier. Though the expression of his countenance was gentle, rather than energetic and imperious, though there was an habitual languor in his looks, often dashed with thought, no doubt the soldier would have loved him for his frank bearing, his honest and hearty speech, his small figure resembling his uncle's, and the imperial lightning which the passion of the moment kindled in his blue eye. What a name, too, was his!

Accordingly, it was his wish to make the army his main support; and it was in order to make himself known to it that he had published, under the title of *Manuel d'Artillerie*, a work in which the results of the highest science were set forth in a firm, clear, and precise style.

But how was victory to be won without the co-operation of the people? And when won, how was it to be maintained without the consent of the bourgeoisie? Brought up in exile, and not knowing his own country, Louis Bonaparte persuaded himself that in the memory of the bourgeoisie the Empire was connected only with the Revolution held in check, order restored, the civil code established. As for the people, he thought no more would be requisite to fascinate it than the sight of the eagle on the standards, and the sound of the trumpets. A double mistake! What the bourgeoisie, addicted to the arts of peace, remembered best in the history of Napoleon was his despotism coloured by war; and the most intelligent among the people, those whose beck the rest followed, well knew that if Napoleon had sowed the seeds of democracy in Europe by conquest, he had left nothing undone to stifle them in France.

Continue the emperor! But it was because his work was ended, his mission exhausted, that he was left to die on that rock where, as Chateaubriand said, he was visible from the whole surface of the earth.

And then if Louis Bonaparte desired to please the bourgeois class in France, he would be irresistibly constrained to forego his warlike ideas. In that case, what had he to offer to the army? what to the people? The continuation of Napoleon's work, war excepted, would have been, there was reason to fear, the imperial despotism without the imperial triumphs, courtiers over our heads with no Europe at our feet, a great name without a great man, the Empire without the Emperor.

Louis Bonaparte, however, was in haste to be doing. By means of trusty agents, he sounded the dispositions of the troops and their officers, entered into communication with important personages, and obtained information as to the position of parties. The result of his investigation was neither quite favourable nor quite discouraging: there were germs of fermentation in the army; no doubt it was attached by recollections to Napoleon; some of the commanding officers promised their swords, but that only for the day when the first victory should have been already

won; and the persons of note to whom overtures had been made, showed themselves well disposed rather than hostile. As for the republican party, the only one Louis Bonaparte feared, and was resolved to court, was it not reduced to the necessity of postponing its hopes for want of a name and a leader? The young prince flattered himself with this belief on the strength of some words of Armand Carrel, which had been reported to him, and the scope of which his illusions exaggerated.

He quitted, therefore, the château of Arenenberg, and escaping from the gentle bonds which the vigilant fears of a fond mother had cast around him, he repaired to the waters of Baden-Baden, a place he found suitable to his purpose, from its vicinity to Alsace, and from the opportunity it afforded him of covering his ambitious views under the mask of pleasure.

It was there the principal arrangements of the plot were made, and there the prince gained the co-operation of Colonel Vaudrey, who commanded the 4th regiment of artillery in Strasbourg; a valuable acquisition for Louis Bonaparte, since Strasbourg stood in the foreground of the plan he had sketched.

That plan was bold, and well understood. The Alsacian democrats were first to be gained over, by holding out to them a prospect of a fair convocation of the people, the garrison of Strasbourg was to be captivated by the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" the citizens were to be summoned to liberty, the young men of the schools to arms, the ramparts were to be entrusted to the keeping of the national guards, and then the prince was to march at the head of the soldiers to Paris. And then the pictures that naturally presented themselves to the mind of Louis Bonaparte, were towns surprised, garrisons carried along with the movement, young men eagerly enlisting among his adventurous followers, old soldiers quitting the plough from all quarters, to salute the eagle on its way, amidst acclamations, caught up by echo after echo all along the roads, and the bitter recollections of the invasion, the proud ones of the great wars, reviving in every spot of the Vosges, Lorraine, and Champagne.

What could the government do then? Would it shut itself up in the capital, amidst the increasing agitation of the faubourgs? Or would it advance into the open country, with the troops that serve commonly to keep the capital in order, and trust itself to their dubious fidelity, leaving Paris in revolt behind it? In either case, the state of things would be terrible for it.

But a decisive blow was to be struck in Strasbourg. Louis Bonaparte had formed arrangements there; and he went in secret to judge personally of the state of things in the town, convoke his friends, and hear their opinions. These disappointed him. He found men undecided, though strongly devoted to his uncle's memory, and with but a half faith in success; and he recrossed the Rhine, with some misgivings of mind. But men do not readily renounce hopes so dear to them. Besides, the prince was surrounded by persons who urged him on, because they played upon the chances of fortune.

The department of Bas Rhin was commanded at this period by an old soldier of the empire, Lieutenant-general Voirol. Louis Bonaparte had counted on him, and had requested a meeting with him, in an affectionate and pressing letter. The general forbore to take a step which could not but compromise him; and he even thought it his duty to speak to M. Choppin d'Arnouville, prefect of Strasbourg, of the projects that seemed to him to be entertained on the very frontiers of France. The prefect replied—according to the subsequent declaration of General Voirol—that he had an agent about the person of the young prince. The government likewise was put on its guard by an intimation from another quarter. A captain, named Raindre, had received from Louis Bonaparte overtures, which he was not content with merely rejecting, but which he communicated to M. de Franqueville, his commanding officer, who reported the matter to General Voirol. The latter, who had not sent Louis Bonaparte's letter to the minister, now no longer delayed to do so, and Captain Raindre set off with it for Paris. But whether it was that the schemes denounced were not looked on as at all of a serious character, or that the government was not sorry to let a plot, which it felt sure of being able to crush without difficulty, develope itself to a certain extent, no obstacle was offered to the secret proceedings of the conspirators, and the *dénoûment* became inevitable.

The ardour of the conspirators went on increasing, and, had they not possessed resolution and daring of their own, there was a woman among them who would have set them a bold example. Madame Gordon, the daughter of a captain in the imperial guards, and brought up n the worship of Napoleon, had been initiated, in Lille, into the projects of Louis Bonaparte, without the knowledge of the prince himself; and immediately plunging into the conspiracy, with the characteristic impetuosity of female zeal, she had hastened to Strasbourg. She appeared as a professional singer in Baden, and gave concerts there; and one day Louis Bonaparte learned with astonishment, mingled at first with uneasiness, that he had no reason for concealment as regarded the lady whose talents he admired, and that she knew everything. From that day Madame Gordon had but one thought, that of success; and as she possessed much intelligence and passion, she speedily acquired an influence, which she devoted wholly to the advancement of the plot.

On the 25th of October, 1836, Louis Bonaparte, who had returned from Baden to Arenenburg, again quitted the maternal asylum, under pretext of a hunting party in the principality of Hechingen. A rendezvous had been assigned in the grand duchy of Baden to some important personages on whom he counted. He found no one at the place appointed, waited three days, and at last resolved to set out for Strasbourg, where he arrived October 28, at ten P. M. The next day he had an interview with Colonel Vaudrey, which would have made a man of more patient temperament hesitate. The colonel urged in objection the rashness of the enterprise, the number of chances against it, the extreme uncertainty of success amongst so many interests prompt to take alarm, and so many hostile passions, and the impropriety of

exposing the Emperor's nephew to such great dangers. These prudential counsels had the more weight, as coming from a man full of courage, who had been long proved in battle; but Louis Bonaparte thought he had gone too far to retract, and the colonel gave way. Then, the prince having shown him a paper by which an income of 10,000f. was secured to each of his two children, the brave soldier tore up the paper, saying: "I give my blood, I do not sell it."

Louis Bonaparte found much less difficulty in persuading the commandant, Parquin, an officer in whom were revived the tone and habits of the old guard, and that superstitious enthusiasm which Napoleon had made a part of the life of the camp.

On the 27th of October, 1836, at eight in the evening, the prince called his principal partisans around him, and the deliberation began.

The garrison of Strasbourg consisted of three regiments of infantry, a battalion of engineer workmen, and three regiments of artillery; but it was on the artillerymen there was most reason to count. The course to be pursued seemed thenceforth ready traced. The third regiment of artillery was the only one of that arm which was in actual possession of its horses and guns; it should have been the first applied to, and its adhesion would have ensured success. The 4th regiment of artillery would not have hesitated to obey the voice of its colonel, who was in the plot. There were friends in the corps of *pontonniers*, and their adhesion was not doubtful. Lastly, Colonel Vaudrey held the keys of the arsenal. So then, the artillery once gained over, all that remained was to enter the *place d'armes*, and point the cannon of which the insurgents might be masters. The infantry, even if they did not join, could do nothing against such an array of force, and the town would obey. It was true that the insurrection thus conceived, was only a revolt of the soldiery; but when people attempt a military plot, they must not stop half way in the execution of it. Since soldiers were to be put in motion, the essential thing was to seize on power, after which there would be time enough to reassure the people as to the use that would be made of that power.

Another scheme prevailed, and it was the worst. It was resolved to go first to the Austerlitz quarters, occupied by the 4th regiment of artillery, whence, if well received there, the conspirators were to push on straight to the 46th of the line, that is to say, to Finkmatt barracks, situated at the extremity of a line of ramparts, along which were ranged the Hôtel-de-Ville, the prefecture, the military division and subdivision, posts which were to be taken possession of as the conspirators proceeded. Thus everything was made to depend on a venture made with insufficient forces, upon a regiment of which they were not sure, and all the advantage was thrown away that would have arisen from the decisive aspect of streets filling with cavalry, and open places covered with cannon.

But Louis Bonaparte had confided his secret to citizens beloved by the people; he counted on their support, would fain have given a democratic colour to the movement, and was loath, at the very opening of the enterprise, to assume an attitude of a nature seemingly offensive to

liberty. These sentiments were more honourable than discreet, for the movement was to begin early in the morning, at an hour when there was no reason to reckon on the presence and assistance of large masses of the people.

The council having broken up, the night was spent in assembling the rest of the conspirators in a house adjoining the Austerlitz quarters, in drawing up proclamations, regulating the details of the plan agreed on, and distributing the several parts.

The signal was given at five in the morning of the 30th of October; Colonel Vaudrey had the call sounded in the quarters of Austerlitz. The weather was bleak, the roofs covered with snow. The soldiers, awakened by the trumpets, jumped up hastily, seized their arms, and went down into the court-yard. The opportunity so long desired by Louis Bonaparte is at last arrived, and seems pressing him to seize it; while he, engrossed with thoughts of his absent mother, writes to her two letters, one of them a letter of triumph, the other of eternal farewell; both which he delivered to his aide-de-camp, with a trembling hand and swimming eyes. Then, collecting his thoughts, and bending them all upon his purpose, he proceeds with his companions to reach that goal to which he believes himself called by destiny.

The soldiers of the 4th were waiting, drawn up face to face, in two lines, and with their eyes fixed on Colonel Vaudrey, who stood alone in the centre of the yard. Suddenly the prince appears in the uniform of an officer of artillery, and hurries up to the colonel, who presents him to the troops, crying out: "Soldiers, a great revolution begins this moment. The nephew of the Emperor is before you. He comes to put himself at your head. He is arrived on the French soil, to restore to France her glory and her liberty. It is now to conquer or to die for a great cause, the cause of the people. Soldiers of the 4th regiment of artillery, may the Emperor's nephew reckon on you?" At these words an indescribable transport seizes the soldiers, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" cries every man; and they brandish their arms, and loud, protracted shouts are sent up to the sky. Louis Bonaparte, deeply affected, makes signs that he wishes to speak: "It was in your regiment," he said, "the Emperor Napoleon, my uncle, first saw service; with you he distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon; it was your brave regiment that opened the gates of Grenoble to him on his return from the Isle of Elba. Soldiers, new destinies are reserved to you!" And taking the eagle from an officer who carried it, "Here," said he, "is the symbol of French glory, which must become also, henceforth, the symbol of liberty." The applauding shouts were redoubled, and mingled with the sounds of martial music, and the regiment put itself in march.

But a part of the town was still asleep; nothing that could feed enthusiasm presented itself in the silent and solitary streets; only here and there a door opened, and showed a glimpse of wonder-stricken inmates gazing from the threshold. And if among the few stragglers that were met, some, inflamed by the sight of the eagle, joined impetu-

ously with the *cortége*, others followed it mechanically, or stood gaping to see it pass.

At head-quarters the guard presented arms, crying out, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and the column having halted, Louis Bonaparte went up stairs to General Voirol. Some have supposed that the general was very strongly, but secretly, inclined to the cause of the prince, and that if he would not participate actively in the plot, he at least suffered himself willingly to be made unable to resist it. But this conjecture is refuted, both by the general body of the facts, and by direct testimony deserving of the fullest credit. It is certain, that being called on by the prince to take part in the movement, the general refused in energetic terms to do so, and was kept prisoner in his own hotel, by artillerymen under the orders of Commandant Parquin.

Up to this time, all things seemed to concur towards the success of the enterprise. With a cry and a gesture Lieutenant Laity carried the battalion of Pontonniers; the officers, Dupenhöet, Gros, Petri, de Schaller, Couard, Poggi, and Lombard, had successfully acquitted themselves of the tasks confided to them; the telegraph was in the hands of the insurgents; the cannoneers commanded by M. de Persigny had just arrested the prefect; proclamations were rapidly printed; the 3d regiment of artillery was mounting; the city was awakening in the midst of rumours that had assumed a formidable character, and the column that followed Louis Bonaparte was now close to the Finkmatt barracks. But things very soon put on a different face.

The Finkmatt barracks are situated between the faubourg de Pièrre and the rampart, on a line parallel with them. Connected with the faubourg by an extremely narrow lane, which leads up the principal entry of the quarters, it is separated from the ramparts only by a long yard, at one end of which is an iron gate. Now it had been settled that the insurgents should take the rampart road, the only route that allowed their forces to be deployed in an imposing manner, and would enable them to retreat in case of ill success. But by an inexplicable fatality, the head of the column went astray, and entered the lane, leaving the bulk of the troops in the faubourg de Pièrre; and Louis Bonaparte found himself entangled with a weak escort in a yard, which, if fortune failed him, might become his prison or his grave.

Nevertheless, hearing the magic name of the emperor pronounced, the foot soldiers hasten up from all sides; an old sergeant cries out that he had served in the imperial guard, and stoops down to seize the hands of the prince, whom he embraces with tears. Emotion seizes the soldiers at this spectacle; already they surround Louis Bonaparte with marks of sympathy, already the cry is raised of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" when suddenly a strange rumour is heard among them: it is positively asserted, that it is the nephew of Colonel Vaudrey who presents himself under the name of Louis Bonaparte, which he has vilely usurped, and a lieutenant, named Pleignier, rushes forward to make the prince his prisoner. Himself arrested by the artillerymen, he struggles bravely, whilst his soldiers advance to rescue him. The moment was critical

and decisive. A pistol shot would, perhaps, have sufficed to allay the danger, but Louis Bonaparte could not make up his mind to fire it. He even ordered the release of the lieutenant, who, returning to the charge, provoked a fresh conflict. Things were in this state when Lieutenant-colonel Taillandier arrived, and at his voice distrust became changed into rage. The court resounded with menaces, and swords were flashing. The artillerymen who had been left in the faubourg de Pierre, hearing of the prince's danger, had put themselves in motion: suddenly they were seen rushing in crowds into the barracks, and with them entered pell-mell, sixty mounted cannoneers. The infantry then driven back violently to both ends of the yard uttered shouts of fury, formed again, and returned fiercely upon the prince's partisans, who were pushed and knocked down by the horses against the curtain of the rampart. It was a terrible moment. Here stood the foot soldiers with bayonets charged; there, the artillerymen with their carbines levelled, ready to fire; above and along the ramparts the people zealously invoking success upon the prince, and pouring volleys of stones on the infantry, amidst confused clamours, the roll of drums, the clash of arms, and the neighing of horses.

But all this was but of short duration. In an insurrection, not to vanquish quickly is to be vanquished. A few musket shots fired in the air, by order of Lieutenant-colonel Taillandier, intimidated the people. MM. de Gricourt and de Querelles, proposed to Louis Bonaparte to cut a passage for him sword in hand: he rejected the offer and was made prisoner. "Surrender!" was shouted at the same time to Colonel Vaudrey: he refused; but M. Taillandier approaching him, and telling him in a whisper that the revolt was regarded in the town as a legitimatist movement, he at last ordered his cannoneers to retire, and gave himself up.

It was all over: General Voirol had escaped. The commandant, Parquin, presented himself at the Finkmatt barracks in quarter-master's uniform, and had the mortification to see one of his epaulettes torn off without being able to avenge such an insult. The 3d regiment of artillery was on its march, but the news of the prince's arrest dispersed it. The *pontonniers*, commanded by Laity also disbanded themselves, and their officer, in a fit of noble despair ran to share the disaster of the prince, whose fortunes he could not save. Madame Gordon was surprised in the act of burning papers filled with important secrets, and was arrested; but by her presence of mind she contrived to keep the guards busy so long as to enable M. de Persigny to escape. Soon nothing was to be seen in the town but movements evincing the anger and uneasiness of the victors. Tranquillity was then gradually restored, and nothing remained of the revolt except that low agitation which follows every strong commotion.

It happened by a singular coincidence, that on the same day some soldiers of a hussar regiment, at Vendôme, were forming a plan of mutiny, the object of which was to proclaim the republic. The plot, denounced before the hour appointed for its execution, was easily stifled.

It had been conceived by a brigadier named Bruyant, a resolute man, and of no common stamp. Being arrested, he contrived to shake off his guards, killed a non-commissioned officer who barred his way with a pistol shot, and swam across the Loire. But his accomplices not having been able to imitate his example, he would not withdraw himself from the fate that awaited them, but after wandering some time about the country, he returned and surrendered himself a prisoner.

The Château was in consternation. In so long a series of conspiracies, riots, and disorders, the impotence of the government was displayed in a glaring and sinister manner. Every device was put in practice to cloak the important nature of the events. The ministerial journals insisted only on the puerility of the enterprise, which they called *une échaffourée*, a hare-brained freak; the agents of the government received orders to wink at a great number of the guilty; the authorities were not ashamed to affirm in official reports, that the 4th regiment of artillery alone had taken part in the movement, and contented themselves with quietly cashiering two officers of the 3d regiment of artillery; and by way of replying to the suspicions with which some jealous tempers regarded General Voirol, he was raised to the dignity of peer of France, and thanks were given to the garrison of Strasbourg, for its fidelity to the Orleans dynasty!

As for Louis Bonaparte, it was decided that he should not be brought to trial, several peers, old servants of the Empire, having announced beforehand their determination not to sit in judgment upon him, and a jury appearing to men who were trying their prentice hands at monarchy, too subaltern a magistracy to decide the fate of a prince. The doctrine of equality in the eye of the law, had for all that been inscribed in the charter; but the council of ministers was of opinion that it would be a bad example to treat an emperor's nephew as a simple citizen. Innocent, they had condemned him to perpetual exile; guilty, they placed him above the laws. Monstrous principle assigned as a corollary to a monstrous iniquity!

On the 9th of November, 1836, Louis Bonaparte saw the prefect and General Voirol enter his prison. A carriage was waiting at the gate; they made him get into it, without answering his questions or listening to his remonstrances; and the horses set out rapidly on the road to Paris. Finding himself thus hurried away from his companions in misfortune, Louis Bonaparte experienced some dismal forebodings. Too well reassured as to his own personal danger he was seized with melancholy, and it is said that he could not restrain his tears. He feared, besides, that his captors would content themselves with sending him back to Switzerland, which would have made him appear a conspirator of no importance, whose rashness there was no need to punish, and whose enterprises could excite no alarm. But the incapacity of his enemies saved him from this humiliation: they decided that their prisoner should be immediately transported to America in a ship of war.

Louis Bonaparte, in fact, passed but two hours in Paris. He was received with due courtesy by M. Gabriel Delessert, prefect of police,

from whom he heard words that in some degree assuaged his bitterness of soul; and in his too confiding frankness he wrote a letter to the king, interceding for his captive friends, and adding some expressions of gratitude on his own account. He did not see that the courtiers, familiarised with falsehood, would distort this step in an odious manner, and transform it into a solemn promise on his part to remain for ten years in America.

It was on the 21st of November, 1836, that Napoleon's nephew departed from that sacred land of France, towards which he had been urged by everything that could move the powers of his soul: the pride of his name, thoughts of glory, legitimate resentment, and love of country, blended with the fire of ambitious desires. Vanquished, he left behind him calumny and sarcasm. But the republicans who would have pursued, and perhaps brought him down in the midst of his triumph, nobly protected his defeat, and demanded respect for his misfortune.

Now, whilst a dynasty born of revolutions and combats was thus smitten down in the person of its youngest representative, old Charles X. was on the verge of the grave, and was about to carry thither with him the fragments of that Capetian monarchy, which had been in vain consecrated by successive ages.

Received in the château of Prague, after a painful abode on the English soil, Charles X. had resolved at last to quit Bohemia. Goritz offered him attractions in the salubrity of its waters, the mildness of its climate, and also in its proximity to the warm sun of Italy: the family accordingly set out. Would they reach the desired goal, through all the vicissitudes of exile? It is related, that, casting a farewell glance on the Moldau, on the bridge that crosses it, on Prague and its Gothic spires, the fugitive king was seized with melancholy, and said: "We quit the château, hardly knowing whither we are going; almost like the patriarchs, who knew not where they were to pitch their tents." He reached Toeplitz, and was beginning to enjoy some repose there, when he learned that the King of Prussia was expected in the house he occupied. He was obliged to move on further; and as the cholera was advancing, he was forced to stop at Budweiss, in a small and miserable inn. There the Duc de Bordeaux was taken ill, and his malady, which was very painful, long left its effects behind in extreme paleness; for he who was born in the palace of the kings of France, was near dying in silence and neglect in an obscure hostelry in Bohemia. From the château of Kirchberg, where he had sought refuge on quitting Budweiss, Charles X. was driven, by the rigour of the climate, which was augmented by the approach of winter; and in the latter part of October, 1836, all the members of the family were assembled at Goritz, in Styria.

They were hardly arrived there, when the temperature became perfectly icy; the *Bora*, an exceedingly violent wind, had set in; the snow overspread all the surrounding mountains, and the old king had soon about him nothing but the most sinister images of desolation and

wo. His health, however, had never appeared better, and he took long walks. But his heart was mortally touched; the idea of death frequently recurred in his conversation. "The day is not far distant," he said, "that shall witness the funeral of the poor old man." And it was remarked, that he abandoned himself more and more every day to grief for the loss of country.

On the morning of November 4, 1836, St. Charles's day, he was seized with a chill during the celebration of mass; he was unable to appear at dinner, according to the account of M. Montbel, one of his companions in exile; and, in the evening, when he entered the saloon, where the members of his family were assembled with some who paid court to their misfortunes, his aspect filled them with dismay. His features were strangely contracted, his voice was dismally sonorous; he had become aged many years in a few hours, and it could no longer be doubted that death was upon him. The crisis declared itself in the night. Doctors Bougon and Marcolini were called, and Cardinal de Latil gave extreme unction to the dying king. Mass was afterwards celebrated by his bedside. Exhausted by cholera, Charles X. still continued to pray. The Bishop of Hermopolis having come to comfort and cheer him in his agony, he showed himself tranquil, and resigned to depart, and he conversed on the things of eternity without perturbation. Some minutes afterwards, the Duc de Bordeaux and his sister were brought to him to receive his blessing, when, laying his trembling hands on their heads, he said: "God protect you, my children! Walk in the ways of righteousness. Do not forget me; pray for me sometimes." In the night of the 5th of November he fell into a deep lethargy, a slight motion of the lips alone showing that he still lived. They began to recite over him the prayers for departing spirits. At last, at a quarter past one on the morning of the 6th, at a sign from Doctor Bougon, all present fell on their knees, stifled sobs were heard, and the Dauphin advanced to close his father's eyes.

On the 11th, the gates of Graffenberg were opened for the funeral. The hearse, surrounded by servants bearing torches, was preceded by the Prince Archbishop of Goritz. The dukes of Angoulême and Bordeaux followed in black cloaks, the one under the title of the Count de Marnes, and the other under that of the Count de Chambord; then came a few Frenchmen, mingled with numerous foreigners. Some poor persons walked in advance with flambeaux. The body was carried to the Franciscan convent situated on a height at a little distance from the town. It was there that, in an ordinary sepulchre, by the light of an expiring lamp, the friends of the fallen monarch were admitted, for the last time, to gaze on his face, white as the winding-sheet about him. The body had been placed in a temporary coffin, from which it was transferred to a leaden one, bearing this inscription:

HERE LIES

THE VERY HIGH, VERY PUISSANT, AND VERY EXCELLENT PRINCE

CHARLES X. OF THAT NAME,

WHO DIED AT GORITZ, NOVEMBER 6, 1836,

AGED SEVENTY-NINE YEARS AND TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS.

All the reigning houses of Europe put on the mourning prescribed by etiquette, one alone excepted, the house of Orleans.

Such was the end of Charles X., of that prince who had undergone such manifold trials. Generous souls, reflecting on the source whence his errors had flowed, and on the expiation to which God had doomed him, forebore to recall how fatal had been his royal sojourn in France. In the humiliation of his white hairs, in the miseries of his old age that scarce could find a quiet resting-place, in all the dismal and poignant circumstances of his farewell to the earth, some beheld but the natural consequences of the victory, won by the revolution over kings; and even they were affected by so great a misfortune.

Yet what was all this in comparison with the lingering agony of the nations, perpetuated from century to century? With what different measures of compassion ought history to bestow its tears on the quarrels of disputants for a throne, and on the many nations crushed beneath the wheels of coming or departing kings; the many races unceasingly sacrificed to a small number of men, to their personal disputes, their caprices, their cruel pleasures, and their pride that knows no pity? After all, when the emotion has passed away, the lesson must remain. The series of tragic vicissitudes that have filled sixty years, are a mighty and melancholy demonstration of the decline of monarchies: the prison of the Temple, and Louis XVI. on the scaffold; the strange and unexplained death of Louis XVII.; all those sons, brothers, and nephews of kings, running bewildered over the roads of Europe, and begging their bread at the gates of republics; the Cossacks, riding to the overthrow of the Empire, on horses marked with the imperial N; Elba, St. Helena; the duchess de Berri's son reared in exile; Louis Bonaparte sailing to America, burdened with the load of a defeat; and in the heart of a distant land, in I know not what nameless church, the requiem chanted round the coffin of Charles X., by foreign monks.

CHAPTER VI.

The end of the year 1836, was marked by a painful and unexpected event, one which obliges us to pass in rapid review, the state of our affairs in Africa, from the day of the conquest.

So long as Europe was distracted with war, it was quite a thing of course that the Algerine pirates should sweep the Mediterranean with impunity. It happened under the Empire that a distinguished man of science, M. Arago, was taken and led into captivity by the corsairs. The noise of this event was drowned in a period of tempests; but what indignation would not such a fact have excited in our days, when the news was told amidst the silence of Europe? To deliver the Mediterranean was, therefore a glorious necessity: and what people was more worthy, more capable than the people of France to watch over the sea? By storming the last stronghold of piracy France would show herself true to her assigned part in history; she would resume with more enlightenment and less fanaticism the tenour of the crusades; she would once more throw her protection over civilisation. There was something providential in the slap with the fan; it was not a cause; it was a signal.

Be this as it may, the French on arriving in Algiers, found themselves in a situation beset with obstacles and dangers. Over their heads was a burning sky; before them in a plain, shut in between the sea and the first range of mountains, was a whole people of warlike husbandmen, broken up into tribes.

In that northern part of Algeria, called the Tell, the towns were thinly scattered and inhabited by a mixture of Moors and Jews, who bore on their faces the impress of Turkish sway. But these were not the true people of Algeria, the Arabs of the tribes. Far removed from the towns, those dens of a despoiling government, the Arab in the Tell, occupied a territory, the limits of which he did not pass, but to which he was bound by none of those bonds, with which our system of property entangles the men of Europe. Property, in its personal and jealous aspect, was unknown to the Arab of the Tell, in whose conceptions it existed only relatively to his flocks, his plough, his arms, and his horse. As for the soil, he did not hold it to be transferable, either by sale or inheritance; it was as a member of the tribe, upon the designation of the sheikh, and without any other right than that of labour that he cultivated the earth. For according to the Koran, the earth belongs only to God and to the sultan, his ex-vicar here below, and it is free to whoever fertilises it. Accordingly, the Arabs of the Tell had no fixed habitations, but tents which protected the harvest, and pits in which the corn was stored.

Different were the habits of the tribes in the country of the Palms, south of the last chain of mountains, and extending thence to the desert. These tribes were pastoral, followed a regular yearly course of peregrination, prescribed by the climate and the nature of the soil and its productions. After passing the winter and the spring, seasons favourable to pasturages, in their lowland plains, the moving cities of the Sahara advanced northward at the end of spring, with their camels loaded with woollen cloths and dates, and they exchanged these productions of southern Algeria for the corn of the agriculturists of the Tell.

Hence followed a rule of the highest importance for the French conquerors of the seaboard. Since every year a necessary and pacific movement brought southern Algeria northwards, it was better to attract it and wait for it than to go in search of it with hostile intentions. Besides, how was it possible to penetrate by force of arms into the interior? or to cross, without drenching them with blood, the mountains, those natural and formidable ramparts defended by the Kabyles, in whom were revived the daring and agility of the ancient Numidians?

The Turks, however, had succeeded in extending the sway of their military aristocracy to the tribes of the Sahara: this they had effected by a skilful combination of force and cunning. Dexterously taking advantage of the ascendancy afforded them over a Moslem population, by the title of supreme chief of the faithful accorded to the Emperor of Constantinople, they obtained from the natives an obedience founded on opinion, and of such a nature as fatalism infers. Again, finding an intense degree of mutual hostility subsisting between some tribes, they secured their own supremacy upon the need of a kind of protecting unity, inflamed local animosities instead of allaying them, and thus rendered themselves equally necessary and hateful.

But means like these were not suited to the French, who represented Christian ideas. Success for them was contingent on justice, and, thanks to Heaven, they could not dishonour their conquest without running the risk of losing it. The Turks had divided the Arabs to oppress them; France was to govern by uniting them: a noble mission, and the more easy to fulfil, inasmuch as the first want of the Arabs was a tutelary government, vigorous and just. There was reason to hope then, that instead of undertaking a war of extermination against the natives, France would endeavour to bring them under the moral influence of her genius, that she would apply herself to colonize Algeria, without, at the same time, neglecting the means for its military occupation; and that, in the train of her soldiers, after a powerful and decisive demonstration, she would send into Algeria associations of agriculturists formed by the state, directed by it, and destined to aggrandize not the French domination, but the native land of Frenchmen.

The north of Africa once gained, the south would come to us of itself, in consequence of the annual migrations for purposes of exchange, that led the pastoral nomades of the Sahara into the region of tillage.

Thus, then, the Mediterranean to make French, a fertile soil to turn to account, the commercial relations of southern Algeria with Morocco and Tunis to improve and extend, an issue to open to the overflow of that tide of paupers that threatens our European societies with speedy and deadly inundation;—such were the advantages which fortune offered us in 1830. All that remained for us was to know how to profit by our strength, and to justify the investiture we derived from victory.

Now if we brought to the Arabs along with power and unity, our lights, our arts, a higher idea of humanity, gentler manners, a delicate sentiment of things, perhaps they, too, in their turn, would be able to induce us to modify some of our ideas, particularly those related with

that susceptible individualism, whence arises a secret but implacable and permanent war in our towns and villages.

Certain it is, at any rate, that it was not enough to have suppressed a focus of piracy by the conquest of Algiers, and to encamp on the African coast, in order to insure the free transit of the Mediterranean: it was worthy of France to desire and to dare more. She had to discover the link that is to unite the civilization of the East with that of the West.

Regarded in this point of view, what a magnificent aspect did our conquest assume! what a prospect did it open before us! The ideas that have been germinating since the beginning of the century in the minds of generous thinkers, and which the instinct of the people hails afar off, were about to find a vast field for their application; Africa would become the precious ground on which trial might be made without danger of those attempts at social renovation, which the habits, prejudices, and political and industrial complications of our old Europe cause to appear so formidable; armed France was initiating the future peace to be one established among men by the doctrine of brotherhood; and our conquests, even those made in war, were but those of the human mind.

Unhappily the revolution of July had placed in power, men devoid of genius. Africa, appearing to them but as a field of battle to be overrun, all they thought of was, how to limit its extent with penurious prudence. The first blunder of the French government consisted in the insufficiency of the forces destined for the occupation, when it was expedient to strike, by a more imposing show, the imagination of a people who respect only force.

It is true it was to Marshal Clauzel it entrusted the government of Africa from the outset; and in a military point of view, it could not have made a better choice. Marshal Clauzel had received that strong education which the Empire bestowed on its soldiers. He had boldness of conception, and quick apprehension; mediocrity was not to his taste; he was a man for great wars.

Nevertheless, he ought not to have relied entirely for African conquest on European tactics; for the Arabs have a mode of fighting peculiar to themselves. Mounted on nimble, fiery horses, they manage them with marvellous dexterity; they are fixed as in a frame, in saddles, rising very high at the pummel and croupe; and their broad stirrups and short stirrup-leathers, supporting them firmly as they rise in the saddle, they can make as free use of their guns on horseback as on foot. Their weapons consist of fusils, much longer than ours, pistols, and a kind of cutlasses, called yataghans. To judge by appearances, nothing can be more inconvenient than their costume, composed of a burnous, and under it of a garment, which is gathered close round the body by a girdle, and is prolonged above it, so as to wrap the head to which it is fastened by several folds of a cord, made of camels'-hair, forming a turban. Nevertheless, the Arabs wear this dress with much ease and freedom. Intrepid in attack, rapid in retreat, they possess impetuous valour, but attach no idea of disgrace to flight, in which respect they resemble the ancient Parthians. They charge confusedly, disperse, disappear, return sud-

denly to disappear once more, harass the columns on their march, cut off the heads of the wounded that lie in their way; these are their battles and their triumphs.

Marshal Clauzel had no sooner set foot on the African soil, than he declared France the legitimate heir of the dey, whose insolence she had chastised. Then he conceived the idea of carrying the French flag as far as the limits reached by the Turks. His system was to throw garrisons into certain important towns, to connect them one with another by entrenched camps, and to set up native beys depending on us, in opposition to the hostile beys it would be impossible for us to supplant directly.

The last part of this system, it is evident, was borrowed from the Turks, and it was open to serious objections. Small, indeed, was the glory which consisted in seeking the means of government, in the propagation of trouble and anarchy. And ought it not to have been foreseen, that in the eyes of the Arabs, every investiture by Christians, that is, by *Infidels*, would be looked on with abhorrence or scorn; that the beys of French creation would be regarded as traitors and apostates; that the necessity of maintaining them would force us into fatal expeditions; whilst they, compelled to uphold their authority by violent means, would, perhaps, implicate the honour of France in a responsibility for the most iniquitous and disgraceful acts? But what was to be done? To forego making the hand of France felt at every point of the territory, would be to jeopardize the conquest. To enable us to show ourselves everywhere, would have needed a considerable amount of troops; and the forces at his disposal were far from answering to the governor's ideas. The plan was vast, the army weak—there lay the evil; and events proved this but too well.

Marshal Clauzel's presence in Africa from September, 1830, to February, 1831, was signalized by two facts that perfectly characterize his system. Bou Mezrag, bey of the province of Titery, having preached the *holy war* against the Christians, the governor occupied Medeah, and put an Algerine Moor, named Mustapha Ben Omar, in the place of Bou Mezrag. Shortly afterwards, at the solicitation of Hassan, bey of Oran, who was menaced by an army from Morocco, he occupied the town of Oran, and gave the beylick to Khaïr Edden, Prince of Tunis. Now, on the one hand, Mustapha Ben Omar, soon became the centre of a formidable league; and, on the other hand, the Tunisians created themselves implacable enemies by their greedy and cruel sway. The consequence was, that when General Berthezène was appointed successor to Marshal Clauzel, in 1831, the very advantages won by the French had ended only in multiplying difficulties.

General Berthezène, moreover, brought with him administrative notions, directly opposed to those of Marshal Clauzel. The latter had recommended the plain of the Metidja to the labours of the colonists: his successor would rather have had them confine their operations to cultivating the environs of Algiers.

As for the military side of the question, the government which was then rocking in the midst of the general agitation of Europe, had hastily

recalled a part of the expeditionary troops, and the army of Africa was reduced to an effective of 9300 men.

Thus, the time for vigorously acting on the offensive, seemed to have passed away. But if prudence has its laws, honour has its duties. The son of the bey of Titery, whom we had dispossessed, had just reappeared, accompanied by numerous partizans, and favoured by the memory of his father. Turks and Koulouglis rose in arms; France was braved and insulted; the bey she had appointed was hotly besieged in his own house; General Berthezène was obliged to order a march on Medeah; and 4500 men crossed the mountains to rescue Mustapha Ben Omar. He was brought away safe and sound; but the result of the expedition did not compensate for its losses. The expeditionary corps, hemmed in and stifled in a narrow pass, and assailed from all quarters from the impending heights, had sixty-three men killed or missing, and 192 wounded. The confidence of the Arabs increased to an extraordinary degree. Emissaries spread far and wide; fanatical voices summoned the scattered tribes to the sacred war; a confederation was formed by an Algerine Moor, named Sidi Sadi, who was joined by Ben Aissa and Ben Zamoun, principal chiefs of the tribes of the east; the son of Bou Mezrag advanced full of rancour: the signal was given for a general conflagration. Vain efforts! The courage of the French made head against every assault: the tribes, too slow in concerting together, were anticipated successively by General Berthezène, and the coalition was dissolved.

During this time the treaty which had given Oran to the Tunisians had lapsed for want of ratification. The lieutenant of the princes of Tunis, unanimously execrated, had abandoned the town; the French entered it for the second time, and General Boyer, a man systematically implacable, was raised to the independent command of the troops of the province.

Not a vestige of what Marshal Clauzel had established, continued to subsist under his successor; and the year 1831 was scarcely ended when General Berthezène made way for the Duc de Rovigo.

The duke, however, was invested only with the command of the army and the country. As for the civil authority, it had just been decided that it should be independent, and should reside in the person of a civil intendant: an unfortunate experiment, which had no other result than to make authority vacillate between two rival and soon hostile powers.

Thus there was nothing fixed or continuous in the administration of the colony. Did dangers grow more urgent at the foot of Mount Atlas? Decrees were passed at random in Paris for the reduction of the expeditionary troops. Was the commander-in-chief beginning to know the country, its resources, and the means of ruling it? They immediately appointed him a successor. Deplorable thoughtlessness, which paralyzed our action in Africa, discredited our power in the opinion of Europe, and lavished the heroism of the army to no purpose!

In spite, however, of accumulated blunders, France maintained her footing in Algiers. Under the command of the Duc de Rovigo the genius of Europe began to penetrate Africa, the civil portion of the

population increased, and men began to build and to plant in anticipation of a long future. The conquest, indeed, was not without its share of trash and scum. Sordid speculators had crept in even there, and applied themselves to forms of traffic, the disgrace of which was destined fortunately to disappear in the glory of our battles. But war begot war, and it was the system of the Duc de Rovigo to show himself as harsh and pitiless towards the Arabs as General Berthezène had proved clement. The tribe of El Ouffia, having been guilty of treason against us, was destroyed.

In consequence of this terrible execution a new coalition was formed: it was destroyed. In the east 3000 men from Toulon under the command of General Monk d'Uzer, took possession of the town of Bona, which Hajy Ahmet, bey of Constantine, one of our most formidable enemies, had already taken and sacked. This took place in May, 1832, and in March, 1833, the Duc de Rovigo was on his way back to France labouring under mortal disease.

The following is the state in which he left the French occupation.

In the province of Algiers we possessed the town and its outskirts; and our sovereignty was recognized in the territory comprised between the Arrach, the Metidja, the Mazafran, and the sea.

On the eastern side we had an establishment at Bona, which, indeed, did not extend beyond the walls of the town, but which marked our point of departure for the conquest of Constantine.

Lastly, on the west, in the province of Oran, we occupied the town of Oran, and a circle of a league radius round it; the fort of Mers-el-Kebir was in our power; we had an understanding with the Turks of Mostaganem; and at Tlemsen, if the Hadars who held the town were hostile to us, we had for allies their rivals the Koulouglis who held the citadel.

But that province of Oran was to produce a man whom the most brilliant destiny awaited, and of whose hostile power we ourselves were to be the founders. The right of command, which is purely political among the Arabs of the east of Algeria, and feudal among those of the south, is little more than a sort of theocracy among the Arabs of the west, and is hereditary in the families of the Marabouts. Abd-el-Kader, the son of a Marabout renowned among the Arabs for his piety, had early been presented to the tribes of the country of Mascara as the future liberator of the land of Africa, as the avenger of insulted Islamism; and he did not fall short of the character. He was warily ambitious, full of decision, intrepid and crafty: he had strong passions and fanaticism to aid him; he was a soldier and a prophet; his voice put fire into the hearts of his people. The Arabs of the province of Oran who had bent beneath the iron hand of General Boyer, breathed again under the milder government of General Desmichels; but Abd-el-Kader, always attentive to his purpose, continued to extend his influence. Having declared himself, and assumed the title of emir, he suddenly marched his partisans against the port of Arzew, had himself proclaimed bey of Tlemsen, and advanced against Mostaganem as sovereign master of the country. Had General Desmichels shut himself up in the town of Oran the country

had been lost to us. Attack was, in this case, equivalent to defence, and there was no alternative but to push forwards or perish. General Desmichels sallied out of Oran, seized Arzew, and hastened to Mostaganem where he secured French supremacy. Twice impelled to battle by his ambition and his hatred, the emir was twice beaten; and the valiant tribes of the Douairs and the Smelas seemed disposed to acknowledge our fortunes and make terms with us.

This, perhaps, was the favourable moment to pursue and annihilate Abd-el-Kader; but, with more generosity than foresight, General Desmichels thought fit to negotiate a peace with him. It was signed on the 26th of February, 1834; and, in order to cement it, General Desmichels ordered the chef-d'escadron de Thorigny, and M. de Forges, orderly officers, to carry as presents to Abd-el-Kader a hundred muskets and five hundred kilogrammes of powder. Abd-el-Kader was then encamped on the Syg. He received the envoys of General Desmichels very graciously, and, after inviting them to take some repose, he expressed to them his wish to take them to Mascara, wishing thereby, no doubt, to exhibit to them his power, and the ascendancy he possessed over the tribes. The next morning, accordingly, at daybreak the camp was raised, and the tents were laid on the backs of camels and mules. Abd-el-Kader's little army was composed of about 3000 horsemen; it began its march to the sound of strange music. Himself mounted on his horse, which had been brought to him by four negroes, amused himself for awhile, like a bold and skilful rider, in making it caracole over the plain. Numerous salutes of musketry announced his approach, and one of his officers rode by his side, holding a parasol of cloth of gold over his head to screen him from the sun, whilst horsemen armed with small scymitars and shields beguiled the tedium of the way by mimic combats. After several hours' marching through rich valleys, beautiful glades, and vast olive forests, the French envoys arrived at Mascara, the inhabitants of which, with their bournouses, surmounted with white or black hoods, appeared to them, according to M. de Thorigny's expression, as so many fiery-eyed and savage-visaged monks. The reception they met with was perfectly kindly. In a final interview Abd-el-Kader questioned them curiously as to the condition of France, and protested his good will and his determination to maintain peace; "I have visited the tomb of the prophet," he said, "and my word is sacred."

The narrative of this journey contributed not a little to confirm General Desmichels in the hopes he built on his pacific policy. Unfortunately, all this parade of pacific intentions on the part of the emir, was but a cloak to his ambitious desires. The sovereignty of France had not been expressly stipulated in the treaty of February 26, 1834; we seemed to treat in it with the emir on a footing of equality, and the difficulties that might arise out of the question of boundary between the territories were not even thought of by those who drew up the treaty: Abd-el-Kader took advantage of all this with superior intelligence. In treating with him, the French had seemed to put him on a level with themselves; he made good use of this fact among his own people, and profited by peace to procure himself arms, to strengthen his influence, to depress his rivals,

among others, Mustapha Ben Ismael, and to lay down in the province of Oran the bases on Arab nationality which might be reconstructed.

Now, supreme authority was fluctuating in Algiers between a provisional commander-in-chief and a civil intendant: the latter proud of his administrative capacity, the force of which he contrived adroitly to make others feel; the former too much distrusting his own knowledge and acquirements, and making but a reserved use of a power he knew to be transient. M. Genty de Bussi was an able man, with a quick intellect and a taste for sway, and for some time he ruled his superior, General Voirol. But he lost his influence at last by overstraining it, provoked legitimate resentment, and was recalled. General Voirol himself soon quitted Africa, where he felt fine roads opened up by him through the heart of Algiers, and a name dear to the inhabitants.

Had the government resolved on abandoning Algiers? Already this suspicion was implanted in many minds; people went even the length of asserting, that this was a sacrifice secretly insisted on by the English. A commission sent to Africa, in the beginning of September, 1833, and composed of Lieutenant-general Bonnet, MM. d'Haubersaërt, de la Pinsonnière, Piscatory, Regnard, and Laurence, gave a welcome contradiction to the public fears, by deciding, after an investigation made on the spot, that *the honour and interest of France commanded it to retain its possessions on the northern coast of Africa.* On the 22d of July, 1834, appeared an ordonnance committing the command, civil and military, to a governor-general, under the control of the minister of war; it made the command of the troops subordinate to the authority of the governor-general; appointed special chiefs to preside over each department of the service; and called the regency of Algiers, *French possessions in the north of Africa.* A new era it was thought was about to dawn on the colony. But the nomination of Count Drouet d'Erlon as governor-general, did not fully correspond to public expectation: he was sixty years of age, and there seemed reason to fear that his hand was not strong enough to hold the helm.

In fact, his sojourn in Africa was marked by an oscillation of views peculiarly deplorable in a country which required a decided policy to bring it into orderly subjection. Count d'Erlon having begun by declaring himself opposed to the policy of General Desmichels, the latter was induced to resign the command of the province of Oran, and was succeeded by General Trézel, the same who, in 1833, had made himself master of Bougie, after a vigorous assault.

The consequences of the treaty entered into with Abd-el-Kader were rapidly developing themselves, when General Trézel entered on his command. Emboldened by the too confiding system of pacification pursued by General Desmichels, Abd-el-Kader had become intoxicated by his success, and appeared on the banks of the Chelif, a river that flows between the province of Oran and that of Algiers. General Voirol had forbidden him to cross it, and the prohibition was renewed by Count d'Erlon: the emir halted. But soon, invited by the inhabitants of Medeah, who, for want of our protection invoked his, he made up his mind, resolutely crossed the river, received the submission of Miliana *en passant*,

routed the chief of a tribe who had advanced to meet him, entered Medeah in triumph, and after taking measures for the government of the town, returned to his residence, applauded and admired by the Moslem population, whom he had dazzled by his victorious daring.

It was impossible that we could have been more openly braved, and yet Count d'Erlon abstained from every violent step, being kept in check by the minister's instructions, and also by the influence that had been gained over his mind by a Jew, a sort of charge-d'affairs of the emir's. Abd-el-Kader now threw off all reserve. He ventured to threaten, and attempted to displace tribes guilty only of fidelity to France. This was too much. Applied to by the Douairs and the Smelas, General Trézel generously hazarded his own responsibility, and advanced to protect them. We were on the brink, not of a defeat, but of a disaster.

On the 26th of June, 1835, General Trézel had arrived within ten leagues of Oran, when he suddenly caught sight of the emir's army, advantageously posted, and six times more numerous than his own. Great as were the odds, the French general did not hesitate. The Arabs being impetuously attacked, gave way, but not without resistance. The French had opened themselves a passage: ought they to continue their bloody journey? Abd-el-Kader had pitched his tent a league further on, ready to recommence the fight; the victory had cost the French dear; Colonel Oudinot was killed; the armed crowd under the emir's flag was hourly increasing; retreat was resolved on. The steadiness and intrepidity of the French troops was admirable during this trying march, continually harassed as they were by swarms of fierce horsemen, hovering round them, and swooping down on them, greedy of their spoils. Unfortunately our men were obliged to enter a narrow pass, lying along the banks of the marshes that adjoin the Macta, and between them and the wooded hills. There it was that Abd-el-Kader awaited the French column, which had no sooner entered the fatal defile than it had to sustain the shock of several thousand Arabs, who rushed down furiously on it from all the surrounding heights. The resistance was not less furious than the attack. At last the Arabs having charged in a body towards the point where lay the baggage and the wounded, the line was broken, the ranks fell into confusion; some of our men plunged into the marshes, others into the thickets, and fell singly under the yataghan. Meanwhile, the advanced guard, brought back to the rear by the intrepid General Trézel, repulsed the enemy and rescued the baggage. The column was able to resume its march and reached Arzew. Thus a heavy blow had been given to the prestige of our arms; and the Arabs erected a horrible trophy of heads on the banks of the Macta, stained with the blood of our soldiers.

At this news a thrill of rage ran from one end of France to the other; General Trézel having only been unfortunate, his countrymen were touched by his courage, and every one was thankful to him for his determination; but exasperation was extreme against the improvidence of the executive, the uncertainty of its plans, the incoherence of its ideas, and the feeble impulse it gave to the affairs of Africa. To whom was the task to be committed of chastising the emir? Marshal Clauzel's name

was on every tongue: for the second time he was sent to Africa with orders to annihilate Abd-el-Kader.

After a proclamation in which a desire to bring matters to an end once and forever was strongly expressed, and which was followed by a blow struck against the recently revolted tribe of the Hadjoutes, Marshal Clauzel resumed his old system with much vigour, of setting up native beys against Abd-el-Kader and his lieutenants. This was not enough: and he resolved to push straight to Mascara.

From the gates of Oran extends a vast plain of about twelve leagues diameter, bounded on the north by the sea, on the east by the little stream of Tlelat, and a lentisc forest, through which some wild pines are thinly scattered. The mountain of the Beni Amer is on the south, Oran on the west. In the centre of the plain stands a solitary fig-tree, venerated by the Arabs, whose caravans had long enjoyed its welcome shade. This was the rallying point of the expeditionary army, and hence it set out on the 26th of November, 1835. It included ten thousand men, and reckoned the king's eldest son in its ranks. On the 29th it arrived close to the Syg, lighted by the fires the Arabs had kindled on the mountain tops, and halted there, full of still fresh and poignant recollections. The march was successful, though transiently interrupted by rapid attacks. The Arabs having twice approached too near the French army, it passed over their bodies. At last the town was descried. Marshal Clauzel led the way with the cavalry, two regiments of light infantry, and some howitzers; the infantry came up at 9 P. M. The night was gloomy, and a sullen silence hung over the unknown town. The soldiers entered the suburb: it was deserted, and they marched on between the closed and silent houses. But one living creature, it appears, was found in the streets: this was an old woman sitting on some rags of mats. One would have thought it a town of the dead.

Abd-el-Kader had, in fact, just quitted it, leaving behind him only devastation and carnage. The Jews had had their dwellings pillaged for refusing to follow him, and those who had attempted some resistance lay dead among the ruins.

To enable us to form an establishment at Mascara, we ought to have had more forces than we possessed; the destruction of what we could not keep was therefore completed, and the army resumed its march by the light of a conflagration, and followed by the disconsolate Jews, who fled from Abd-el-Kader and their burning homes. Their wives and children accompanied them, and their march was saddened by scenes which the vigilant generosity of the soldiers could not always prevent. Many an old man, worn out with fatigue, lay down to die. Many a mother, with feet lacerated by stones and thorns, exhausted her strength in carrying her son, and fell before the journey's end. It is said that a little child was found in a corn-pit, and put under the protection of the Duc d'Orléans.

Thus the expedition had produced no other effect than that of extinguishing the halo of glory, that seemed to the eyes of the Arabs to encompass the head of Abd-el-Kader. But he, beaten, but not put down, had fallen back in the direction of Tlemsen, appealing to the sym-

pathy of the Hadars, the masters of the town, and threatening the Koulouglis, our allies, who occupied the citadel. After his return to Oran, Marshal Clauzel was compelled again to take the field, on the 8th of January, 1836, and to march on Tlemsen, which he occupied the 13th of the same month. The Hadars had retired with Abd-el-Kader, carrying their wealth with them: the Perrégaux brigade pursued and brought them back. Abd-el-Kader, closely pressed, owed his escape only to the speed of his horse. The marshal had muskets distributed among the Koulouglis, imposed on them a contribution, which was afterwards made the grounds of violent accusations against him, and quitted the town, after placing in the citadel a garrison of 500 men, under the orders of Commandant Cavaignac, a heroic soul.*

Whilst these things were passing in the province of Oran, the other parts of French Algeria were in a state of sullen agitation.

General d'Uzer had succeeded, by a sage and conciliatory administration, in maintaining peace in the province of Bona; and yet the bey of Constantina, Hajy Ahmed, constantly showed a threatening aspect. At Bougie, French occupation remained without effect, in the midst of the intestine quarrels of tribes vying eagerly with each other for the advantages of our market. Lastly, in the province of Algiers, none of the beys instituted by Marshal Clauzel had been able to make their authority recognized, whether at Medea, Miliana, or Scherschel.

With reason, then, might it be asked, was there either the *éclat* or the profit of a real conquest in this inevitable concatenation of expeditions, these random excursions over mountains and deserts, this career of destruction marked by desolated cities, this incessant and tragic hunting of men? And what a picture would that be, that should display all the consequences of so many deadly marches! for the knife of the Arabs was nothing in comparison with the fevers and dysenteries that carried off our troops. Fortunate was that soldier who, sharing in a campaign the burden of the provisions with the camels, had only to toil and to fight. But how many were there who, attacked with disease, perished miserably for want of a sufficient shelter under a tent, and of a little straw on the damp earth on which they lay!

The occupation, such as until then it had been understood, was, moreover, of a nature to educate the soldier to ferocity. Joussouf had been seen re-entering Bona, in 1832, at the head of a troop which carried a Moor's head, surmounting the French flag. Among the booty captured from the tribe of El Ouffia, under the government of the Duc de Rovigo, there were sold at Bab Azoun, ear-rings stained with blood, and bracelets still attached to the severed wrist! The example, too, of burned harvests and *razzias* was sometimes contagious; and we did not always content ourselves with imitating the Arabs merely in the costume of our zouaves or spahis. Add to this all sorts of hideous speculations undertaken by traders, who, in their savage greed, went the length, it is said, of using human bones as raw materials, and building with the remains of tombs!

* Brother of M. Godefroi Cavaignac, whom we have seen figure so nobly in the republican struggles.

The government ought to have sent troops enough into Africa to bring it into subjection, and it had not done so; it ought to have taken colonization into its own hands, and it had abandoned it to private speculators, who would of course be followed by bands of hungry adventurers. Nothing, therefore, of all that was passing in Africa, was what it was by the essential nature of things; yet it will readily be guessed what weapons such a history furnished to those who, like MM. Desjobert and Passy, had always augured ill of our establishment. The Chamber, on its part, regarded the question only in a narrow, and, consequently, false point of view: instead of seeking to solve the problem by embracing it in its whole extent, it limited credits with deplorable parsimony, was incessantly calling for a reduction in the effective, and, in a word, higgled with the conquest. The result was to perpetuate the irregularity of the operations, the useless expeditions, the ravages, the alternations of anarchy and oppression.

No one was more convinced that Marshal Clauzel, of the necessity of a large and bold system. Impatient to enforce his views, he left Africa in the beginning of April, and repaired to Paris.

Before setting out, he had decided that an intrenched camp should be established at the mouth of the Tafna, so that the French garrison of Tlemsen might communicate more promptly with the town of Oran and the sea. It was to realize this project that General d'Arlanges proceeded with 3000 men and eight pieces of artillery to the mouth of the Tafna, which he reached, after vigorously repulsing Abd-el-Kader in a glorious encounter. The works were begun. But the Arabs blockaded the garrison of Tlemsen, which began to stand in urgent need of being succoured and revictualled. General d'Arlanges having advanced with 1500 men to reconnoitre the enemy, was suddenly assailed at the distance of two leagues from the camp, by nearly 10,000 men, Arabs and men of Morocco. Unequal as were the numbers the battle was obstinate. Hemmed in on all sides by the Arabs, who rushed upon them, furious and bellowing, to seize them man to man, the French displayed singular courage, strewed the earth with dead, and made their way back to their camp under the command of Colonel Combes, General d'Arlanges having been wounded.

The state of things was critical: the camp was surrounded by enemies: the coast was stormy, and vessels could not arrive; General Rapatel, who supplied Marshal Clauzel's place for a time in Algiers, was too weak, and himself too much threatened to send aid. France, warned in time, did not forget her children in their hour of danger; and whilst Colonel de la Rue was ordered by M. Thiers to demand satisfaction of the Emperor of Morocco, 4500 men appeared on the beach of the Tafna, commanded by General Bugeaud.

The vengeance taken was prompt and signal. General Bugeaud visited successively Oran and Tlemsen and returned to the camp of the Tafna, which he quitted again on the 5th of July, 1836, to lead a convoy of 500 camels and 300 mules to Tlemsen under the protection of six regiments, a battalion, and the native auxiliaries. The emir had prepared for a vigorous effort: and on arriving at the ford of the Sickah

General Bugeaud found before him 7000 men, including 1200 regular infantry. In vain Abd-el-Kader displayed great bravery, combined with remarkable ability; his army, driven back to a ravine, was cut to pieces. In order to escape the death they saw before them, many of the Arabs threw themselves pell-mell from a perpendicular cliff; but chasseurs and voltigeurs awaited them below, and made a frightful slaughter of them. The victory of the Sickah shook the moral force of the emir to its very foundations: many of his allies abandoned him.

In Paris, meanwhile, Marshal Clauzel was urging the government to a decisive resolution. "If we confine ourselves," he said, "to occupying the seaboard, we may look to be pitched into the sea."

But many minds were appalled at the idea of a complete unlimited occupation. M. de Broglie's definition, "Algiers is a box at the opera," had been prodigiously successful among the doctrinaires, men who often wanted largeness of views, and who, in some measure, justified Talleyrand's saying, "Nothing is lighter than a heavy doctrinaire."

As for the king, the possession of Algiers gave him less uneasiness than his fondness for England, and his eagerness for peace had made it generally supposed. For the English made little display of their jealousy, not thinking us capable of maintaining our conquest; and the king well knew, that the war of Algiers was not one of that sort which tends to become universal. "It matters little," he said, with great happiness of expression, "if a hundred thousand cannon shots be fired in Africa; they are not heard in Europe."

There remained M. Thiers; and of all persons of eminence he was the only one who had strong inclinations on the subject of Africa. The basis of his notions was imperialism; he liked Algiers as a nursery for soldiers. If our troops did not learn there to stand immovable before the cannon's mouth, they would at least become inured to fatigue, they would learn to make light of danger, to support privations, to lead the life of the bivouac, to surmount nostalgia. These were the considerations that attached M. Thiers to Africa, the more so as our battles there brought into salient relief true soldiers, men like Changarnier, Lamoricière, Bédeau, Cavaignac, and Duvivier, who might one day be opposed to Europe in arms, with safety, confidence, and pride.

The conceptions of M. Thiers, we see, were not in every respect worthy of the principle represented by France in the world. He had, no more than the Governor-general of Algeria, raised his mind to the idea of colonization by the state, an idea which appeared impracticable, only because it was great. To extend the military possessions of France; to secure her along the African coast maritime positions, whence she might command the Mediterranean; to protect that sea in time of peace, and to let loose corsairs upon it in war; nothing more than this was contemplated by M. Thiers as among the consequences of the conquest. It was a great deal, and too little.

But if he entertained only confined views as to the future destiny of Algeria, at least he saw clearly what exertions it was important to make in order to bring it under subjection. He was aware that the mischief arose solely out of mismanaged war; that the flame once kindled, there

was no alternative but to extinguish it vigorously or to run from it; that half measures were an encouragement to the Arabs, a cause of weakness to the army, of ruin to the budget, and an infallible means of sooner or later wearing out the patience of France and bringing her to abandon the conquest. He had, therefore, no difficulty in coming to an understanding with Marshal Clauzel as to the measures to be adopted. Bending over the map of Africa, he followed with satisfaction the details of the plan for a campaign. He authorized the marshal to march on Constantina, granted him more forces than he asked for, and fearing lest the governor-general's daring should prompt him to undertake the expedition with slight resources, he enjoined him not to march from Bona except upon a written order under his hand. As for the execution of the plan, this belonged to the department of the minister at war, and it was to him the governor-general had to address himself.

According to Marshal Clauzel, the first thing requisite to be done in Africa was to wrest Constantina from Ahmed Bey. Ahmed personified Turkish nationality in the east, as Abd-el-Kader personified Arab nationality in the west. Constantina was connected with Tunis, and Africa with the Porte, by ties at which we could legitimately express our displeasure. Should the Sultan think of disposing of the investiture of Tunis, this would be quite enough to lead to a rupture between France and the Porte. Thus the project of conquering Constantina rested on considerations of the utmost gravity.

But to attempt such an enterprise Marshal Clauzel had demanded 30,000 fighting men, a corps of native country of 5000, 4000 auxiliary cavalry, and that the campaign should begin on the 15th of September at the latest; above all, that 3000 or 4000 men should be instantly marched for Bona.

With 4000 men at Bona we should have secured our camp at Dréhan from Ahmed; we could have proceeded to Ghelma, and made it the depôt for the troops and *matériel* required in the siege at Constantina, and thus have gained several leagues of territory. No doubt the Arabs would then have joined us, and would have offered us the necessary means of transport, which would have given a heavy blow beforehand from the other side of the Seybouze to Ahmed's power and influence. These reasons, which Marshal Clauzel urged with great force, were admitted, and the instructions sent to General Rapatel were in accordance with them.

Some days afterwards, the marshal set out to resume the reins of command; but hardly had he touched the Algerine shore when the cabinet of the 22nd of February tottered. Thereupon Marshal Maison, as if fearing to leave after him the glory of the expedition agreed on, hastened to write to Marshal Clauzel, that "the arrangements ordered were indeed quite conformable to the verbal communications had with several of the king's ministers, but they had not undergone any deliberation in council; that it was for the new cabinet to refuse or accord its sanction to them, and that until then, it behoved to take no binding or compromising step, to keep strictly within the limits of the actual occupation, and within those of the disposable effective and the legislative

credits." At the same time the sending of the troops destined for Bona was suspended.

This counter order so strange, so little expected, threw Marshal Clauzel into a stupor. He foresaw the mischief that would flow from all this uncertainty and hesitation, and he had the pain to find himself not mistaken. Bona harassed by Ahmed, the camp of Dréham attacked, the tribes on which we counted detached from us and chastised by the bey of Constantina, the operations to have been directed against Ghelma retarded at a period when every delay added to the sum of the chances against us, such were the fruits of that ministerial instability, of that policy without vigour or continuity, which characterizes the constitutional régime.

While things were at this pass, M. de Rancé, Marshal Clauzel's aide-de-camp, having brought from Paris the news of the formation of the Molé ministry, the governor's anxieties were redoubled. The fall of M. Thiers deprived his projects of a supporter; the winter was approaching; the general effective in the regency did not exceed 28,000 men, equivalent to scarcely more than 23,000 fighting men. Matters admitting of no delay, the marshal despatched M. de Rancé to Paris, with orders to apply for a reinforcement of 10,000 men.

The ministers of the 6th of September, found themselves in a very embarrassing position as regarded Africa. On the one hand, they did not wish to exceed the credits, to compromise their responsibility to the Chamber, and to let themselves be hurried, in pursuance of the course begun by M. Thiers, into a system, the boldness of which appalled them. On the other hand, it seemed to them a hard thing to have to abandon an enterprise from which the nation promised itself glory and profit: should they not thereby run the risk of augmenting the popularity of M. Thiers, and discrowning, as it were, their own accession? Thus, tossed about between conflicting feelings, they decided that the expedition should take place, but without any notable increase of means, and they confined themselves to sending to Africa, in order to complete a general effective of 30,000 men, battalions which had already set out when M. de Rancé arrived.

M. de Rancé having set forth the business on which he was sent, was answered with a refusal, founded on the fact, that the only figure in the despatches was that of 30,000 men. In vain he explained that Marshal Clauzel had requested 30,000 fighting men, not 30,000 men inclusive of the sick and the wounded; in vain he insisted that the marshal had furthermore considered indispensable a corps of native infantry and 4000 auxiliary cavalry: the ministers invariably recurred to the written figures in opposition to the force of verbal promises.

In other respects, and within the limits prescribed by themselves, they were far from disapproving of the expedition, as is proved by the following passage from a letter written by General Bernard, minister at war, to the marshal, on the 22d of October, 1836: "Monsieur le Maréchal, I acquainted you by my telegraphic despatch of yesterday, that I have learned with satisfaction that you are undertaking the expedition against Constantina, and that you have no uneasiness as to the result. I an-

nounced to you at the same time, that His Royal Highness Monseigneur le Duc de Nemours is entrusted to your care, that the prince will arrive in Toulon on the 25th, and will embark immediately for Bona."

The approbation was thus incontestable and explicit, inasmuch as one of the king's sons took part in the expedition; and if, in a subsequent despatch of the 3rd of November, General Bernard remarked to the marshal, that the government had not *ordered* but only *authorized* the expedition against Constantina, the only conclusion to be drawn thence is, that the ministry unfairly took measures either to profit by the success of the enterprise, or to rid itself of responsibility for its defeat.

What was the marshal to do? Thus met by a refusal which frustrated his plans, and deprived him of means he felt to be indispensable to his success, should he throw up his command? Should he leave to the Count de Damrémont, who had been sent to fill his place if vacated, the conduct of an enterprise so important, so decisive? Or else, without surrendering his command, should he declare that the time for acting had passed away, and that it was necessary to postpone an expedition thenceforth rendered doubtful by a miserly policy and pernicious delays?

This latter would have been the best course; but the enterprise had long been announced; it kept the public attention on the alert; it was to be the crowning point of favourite projects; it attracted one of the king's sons; it had already made so much noise among the Arabs that it might seem imperative in honour to execute it. The marshal determined to proceed to the end.

Besides Joussouf, whom he had named bey of Constantina, had never ceased to urge him to confidence: What was to be feared? The affair would, in fact, be nothing more than a military promenade; the tribes were disposed to submit; Constantina would not wait for an attack, but would hasten to open its gates. Such promises flattered the marshal's secret inclinations, he yielded to them, and the troops received orders to rendezvous at Bona, which was to be the point of departure.

It was the beginning of November, and the sky did not fail to give us ominous warnings. The rain fell in torrents day and night: the mountains were covered with snow. The soldiers, exhausted with sea-sickness, were huddled together in unwholesome, ill-sheltered barracks, where they were seized with fever. Sickness increased frightfully; on the eve of the departure two thousand men were in the hospitals.

And then the inundation of the plain intercepted communication, and prevented the bringing in of provisions and the purchase of mules. Joussouf, from whom fifteen hundred were expected, was forced to confess that he would have difficulty in collecting five hundred, and in fact that number was not completed.

But nothing could shake Marshal Clauzel's resolution. General de Rigny had led the way with his brigade. On the 11th of November, 1836, the rains had ceased, the marshal hailed the first sunbeam as a happy token, and the army began its march the following day. It numbered in all seven thousand men, carrying provisions for fifteen days.

A horrible storm come down on the convoy in the camp of Drélian. Of two hundred and twenty oxen belonging to the commissariat one-

half ran away and escaped, terrified by the thunder and lightning. The march continued, toilsome and uncertain. Five hours were spent in dragging the artillery five miles over the drenched clay; and to lighten the labour of dragging it through the mud, some of the ladders provided for the purpose of escalading Constantina, were thrown under the wheels. On the 15th, the troops reached the Roman ruins of Ghelma; on the 17th, they crossed the Seybouze; and on the 19th, they arrived at Ras Oed Zenati. They had not yet encountered any enemies, and had seen but a few Arabs here and there engaged in agriculture. But on the 20th, some horsemen appeared on the heights, and shots were heard. Then the boldest might well conceive some gloomy forebodings, the want of munitions and provisions rendered a long conflict impossible. Rain, snow, and frost had prevailed violently through the night; several soldiers had their feet frost-bitten, some had died of cold; Constantina, already perceived in the disiance, seemed to recede before the advance of our troops. At last at noon, the 21st of November, the hills that concealed it having been surmounted one after the other, it suddenly presented itself before the eyes of the soldiers, protected by a ravine of immense depth, at the bottom of which roared the Oued Rummel, and which presented for scarp and counter-scarp a perpendicular rock. The marshal expected to find the gates open, an illusion too obstinately fostered, which was soon dissipated by two cannon shots from the ramparts, and the red flag hoisted on the principal battery.

Now the army arrived before the town, exhausted by nine days' march, during which they had to contend incessantly against the unmitigated fury of winter, to cut down trees, break rocks, and render the rugged sides of the mountain practicable for the artillery and wagons. Their clothes were drenched in rain; there was no bivouacking except in the mud. The baggage wagons remained stuck fast, half a league in the rear. The snow was falling in sheets. Hardly any victuals remained.

Thus it was not a siege that could be attempted, but only a *coup de main*.

The army had come upon a plateau connected with the town by a very narrow bridge; and it had in front a ravine sixty metres (sixty five yards) wide, rock walls, proof against mine and ball; and a very strong double gate, which could only be reached by a narrow way, exposed to the fire of the houses and the gardens.

The weak side of Constantina was on the south, where the only defence of the city was a plain wall commanded by the plateau of Koudiat Aty.

Unfortunately, it was impossible to convey the eight-pounders thither, over ground in which the wheels sank to the axle, and which was cut by the Oued Rummel, now unusually swollen by the rains.

Marshal Clauzel determined, therefore, to direct the principal attack against the gate of the bridge, whilst he ordered General de Rigny to march with the brigade of the advanced-guard to the heights of Koudait Aty.

There were three water courses to cross besides the Rummel, now converted into a torrent, and the soldiers were sometimes up to the mid-

dle in water. The wind and hail, too, beat in their faces so violently, that they were forced, from time to time, to halt and turn their backs to the storm. Scarcely had they neared the hills that precede the plateau of Koudiat Aty, when they were assailed with sharp volleys from various points of a Moslem cemetery. Sheltered by the tombs, a great number of Arabs from the town appeared resolved vigorously to dispute the passage of the French. The latter were short of powder; they charged the Arabs with the bayonet, carried the position, and established themselves on the plateau. But, Ahmed Bey, who had left his lieutenant, Ben Aissa, in command of Constantina, while he himself kept a-field with his cavalry, fell upon the rear of the advanced-guard brigade, on the morning of the 22d, at the moment when the Kabyles were attacking it in front, and the Turks were spreading themselves out on its right flank. The situation was critical; the valour of the French did not leave the victory for a moment doubtful, and the enemy was repulsed on all points at once.

Whilst this was passing on the heights of Koudiat Aty, a new misfortune befel the army. It having been found impossible to extricate the baggage that had remained behind from the mud, the soldiers that escorted the wagons began to pillage before abandoning them, and, drenching themselves with brandy to beguile the hunger that tormented them, they fell an easy prey to the yataghans of the Arabs.

The 22d of November was employed by the main body in cannonading the gate of the bridge, and preparing to storm. On the 23d the artillery continued to play; and the brigade of the advanced-guard, called once more to the fight, charged and overthrew the bey's troops.

Night being come, two simultaneous attacks were ordered, one on the Mansourah side, against the gate of the bridge, the other on the Koudiat Aty side, against the gate Bab-el-Oued. In the former, which was but an heroic effort against obstacles too numerous, General Trézel was shot through the neck. The latter, led by Colonel Duvivier; cost the lives of two officers of the highest hopes, Captain Grand and Commandant Richepanse. It failed, too, for want of sufficient means; axes were wanting to break down a gate strengthened with iron, on which no impression could be made with bayonets and butts of muskets.

The elements had conspired against the French; the supply of victuals was reduced to a ration of rice and a biscuit per man; there remained ammunition scarcely more than enough for thirty cannon shots; wherever the enemy had been met face to face, he had been put to flight: the signal for retreat was given.

The commandant, Changarnier formed the extreme rear with his battalion. At the moment he was reaching the plateau of Mansourah, swarms of Arabs bore down on the French. He immediately formed his battalion into square, and turning to his soldiers, said to them, "My lads, let us look those fellows in the face. They are six thousand; you are three hundred; it is a fair match." This said, he waited until the Arabs were within pistol shot, when a volley from two ranks strewed the earth with men and horses. The enemy, astonished and terrified,

fled headlong, and thenceforth followed the intrepid army only at a distance.

The retreat was admirable. The troops formed an oblong square, in the midst of which a space was kept sufficient for the ambulance and the wagons. The spahis marched at its head; the two flanks were composed of infantry. The rear, commanded by General de Rigny, consisted both of infantry and cavalry. Lines of flankers, supported by squadrons of chasseurs, protected all the faces of the square. The hero of the Arapiles, the great warrior who had saved 20,000 Frenchmen from the attacks of the Duke of Wellington, and brought them off safely from before a victorious army, now appeared in all his old lustre. With steadfast look and calm countenance, Marshal Clauzel provided for every thing with wonderful presence of mind, and diffused around him the unshakable confidence with which he himself was animated. The soldiers, worthy of their leader, ceased not to advance in good order, the horsemen generously giving up their horses to the invalids, and the superior officers holding the wounded by the hand to aid them in their march. A story is told of a soldier who dropped down, exhausted with fatigue, and who, when an officer asked him if he could not go on, replied: "My head will be off in a few minutes; but take my cartridges, I would not have the enemy use them against you." Touched by the man's courage, the officer alighted, placed the poor soldier on his horse, and led it himself by the bridle to Ghelma.

But it was impossible but that the retreat should have been a distressing one. Hunger was severely felt, and added to the fatigues of the march; and whenever the word was given to halt, whole battalions stretched themselves on the ground, like corn lodged by rain and wind. The Arabs pursued the harassed column with hideous avidity; every now and then soldiers who could go no further, were left behind, and, covering their heads waited in mute resignation until the enemy came up and decapitated them. Charges were often made to snatch from certain death wretches who had fallen from weariness; but all could not be saved.

Towards dusk, on the 25th of November, the number of laggards was increasing; and it being observed by the officers, that the night would deliver to the enemy some victims whom there would then be no possibility of saving, General de Rigny, who commanded the rear, sent to Marshal Clauzel to ask him to slacken his speed; and, receiving no reply, he went forward himself as far as the ambulance, allowing some words to escape him that betrayed exaggerated uneasiness; a real impropriety, no doubt, but which was magnified beyond measure, and provoked, on the marshal's part, an order of the day of crushing severity.*

On the 30th of November, 1836, the army passed the night at Dréhan, and on the 1st of December it re-entered Bona.

* The conduct of General de Rigny having been afterwards investigated by a council of war, he was acquitted. He had, besides, displayed brilliant courage under the walls of Constantina.

The losses sustained, amounted to 443 men killed or dead of cold, and 228 wounded. But in France the magnitude of the evil was measured less by the number of the dead than by the nature of the occurrences that had, as it were, set a fatal seal upon this so much longed for expedition. The telegraphic despatches, too, interrupted by fog or night, had conveyed the dismal news only bit by bit, and thus prolonged the public anxiety. But the saddest thing was the use to which political passions, rampant on all sides, sought to turn the event. Who was answerable for our misfortunes? Such was the theme of rancorous, unsparing controversy. In Marshal Clauzel's conduct there had been the rash precipitation of a general, whose plans had been overthrown, and the heroism of an old soldier; his enemies insisted only on what afforded a handle to their hostility, and were not ashamed to lacerate his heart.

After all, public opinion, far from being cast down, declared more impetuously and energetically than ever for the preservation of Africa. The whole French soul vowed from that moment the capture of Constantina. Even under the smart of the most cruel reverses, under the burden of the heaviest sacrifices, the instinct of the people tended with astonishing accuracy and fidelity to the greatness of France, and the accomplishment of her duties towards the world; and merely by the invincible ardour of our will, it might be seen that it was by virtue of a really providential law that we had the Mediterranean to render French, and Algeria to keep.

CHAPTER VII.

An act which seemed the prelude to an amnesty had marked the accession of the Molé administration: the castle of Ham contained no more prisoners.

Before this time three celebrated physicians, Rostan, Ferrus, and Andral, had been directed by the government to visit the prisoners in Ham, whose health was affected. Two only of the ex-ministers, MM. de Peyronnet and de Chantelauze then consented to receive the visits of the physicians, who, after a conscientious investigation, came to the conclusion, that they could not declare in their report for the necessity of enlarging the captives. Afterwards, however, on the 17th of October, 1836, MM. de Peyronnet and de Chantelauze, whose indispositions had increased, were authorized to reside on parole, the former at Monferrand in the department of La Gironde, the latter in the department of the Loire. As for MM. de Polignac and de Guernon Ranville, they had refused to address to the government of Louis Philippe an application that seemed to them incompatible with their oaths. But the death of Charles X. having released them from their allegiance, they asked to be transferred to a *maison de santé*, and on the 23d of November, 1836, an ordonnance appeared, which commuted the penalty pronounced on M.

de Polignac to twenty years' banishment beyond the realm, and authorized M. de Guernon Ranville to reside on parole in the department of Calvados.

Thus M. Molé seemed from the outset to separate himself from the policy of his predecessors. Furthermore, the king had narrowly escaped another attempt at assassination, on the very day of the opening of the Chambers; and this persistent regicidal epidemic proved plainly how ineffectual severity was for the preservation of the throne.

The year 1837 began with keen parliamentary conflicts. MM. de Dreux Brezé and de Noailles put forth eloquent complaints in the Chamber of Peers, and these were repeated and enlarged on in the Chamber of Deputies. M. Thiers had a defeat to avenge, and power to regain; and surrounded by heated and panting friends he awaited M. Molé in the Palais Bourbon, hoping to convict him of helpless inefficiency and to put him down.

Spain, drowned in its own blood, was then the object on which all eyes were turned. It was for having desired to preserve it from civil war that M. Thiers had fallen: Spain, therefore, was the subject on which the dispute began.

The part filled by M. Molé in this quarrel had neither *éclat* nor grandeur, as M. Thiers proved with great impetuosity. He proved that the Quadruple Alliance, considered in its spirit, and not merely in the letter, bound up with the conservation of Isabella's crown the destinies of the constitutional monarchy, which had arisen in France out of the storm of July; that intervention in Spain was imperatively commanded us by our alliance with the English; that in crossing the Pyrenees to fight Don Carlos, the elect of absolutism, it was the cause of constitutional governments we were to have maintained in the face of nations, and in the way that became Frenchmen, proudly, and sword in hand; that we could not thus abandon the Peninsula without losing our influence there, excessively lowering our consideration, and depriving ourselves beforehand of that good and faithful rear-guard which the friendship of Spain would afford, if ever an European coalition returned upon us from the north. Replying to those who saw no difference between the system of the 11th of October, that of the 22d of February, and that of the 6th of September, which he was attacking, "The difference," he said, "is this: the first granted Spain but inefficient aid; the second wished to give her efficient aid; the third will not give her any." Then dexterously availing himself of the fears with which the French middle classes regarded the first clamours of the Spanish democracy and its stormy proceedings, he hinted to the French bourgeoisie what might be the possible chastisement of its apathy. For after all, Spanish juntas springing up tumultuously in all quarters; Torreno overthrown by Mendizabal, Mendizabal by Isturitz; constitutional Spain driven per force into the arms of the democratic party; the swords of the demagogues striking at the gates of San-Ildefonso, because the government could not put down the Carlists in Navarre; in a word, riot in the very apartments of Christina, and Isabella's monarchy on the point of falling to the ground between the banded satellites of the old despotism and the enraged insurgent partisans of the con-

stitution of 1812: did not all this loudly argue the selfishness of those statesmen who opposed the intervention, and the folly of their prudence?

These were impressive considerations: M. Molé urged in opposition to them the manifest elasticity of the terms in which the treaty of the Quadruple Alliance was expressed, the mischiefs of a random policy, the necessity of husbanding the gold and blood of France for French interests, and the importance of avoiding war where every thing was ruled by accident. Whatever weight such arguments might have with an assembly long enslaved to fear, M. Molé would hardly have triumphed over his adversary if he had not been able to array him against himself. In fact, M. Thiers had varied in his policy with regard to Spain. Intoxicated by the flatteries lavished on him by Austrian diplomacy, he had repudiated intervention in a despatch dated March 18, a fatal despatch which M. Molé read from the tribune, extolling its wisdom with triumphant irony.

The discussion also revived the recollection of Conseil's affair, that base intrigue in which the name of France had been implicated. Vainly did M. Odilon Barrot ask for explanations respecting a mystery, the disgrace of which attached to the last months of the cabinet over which M. Thiers had presided. M. Thiers alleged that *he had not known all*, and he cast the responsibility on M. Gasparin, who stammeringly cast it on M. de Montalivet. The latter was not in the hall at that moment. The next day he contented himself with writing an arrogant letter to his colleagues, declaring that he was ready to answer for his acts; but he did not give the expected explanations; and the Chamber deemed itself satisfied when it was thus braved! whether it was that it was frightened by the imminence of the scandalous exposure, or that it respected its secret protector in the person of M. de Montalivet.

The ministry of the 6th of September came out victorious from a most perilous trial; but its existence was not the more assured for all that, since it contained within it the seeds of dissolution.

Sound judgment, an elocution without showy qualities, but adequate and sober, much self-command, presence of mind and coolness of temper, ability in dealing with men, all that is acquired in habitual commerce in the great concerns of the world, experience in business, a policy learned in the school of the Empire, and consequently a taste for despotism, but joined with this a singular facility for bending to the force of circumstances, little elevation of views, no boldness in carrying those views into execution, a restless and too easily irritated vanity: such were the qualifications and defects with which M. Molé entered on office.

M. Guizot could have pardoned him had he occupied the first place in the council, without pretending to lord it over it; but M. Molé, as prime minister, would take the lead of his colleagues, and this was intolerable to M. Guizot, who was jealously bent on personifying the whole cabinet in a secondary post, and claimed an influence proportioned to the dislike with which he was regarded elsewhere. M. Molé, in presence of M. Guizot, was patrician susceptibility at issue with pride. The former was vexed at having to contend for supremacy; the latter affected, towards the man who disputed it with him, a sort of contemp-

tuous amazement than which nothing could be more insulting. Thence came a secret implacable duel in which legislative conceptions, political designs, the employment of agents, measures the most general in appearance, served but as weapons for jealousy. We could adduce a thousand proofs of this: a few will suffice, and, perhaps, the reader will find the very puerility of certain details instructive.

It was M. Guizot, as we have seen, who had placed M. Gasparin in the ministry of the interior, where he was to be all-powerful. M. Gasparin's presence in the council was, therefore, very annoying to M. Molé. Great, therefore, was the delight of the prime minister, when, in the discussion on the address, he saw his unfortunate colleague reduced to the extremity of letting fall from the tribune insignificant, embarrassed excuses, that well deserved the murmurs they excited. The case was plain; M. de Gasparin was lost in the opinion of the Chamber; after so clear a demonstration of his oratorical insufficiency would M. Guizot still dare to uphold him? It was evidently impossible; the moment was come to strike a decisive blow at a rival influence. So thought M. Molé; and on the evening of the day when M. de Gasparin had so broken down, he expressed his sentiments on the matter very freely, in the house of Madame de Boignes, whose *salon* had a political importance at that period. The next day the prime minister went to M. Guizot's, to fasten upon him the dilemma of either accepting the ministry of the interior or of suffering M. de Montalivet to fill it in lieu of M. Gasparin.

M. Guizot had expected this, and his mind was already made up. The moment M. Molé entered he cried out: "I know what you are come to propose: the ministry of the interior? I accept it." At these words, uttered with an imperious air, and in an arrogant tone, M. Molé started, and with a sudden change of thought, asked to retain as his colleague the very man on whose dismissal he had intended to insist.

Meanwhile, news was spread abroad that filled ministers with trouble and confusion. The judicial proceedings as to the conspiracy of the 30th of October, 1836, had begun on the 6th of January, and the cabinet had received intelligence of the result amidst the last rumours excited by the discussion of the address.

Among the accomplices of Napoleon's nephew, MM. de Persigny, Lombard, Gros, Petrey, Dupenhouat, and de Schaller were in default; seven prisoners appeared: Colonel Vaudrey, the chefs-d'escadron Parquin and de Bruc, lieutenants Laity and de Querelles, M. de Gricourt, and Madame Gordon. Since 1830, public curiosity had certainly not been stinted of extraordinary trials, but all things concurred to give this one a peculiar and striking physiognomy: the rank of the accused, most of them military men; the glorious past days of some, the youth and spirit of the others; that imperial revolt which touched the chords of so many reminiscences; Louis Bonaparte sailing unharmed to distant lands; among the physical evidences the eagle with outspread wings; the court established in Strasbourg, a city at once republican and warlike, placed on the highway of our victories, and with all its German externals perhaps the most French among our cities; and to sum up all in a word, the Rhine flowing some miles from the spot where the judges sat, that

Rhine which Napoleon had crossed! Never was seen such a spectacle: the sittings began at early morning, but before dawn the approaches to the *palais de justice* were always thronged with excited groups, and women were seen pressing forward to the doors with lanterns in their hands.

The demeanour of the prisoners corresponded to the interest they excited. His devotion to the memory of the Emperor inspired Commandant Parquin with words of singular force and truth. Madame Gordon, endowed with a natural eloquence, enhanced by the energetic character of her beauty, redeemed whatever was offensive in her usual position as a conspirator by the vivacity of her political convictions. MM. de Querelles, de Gricourt, and de Bruc, sustained their examination with assurance, and Colonel Vaudrey, with a firmness such as quite befitted a soldier, though now and then mingled with embarrassment. But none of the prisoners excited a stronger interest than Lieutenant Laity. He was a young man full of courage, his looks were sad, his countenance transparent, serious, impassioned. In throwing himself into an enterprise in which there was nothing but danger on all hands, he had felt that he gave pledges to death. Beaten, he refused to defend himself, and he was only prevailed on to do so by showing him how far his determination would be prejudicial to his companions in misfortune. In presence of the judges he was calm and indomitable; he expressed himself nobly, without art or effort, and concisely like a soldier: "I am a republican," he said, "and I followed Prince Louis Bonaparte only because I found in him democratic opinions." The depositions of the witnesses gave occasion to various incidents that added to the impression produced by the whole affair. Colonel Tallandier having related, that in arresting Commandant Parquin he had torn off one of his general's epaulettes: "It is very true," cried the latter, "that M. Tallandier insulted me, he could do so with impunity; I was his prisoner." And these words occasioned an exchange of others and of looks between the two soldiers, the meaning of which no one could fail to guess.

Abroad, emotion was continually increasing. The whole town rang with loudly expressed wishes for the acquittal of the prisoners. "*Vivent les opinions du Lieutenant Laity!*" was shouted in the streets. A trial won in a manner by the august shade of Napoleon, was in the eyes of the Bonapartists a marvellous victory. The republicans were most eager to have the authority of the reigning king weakened and decried. Many pursued no other object than the humiliation of the ministry. All agreed in masking the designs of hate, or the promptings of passion by appealing to the principle of equality: for was it possible to lay hands on the accomplices of Louis Bonaparte, when Louis Bonaparte himself was exalted above the reach of punishment? The injustice in this case would be flagrant. Such were the arguments noisily urged in the salons, the cafés, the hotels, and the breweries; and the jurors could not move a step without encountering symptoms and expressions of feeling that could not but have a contagious effect upon them.

There was nothing, even to the very choice of the *avocats*, but was of a nature strongly to favour the prisoners. M. Ferdinand Barrot was

the bearer of a name rendered illustrious by political conflicts; M. Parquin, a celebrated member of the Parisian bar, appeared to defend the life or liberty of a brother; M. Thierret enjoyed a great reputution for learning; M. Liechtemberger, Madame Gordon's advocate, had acquired in Alcase the influence of virtue adorned by talent. As for M. Martin (of Strasbourg) he had not yet attained the reputation he was afterwards to acquire; but already he might be honoured and regarded as a republican without blemish, a man in whom austerity of conviction and firmness of character were associated with rare simplicity of manners and exquisite gentleness.

Attacked by the *procureur-général*, M. Rossée, with an intemperance that contrasted very unfavourably with the moderation of M. Girard, the *procurer du roi* for Strasbourg, the prisoners were eloquently defended. Each of the *avocats* pleaded successively, and in various forms, the principle of equality before the law. As for M. Parquin he had but to give free course to his feelings of brotherly affection to win all hearts: "O, my venerable mother!" he exclaimed, at the conclusion of his speech, "thou, who at eighty-two years of age hast fallen again on restless days and sleepless nights, thou who accusest Heaven for not having sooner withdrawn thee from the earth, I see thee, I hear thee saying, 'Parquin, what hast thou done with thy brother?' Ah, my good and venerable mother, dry thy tears. Thy son! An Alsacian jury will restore him to thee." Sobs were heard on all sides, and it was in the midst of an indescribable scene of tender emotion that the court was adjourned. The next day, January 18, 1837, at the moment the jury entered the court, many cried out: "Acquit! Acquit!" Intense anxiety was depicted on every face. But when, the jurors having resumed their sittings, their foreman pronounced these words: "On my honour and my conscience, before God and before men, upon all the questions the answer of the jury is: No, the accused are not guilty," there ran through the audience a murmur of satisfaction that could hardly be suppressed by the respect due to justice. Presently, the reading of the verdict of acquittal by the registrar allowing all present to give free utterance to their feelings, the late prisoners threw themselves into the arms of their advocates; every one thronged around them with congratulations, and the hall rang with shouts of "Long live the jury! The Alsace Jury!" The same enthusiasm prevailed outside the court-house. The town of Strasbourg put on the appearance of a holiday; a sumptuous banquet was given to the ex-prisoners, and the excitement was prolonged by a duel between Colonel Tallandier and Commandant Parquin, in which the latter received a rather severe wound, after having himself put his adversary in danger.

The issue of the Strasbourg prosecution struck the ministers with consternation. The king was particularly mortified by it. The non-commissioned officer Bruyant had recently attempted an insurrection at Vendôme with the republican flag; the tendency to plot was increasing; implacable animosities were germinating in the darkness that shrouded secret societies; a journeyman mechanician, named Champion, was detected in planning a scheme of regicide, and strangled himself in prison, before it could be ascertained whether or not he left any accom-

plice behind. All these things hung heavy on Louis Philippe's heart. Accustomed when he was but a prince of the blood to the pleasure of solitary promenades, he groaned over his lost freedom, and chafed at that vexatious caution with which he was compelled to guard against the machinations of his many invisible foes. That there should have mingled with his feelings of depression bursts of indignation, and a desire to cut short every new attempt by rigorous measures, was of course quite natural: but there was abuse in this tendency to establish a vast system of repression, and the blame devolved on ministers. Swayed by their mutual jealousy, MM. Guizot and Molé kept incessant watch upon each other about the king, vying for his preference, keenly looking out, without perhaps confessing it to themselves, for the first symptoms of his wishes to catch at his favour, and exaggerating whatever conception entered his mind, with shameful emulation in subserviency. Thus they vied with each other in nurturing the anxieties and the vigilant cares of their master. To put down, became, as it were, the watchword of the council, and the best man was he who should most promptly propose the severest measures.

M. Molé then conceived a project such as could never have been executed except in a period of crisis, or under the sway of an absolute authority. His scheme was to obtain for the ministry the right of removing from Paris any one who should seem a little too dangerous. It was a downright plagiarism of the *loi des suspects* (law of the suspected). M. Guizot did not approve of the proposal, but feared that if he openly opposed it his rival would take advantage of it in the race they were running for influence. He consulted, therefore, with his friends, and M. Duvergier de Hauranne undertook to mediate with M. Molé. The interview had all the desired success. M. Duvergier de Hauranne observed, that the measure was one of incalculable scope; that it savoured of a system of *coups d'état;* that a crisis alone could justify the employment of such means; that it was not expedient, after so many efforts, to exhibit France as in a revolutionary condition. M. Molé yielded, but not without ill-humour, and finally it was agreed to stop at three bills evidently marked with the same impress. The first was to this effect, that when crimes provided for by certain determined laws should have been committed by military men and civilians jointly, the latter should be tried before the ordinary tribunals, and the former before the councils of war. The second bill was for the establishment of a prison in the Isle of Bourbon for the reception of transported citizens. The third menaced with imprisonment whoever having knowledge of plots against the king's life should fail to give information of the same.

At the same time, as if to render profitable to the king's fortune the dangers incurred by his person, ministers invited the Chamber to bestow a rich apanage on the Duc de Nemours, and to give the Queen of the Belgians a dowry of 1,000,000 francs out of the money of the tax-payers.

The first of these laws, which has remained famous under the name of "law of disjunction," was a work of anger, a cruel revenge for the Strasbourg verdict: it shocked the public conscience. What! different judges for the self-same crime! The causes divided when the charges

were identical! And who knows but that within a few paces of the tribunal by which soldiers should be condemned to death for rebellion, another tribunal would acquit their accomplices? The opposition in the Chamber was tremendous. M. Dupin aîné, began the attack with unequalled force and spirit, whilst his sentiments derived peculiar weight from his well-known attachment to the government, of which he made himself on this occasion the adversary. Never had his physiognomy been more expressive, his gesture more vivacious, his voice more mordant, his eloquence more sparkling. Calling to mind that the principle of indivisibility had been held sacred by all criminalists, ancient and modern, he showed how this principle was put beyond reach of assault in despotic states no less than in turbulent democracies; he showed how it had been respected even at a period when there were jurisdictions royal, manorial, provostal, ecclesiastical, universitarian; he showed it surviving revolutions, traversing ages, and finally standing, always standing erect amid all the ruins accumulated by history. Then going to the very heart of the question, wherefore, said he, "when a crime is committed conjointly by military men and simple citizens, wherefore have recourse to an exceptional jurisdiction with regard to the former? Are juries averse to discipline in the army? Do they prefer disorder? Do you think the proprietor and the merchant are not aware, that without order the fruit of their labour and industry would be jeopardized, and that discipline in the army is the pledge of their repose?" Passing on to consider consequences, "Military justice, Messieurs," he said, "requires to have its sentences promptly executed. Will you execute the sentence? You forego the advantage of confronting the witnesses. If, on the contrary, you postpone the execution, your witnesses in that case are men condemned to death. And what can be more cruel than to hold the stroke of death suspended over a man's head for three or four months? Do you not see that his agony will be augmented, doubled? But I see something more terrible still in these two trials carried on separately. If those who are accused before the council of war are condemned, the public accuser will present himself before the jury with their heads in his hand as it were, and call for the heads of the others!" Rising to more general considerations the orator proceeded thus: "Your law destroys the sentiment that makes the good soldier, that sentiment which tells the soldier he is a citizen. What attaches the soldier to the country is, that he thinks of his father's house, of his field, of the cemetery where rest the ashes of his ancestors, and to which his own are to be gathered. It is all belonging to his little native land that renders the great one dear to him. Good citizens make good soldiers. Justice is one in France, said Napoleon; a man is a citizen before he is a soldier. (You understand him—Napoleon! Such was his notion.) The offences of the soldier must be subjected to the cognizance of the civil tribunals. Yes, it must be so, except in the army, for the army carries every thing along with it; it is the state journeying abroad. Another capital point is, that society must not abdicate the functions of self-guardianship. What! when a crime shall have been committed, in the suppression of which the whole state is interested, it is not society

that shall have the right of suppressing it! Now the institution of the jury is society itself. If you make the army a corporation, such as the clergy was formerly; if, after putting arms into its hands, you invest it with the right of administering justice under arms, you abdicate the functions of justice, you are no longer society, you delegate your rights to armed men who may use them against the country and yourselves."

To destroy the effect of this vigorous harangue, which was seconded by the speeches of MM. Delespaul, de Golbéry, and Nicod, a powerful orator was requisite, and M. de Lamartine presented himself. He began by denouncing the unparalleled scandal of the Strasbourg verdict. He was amazed and indignant at so much favour shown to such daring rebels; and as for the impunity granted their leader by the royal clemency, he dwelt on the fact that Louis Bonaparte had been put out of the pale of the common law from the day, when punished by the glory of his name, he had been visited, by the discretion of the state, with perpetual exile. What injustice was there in allowing him to profit, when guilty, by an exceptional position from which he had suffered when innocent? And supposing that the king's indulgence had been beguiled, by what right did twelve jurymen summon the royal majesty to appear at their bar? Was it their office to avenge violated principles, to recall the executive to a sense of respect for slighted equality? According to M. de Lamartine, it was needful to take precautions against such abuses, by adopting, at least as a transitory measure, the proposed law, a law after all easy to justify, since offences committed by military men, wore a character of special aggravation which demanded a peculiarly severe jurisdiction.

A long tumult followed the delivery of this speech. M. Charamaule appeared upon the tribune to refute it, and the struggle went on. The bill, supported by MM. Parant, Moreau (de la Meurthe), Persil, Magnoncourt, and Martin (du Nord), was denounced by the opposition with more and more vivacity. M. Chaix d'Est-Ange called it a law of suspicion against juries. M. Teste placed it in the same sinister category as the revolutionary tribunal, and the provostal courts. But the violence of the partisans of the bill grew with the very vehemence of the attacks made upon it. Overstepping the limits laid down by ministers, General Tirlet did not shrink from proposing, that in cases wherein the crimes in question should be committed by civilians in conjunction with one or more military officers, all the parties implicated without distinction should be tried by a council of war. General Bugeaud was of opinion, that armed revolt should be cognizable by councils of war, whatever might be the class to which the guilty parties belonged. Thus it was the overthrow of the charter that the military speakers called for. The agitation increased, when springing to the tribune, M. Berryer ironically adjured the supporters of the ministry to imitate generals Bugeaud and Tirlet, not to stop half way, but to be logical in their pernicious designs. For the principle of disjunction appeared to him not less absurd than cruel. What! will you send men guilty of the same crime before different judges! And you do not perceive what a blow you deal thereby

at the authority of justice, at its dignity, at the respect due to its decisions? Suppose you had been in possession of this law the day before the outbreak at Strasbourg: what would have happened? What would have happened if, whilst the jury remained imbued with the opinions you deprecate, the council of war had, on the contrary, been animated with the rigorous sentiment you expect of it? What would have happened after the acquittal pronounced by one of the two tribunals, and the condemnation pronounced by the other? At the same hour, in the self-same town, two gates would have been opened; here, you would have had the funeral march of the men condemned to death; there, the ovation bestowed on the acquitted criminals and on their judges! And you would have suffered the procession of the death-doomed to pass along beside the noisy demonstrations of joy made by those who were exulting in their triumph over justice!"

The moment M. Berryer closed his speech, a buzzing noise began; the deputies left their places and formed groups in the passages and the semicircle. The galleries were astir. The ministers were concerting together. At last M. de Salvandy, the reporter of the bill, endeavoured to justify his own work; but he was scarcely listened to amidst the prolonged emotion, and the general discussion was closed.

Next day, March 7, M. Jaubert dashed headlong into the *mêlée*. In the opinion of this impetuous man, captious yet shrewd, keen, and caustic, as incapable of weakness as of discretion, and who maintained despotic theories with the factious impatience and intemperance of a tribune, the law proposed by the ministers was not yet sufficiently harsh and absolute. He, therefore, supported the views of General Tirlet, and flung a challenge to M. Dupin aîné, who was guilty in his eyes of the offence of being, for the moment, an adversary of the executive, though a public functionary. M. Dupin retorted with eloquent acerbity. This was the last episode of the discussion. The ballot was taken, and the law was rejected by 211 votes against 209. That instant the roof rang with shouts of enthusiasm, such as had not been heard in that place for many a day. The deputies interchanged impassioned congratulations; hands which had not been lifted up to plight the same oaths were clasped together with cordial warmth, and the women waved their handkerchiefs in the galleries.

A ministerial crisis appeared inevitable. And yet the following note appeared in the ministerial evening paper: "The ministry of the 6th of September, will not retire in consequence of the vote of the Chamber. It was its wish to reinforce the discipline of the army, and to prevent the recurrence of deplorable disorders: the measures it proposed having been rejected, it is not on it the responsibility falls." But evidently a crisis was approaching.

Now, whilst that crisis was gathering in the king's palace, distrust and wretchedness were spreading far and wide. Sad news was arriving from all parts of the kingdom. The cloth factories at Rouen were in a state of extreme languor, after having been idle part of the winter; the journeymen dyers had scarcely any work, and the weavers were suffering cruelly from a recent diminution of wages; several unemployed work-

men had carried their certificates to the mayoralty; a few were employed by the town as scavengers, at twelve sous a day. Famine was beginning to be felt in the rural districts of the department of l'Aude. Two cantons in the arrondissement of Limoux were mentioned, the famishing inhabitants of which had emigrated, and spread themselves over the plains of Roussillon and Bas Languedoc. It was even stated, that a family of the village of Chamus, situated in the heart of the mountains, finding their provisions exhausted, had slaughtered a horse, and fed upon it. In l'Ariège, mendicancy had reached such a pass, that the poor wandered along the roads in troops, with the wallet on their back. Beggars in the canton of Aix died of starvation. Normandy was desolated, about the same period, by a frightful calamity: a violent north-east wind having forced the sea against the flood-gates of Pont de Vey, the waters of the Vire, swollen by the melted snows, and by the abundant rains, suddenly burst the dykes, and inundated the low grounds of Dommartin, Graignes, and St. Fromond, sweeping away and drowning the cattle. Lastly, the following lines were written from Lyons, and appeared in several journals: "Want and wretchedness are now more than ever at the full here. Does the government suppose that people die of starvation as they do of a sword-thrust, without lingering agony? Does it suppose that the recent spectacle of that poor woman, who dragged herself along the Place Bellecour, to die there, was of a nature to inspire lessons of resignation? For six days that poor creature, who had nothing to eat, continued to suckle her infant. At length her frame was exhausted, and her milk dried up. Then, rallying her last remaining strength, she dragged herself along the pavement, and died there, commending her boy to the compassion of the passers by." Symptoms not less distressing were making their appearance in the capital; nothing was to be seen in the Place du Châtelet but sales under process of law; bankruptcies were continually on the increase; and every day the open space before the Hôtel-de-Ville was thronged with journeymen, who, having vainly offered the services of their hands, withdrew with curses on their lips and rebellion in their hearts. The coffers of the savings' bank could hardly meet the demands made upon them, those who were less unfortunate hastening to withdraw from it the amount of their savings; so that, in the first week of April alone, the disbursements made by the savings' banks amounted to the enormous sum of 1,766,000f.! In great cities, the poor man is a being buried alive, and struggling at the bottom of a tomb; men pass backwards and forwards over his head without hearing his cries; they trample on him and know not of his existence: only from time to time, society seems to open its close-pressed surface for an instant, to allow the prosperous man to catch with dismay a glimpse of its secret depths. So it was now. What singular dramas of profound meaning were now played before the justice seat! Now it was a mother, who, seeing her son dying on his straw bed, had stolen for him a morsel of the bread so often disdained by the sensuality of the rich; sometimes it was pallid workmen, who, wanting employment, had caused themselves to be picked up from the pavement of the streets as vagabonds, in order that they might be convicted of the crime of poverty, and admitted as

culprits to the bitter banquet, at which they had been unable to find a place as working men. The reader guesses what was passing then in the courts of justice; these criminals were convicted and sentenced, but by compassionating judges, in presence of spectators that sometimes melted into tears; and when they set out for prison, open-handed charity awaited them at the doors of the court. Admirable protest against the vices of our social system! touching and philosophical homage to the power of the gospel, amidst the woes and follies of a corrupted civilisation!

Meanwhile, the law of apanage was presented. Not content with asking for 1,000,000 francs, as dowry for the king's eldest daughter, the Queen of the Belgians, and an increase of revenue of 1,000,000 francs for the Duc d'Orléans, the heir-apparent, the court desired that the Duc de Nemours should be granted the domain of Rambouillet, with the addition of the forests of Sénonche, Chateau-neuf, and Montécaut. But the proposal, received at first without murmur in the committees of the Chamber, was no sooner made known to the public, than an angry clamour arose on all sides. The fact was adverted to, that the king enjoys a civil list of 12,000,000f.; that the national munificence generously left him an excess of 9,000,000 raised in the first months of his reign; that he had been left free to preserve his private domain, unlike all his predecessors, who made it their glory, on ascending the throne, to add their own property to that of the state; that that private domain was considerable; and that Louis Philippe, whose sons were to be apanaged, and whose daughters were to be dowried by the nation, was one of the most opulent sovereigns in Europe. While these considerations were engaging men's minds, the rumor spread, that in order to augment, unknown to all, the feudal grant reserved for the Duc de Nemours, the courtiers had not blushed to have recourse to false valuations. This added to the public exasperation, and soon nothing was talked of but a pamphlet from the formidable pen of M. de Cormenin.

"You must confess," said M. de Cormenin to the Duc de Nemours, "you must confess, monseigneur, that the French nation is a very generous nation, and that your family owes it unbounded gratitude for the comforts, profits, and great benefits wherewith it has been evermore filled and refilled, loaded and reloaded, charged and surcharged. In the very first place, monseigneur, the events of 1661, 1672, and 1692, took from the state and bestowed on your ancestors, an apanage composed of so many fiefs, lands, manors, towns, palaces, castles, farms, governments, principalities, duchies, marquisates, counties, and baronies, field rents and feudal dues, meadows, canals, woods, and forests, that I should weary myself, and consume a hundred pages in enumerating them to you. Your house, monseigneur, passed, in 1789, for the richest princely house, not reigning, in Europe, since its capital was valued at 112,000,000f.—an enormous sum, equivalent to 200,000,000f. in our day, a sum too great, by all means, to be in the hands and at the disposal of one man, prince though he be, and dangerous, according to the character of the times, sometimes to freedom, sometimes to the executive itself. For history will be but just, monseigneur,

when it shall state, that the revolutionary use your grandfather made of his prodigious fortune, contributed more than any thing else to the overthrow of the throne of Louis XVI., his kinsman and his master. This fatality of pecuniary good luck, which clings obstinately to its steps, followed your family, even in exile. For whilst the other emigrants were dying of starvation in the land of the stranger, the Duchess of Orleans, your grandmother, was receiving a large pension from the French republic; and about the same time, the treasury was paying, on your emigrant father's account, more than 40,000,000f. of debts. Forty millions! what a brilliant anticipation of a civil list! Nor was this all. Louis XVIII. was scarcely landed in England, before he delivered to you, at your urgent entreaties, by an ordonnance of good pleasure, what remained in the hands of the nation, of the unsold property of the Orleans apanage, an apanage irrevocably abolished, not by the laws of 1793, respecting emigration, but by Article II. of the law of December 21, 1790, on apanages. To excuse this glaring violation of the law, it has been asserted, that Louis XVIII. was then omnipotent. But by the same fine process of reasoning, the first citizen that fell in the way might have been plundered, as the state was plundered, to enrich you. The law on the emigrants' indemnity, which seems to have been made expressly for your lucky family, still further augmented its good points, commodities, eases, and profits, by giving it an opportunity to repudiate its paternal inheritance, which was riddled with debts, and to accept its maternal inheritance, which was ablaze with gold and silver: by means of this ingenious division of patrimonies, subtilely admitted by counsellers of state removable at will, it got a bonus of 12,000,000 of crowns, good weight and tale, duly committed to its coffers. Lastly, independently of the jewel of the crown of France, the most magnificent jewel in the universe, the Chambers, desiring to gorge your family with wealth, as they gorged it with power, added to the immense riches of your father the movable and immovable property of the royal dotation of Charles X. I have too often summed up your account, monseigneur, to make it again needful that I should here call to mind that you are in enjoyment of the Louvre, the Tuileries, and the Elysée Bourbon, with their appurtenances; of the châteaux of Marly, St. Cloud, Meudon, St. Germain, Compiègne, Fontainebleau, and Pau; with the houses, buildings, factories, lands, meadows, farms, woods, and forests belonging thereto; of the woods of Boulogne and Vincennes, and the forest of Sénart; of the diamonds, pearls, precious stones, statues, pictures, engraved stones, museums, libraries, and other monuments of the arts; and of the chattels contained in the Hôtel du Garde Meuble, and in the several royal palaces and establishments."

M. de Cormenin next proved, in a rapid and picturesque style, bristling with deadly epigrams, and all glittering with bitter gaiety, that the proposed law had a feudal physiognomy strangely out of keeping with the times, for aristocratic institutions and feudal manors had been deservedly swept away; that it was threatening for the future, for it tended to concentrate in one family, and in a country parcelled out by the principle of

the division of patrimonies, an entailed power without counterpoise; that it was insolent, for it went against the spirit of the revolution of July, the only source of the majesty of the new throne; that it was absurd, inasmuch as it proved a hereditary dotation for the sons of a king whose dotation was but for life; that it was contrary to the law of December 21, 1790, which said, "For the future no apanage shall be granted in real property;" that it was contrary to the law of 1832 on the civil list, which admitted only contingent dowers and not apanages, and that, moreover, in case *the private domain should be insufficient.* Now to maintain the insufficiency of the king's private domain would have been, according to M. de Cormenin, and by his calculations, the height of effrontery. Finally, reflecting on the noble uses that might be made of the enormous capital which the courtiers wished to bestow on the Duc de Nemours, the spirited pamphleteer continued thus:

"With the 40,000,000 of Rambouillet you could give popular libraries to the 38,000 communes of France.

"You might institute 12,000 sewing schools for the poor women in the country.

"You could defray the cost of establishing 10,000 halls of asylum for little children.

"You could save 30,000 unemployed workmen from dying of starvation during two winter months.

"You could furnish for five years, pensions of 100 francs each to 5000 wounded, crippled, or otherwise disabled soldiers."

These were purely republican considerations; nevertheless they took effect upon a bourgeoisie which thought and declared itself to be monarchical. They did not comprehend, these inconsistent bourgeois, that it is in the nature of things that royalty should surround itself with lustre and burden the people. The sort of royalty they wanted was one that should be obedient, modest, living on a little, discreetly proportioning its demands to its wants, and even then readily consenting to render accounts. A chimerical wish! When you have thought fit to place a man upon a giddy pinnacle, when you have allowed him to regard future generations as the property of his race, when you have declared him inviolable, and dared to tell him that he *can do no wrong*, it is monstrous folly to wish to assign limits to his pride and his cravings. You must bear with him as you have made him. You must either not give yourself a master, or be prepared to obey him when you have got him.

But the bourgeoisie desired a master whom it should have the right of humiliating upon occasion; therefore it hailed with loud applause the appearance of the pamphlet against the apanage law, the success of which was prodigious. Twenty-four editions, of all forms, were disposed of in France. It made its way into the most lonely rural districts, into cabins into which no journal had ever entered. In the villages of the north people stood up on posts in the streets to read it to the eagerly listening crowd. Translated into foreign languages it taught the kings of Europe that the spirit of emancipation still lived in France, suppressed but unconquered. M. de Cormenin's triumph grew with the rancour it

provoked: for the men about court were loud and furious in their outcries, knowing that in such circumstances indignation is the best means of flattering.

Since the rejection of the law of disjunction the ministry had dragged on a feeble and divided existence. Between M. Guizot and M. Molé there always subsisted the same rivalry, secret indeed, and glossed over by mutual civilities; but active, full of gall, excited by perpetual contact, and exasperated by the language of their underlings. It was a hard state of things for all, but particularly for M. de Gasparin. Stifled as it were in the ministry of the interior, between M. Guizot, who loaded him with his protection, and M. Molé who pursued him with implacable jealousy, he was sorely belaboured in every battle fought round him by the rival influences; but in proportion as he tottered, the doctrinaires redoubled the vehemence of their language and the vivacity of their attacks. They asked, by what right was it presumed to confine to the ministry of public instruction, a position evidently secondary, a man so considerable as M. Guizot, by his credit with the Chambers, his talents, his passion —and they might have added, by the large share he had in men's aversion. It was for him, therefore, they claimed the ministry of the interior, a post as good to occupy as it was difficult to defend. M. Duvergier de Hauranne spoke openly on the matter to M. Molé, in an interview they had one day together in the garden of the Tuileries; but the latter was fully determined not to give way; and so great was the importance he attached to these idle quarrels of personal vanity, that in relating his conversation with M. Duvergier de Hauranne to one of his confidants, he even suffered this exclamation to escape him: "The eyes of Europe are upon us; it wishes to see which will gain the day, M. Guizot or myself." So then, in a country in which were agitated the highest questions that can stir the heart of a people; in a country in which men had appeared on the scene, towards the close of the last century, governing amidst the most frightful perils, with a view solely to the advantage of one moiety of the world, enslaved by the other, and without regard to their own repose, their own lives or memories, so profound and heroic was their self-denial;—in that very country, now miserably dwindled down under the constitutional régime, public life was but a child's play, and power but an intrigue.

To complete the lesson, let us remark, that since the rivalry of the leaders rendered them the slaves of their inferiors, they could refuse nothing to the distributers of popularity, to the mere eulogium-mongers. M. Loëve Weymar was judged to be fit for diplomatic functions, for having published, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, an article more favourable to the president of council than to the minister of public instruction. Thereupon arose a great clamour in the opposite camp. Would M. Guizot any longer endure such a system of under-ground attacks, and permit his enemies to attempt the ruin of his influence by obscuring his fame? Why did he hesitate to break with his colleagues, in whose eyes his superiority alone was an offence? "Make up your mind," said M. Bertin, "and if you fall I promise you that the *Journal des Débats* will go into opposition along with you." The measure of griefs was

full on either side: the struggle assumed a decisive character. Then might you have seen (a spectacle that told more against institutions than against men) the two principal personages in the state reduced to the necessity of contending with each other for the monarch's liking, fawning upon him, guessing his wishes, and outbidding each other with proposals, the real purport of which was hardly coloured by the pretext of the public good. To testify his solicitude for the safety of the royal person, M. Molé had wished to obtain the right of removing suspected citizens from Paris. M. Guizot, in his turn, demanded that the *Courrier Français*, guilty by his showing of having insulted the sovereign, should be dragged before the exceptional jurisdiction of the court of peers. The council thought the measure was one that required much consideration; and as there appeared to be a difference of views on the subject, it is related, that the king poured out an eloquent flood of lamentations on the way in which he was given up, disarmed, to the rage of parties. Such a conspicuous move seemed to make the balance of royal favour incline towards the side of the doctrinaires; they exulted in the success of their tactics, but they had not foreseen every thing.

Between the majority by which Casimir Périer and his faithful successors had been so violently supported, and the opposition led by Odilon Barrot, there had grown up in the chamber a party which mingled certain laudable intentions with an ambition at once impatient and timid. Headed at first by MM. Sauzet, Passy, and Dufaure, it unsparingly harassed the old majority from which it had separated, and yet differed from it in no sensible respect; for it confined itself to wishing that the September laws should be mitigated; that a little more air and space should be granted to extreme opinions; that the king's hand should be less discerned in public affairs; and that the obstinate resentments produced by so many armed revolts should be met by measures of oblivion and clemency. The accession of M. Molé to the ministry on the 6th of September served to give some life to this coalition of cold agitators. M. Thiers, who had need of their support to regain office, did not hesitate to join them, became their leader, and gave them a name—that of *Left Centre*—and imparted to them his own warlike restlessness, his honourable caprices, and his disposition to brave Europe and the king from whim. Thus led, the Left Centre came at last to have a considerable influence upon important decisions, and thenceforth it could not be left out of the account in any ministerial crisis.

Such was the division of the parliamentary forces when the ministerial crisis occurred. Wrapping himself up more impenetrably than ever in his outward cloak of good-nature, the king commissioned M. Guizot to form a new cabinet, and led him to believe that the ministry of the 11th of October was still possible. M. Guizot, went, therefore, to M. de Broglie, who received his proposals with a coldnes in which there was some tincture of resentment. Abandoned, on the formation of the cabinet of the 6th of September, by a man he had till then regarded as a sure friend, he was full of the recollection of that quasi treachery. He did not refuse, nevertheless, to enter into the proposed

arrangement if M. Thiers acceded to it. But would M. Guizot go and humble himself by ambitious obsequiousness and flattering offers to M. Thiers, now become his most formidable adversary, his most vaunted rival? Yet even this he did, to the great surprise of those who knew the haughty cast of his character. Whether it was littleness or greatness, immoderate love of power, or courageous dignity, it is hard to say, either being conceivable of a soul capable of all the extremities of pride.

M. Thiers gave his unexpected visiter a gracious reception. They had long been actuated by the same principles, and braved the same dangers. How many reminiscences tended to draw them together! But then how vehement had been their quarrels since their rupture, and how dissimilar their alliances! M. Guizot having begun by saying to his old colleague, "I bring you the ministry of the 11th of October." "You bring me the men," replied M. Thiers, sharply, "but not the measures;" and he questioned him as to the complete abandonment of Spain. Then he adverted to his recent friendships, which he could not break off with either profit or honour. Could he, the leader of the Left Centre, enter office on condition of forsaking for M. Guizot's friends his own friends, his allies, and almost his soldiers of yesterday. Such were the grounds M. Thiers assigned for his refusal. He regretted it perhaps; he would have wished, perhaps, that the king, by a direct and pressing interference, had supplied him with some plausible pretext and relieved his scruples.

M. Guizot's efforts having failed, a negotiation was begun between Marshal Soult, MM. Thiers, Humann, and Passy. It was true M. Passy had no great liking for M. Thiers, whose imperious presidency he had had to endure in the cabinet of the 22nd of February. But he had nothing of the kind to apprehend on this occasion, Marshal Soult's age and his military renown assigning him the first place in the cabinet that was about to be formed.

Great, therefore, was the commotion among the doctrinaires, and they spared the new candidates neither disdain nor raillery. They pointed them out as divided on almost all questions, though unanimous in sharing office among themselves; they affirmed that each of them had made a reservation on some point; Marshal Soult on non-intervention; M. Thiers on intervention; M. Humann on the conversion of the *rentes;* M. Passy on Algiers; and they were inexhaustible in their attacks on what they called *the ministry of reserved questions.*

Meanwhile, M. Thiers had been commanded to appear at the Château. The king received him most graciously, and seemed at once to court an explanation. "I have two volumes to make," said M. Thiers to him; "one on domestic, the other on foreign policy;" and as he was aware that the latter was the subject that occasioned the most serious differences of opinion, he began with the former. He pointed out that society was advancing to a state of tranquillity which authorized a less absolute policy; that the end had been attained, and that care ought to be taken not to overrun it; that the line to be followed was indicated by the breaking up of that parliamentary majority which had been so compact and inflexible, when riot knocked as it were, daily at the palace-gates,

and the government was forced to give battle to it in the streets. The king appeared to coincide in these views, and suffered M. Thiers to indulge the hope that they would be adopted; but as for those that related to foreign policy he postponed the consideration of them to the next day. Here might be the breakers, and so M. Thiers felt; accordingly he was very reserved in the enunciation of his projects. He gave up intervention in Spain, in the form in which he had before proposed it, in deference to the decisions of the Chamber; but he asked that Spain should at least not be refused the benefit of naval assistance; that the Russian and Dutch vessels should be hindered from conveying munitions of war to Don Carlos; and that a stop should be put to the recurrence of such disgraceful spectacles as that which had been witnessed when Bilboa was succoured by the English fleet, before the eyes of our brave seamen, who were forced to remain on board all the while inactive and humiliated. This was not asking too much, and assuredly it was very hard to suppose that the king deemed such measures dangerous to the peace of the world. But as Europe believes, right or wrong, that the principle of peace is represented in France by Louis Philippe, and that of war by M. Thiers, some have imagined, that in order not to appear beaten by one of his subjects, the king had need of keeping wholly intact the policy which was peculiarly his own, and which he personified in the eyes of the sovereigns.

Be this as it may, M. Thiers retired, M. Guizot was recalled, and sought the support of M. de Montalivet. The latter being a special favourite with the king, his alliance was a danger, but at the same time a source of strength for the doctrinaires. It was, therefore, with satisfaction they learned that he seemed to meet M. Guizot's advances with a good grace, and had only asked twenty-four hours' time for reflection. The king, on his part, had seemed much pleased with the arrangement. Yet, after all, M. de Montalivet ended by declaring that he could not accept the presidency of M. Guizot. The doctrinaires were violently incensed, and we are assured that M. Duchâtel gave way to his angry feelings on this subject so far as to say with more wit than deference: "The king has two ways for ringing for M. de Montalivet. When he rings one way, he comes, when it is the other way, he goes away."

Now, whilst intrigues were thus thickening round the throne, the public was lost in conjectures as to the causes and probable duration of the ministerial interregnum. The press had a thousand varying stories to feed and baffle the curiosity of the idle. The discussions in the Chamber no longer showed any vivacity or excited any interest; the words fell still born from the lips of the disregarded orators, and every one looked anxiously upon the empty places of the ministers. At last, in the sitting of the 15th of April, 1837, M. Guizot, by the act of resuming his place as an ordinary deputy in the Right Centre, informed his colleagues that the crisis had reached a *dénoûment*. Two lists had been simultaneously presented to the king, the one by M. Guizot, the other by Molé. The former contained the names of de Montebello, Guizot, Dumon, and de Rémusat. The latter gave the presidency of the council and the department of foreign affairs to M. Molé; justice and public

worship to M. Barthe; the interior to M. de Montalivet; public instruction to M. de Salvandy; finance to M. Lacave Laplagne. This was the one chosen by the king. It left the ministry of public works to M. Martin (du Nord), that of marine to M. de Rosamel, and turned out the doctrinaire party in the persons of MM. Guizot, de Gasparin, and Dachâtel.

CHAPTER VIII.

On taking office, M. Molé had an important negotiation to follow out. M. Thiers said to his predecessor in an interview he then had with him: "The marriage of the Duc d'Orléans is to be concluded, and it is proposed to give the prince for wife either the Duchess Helena of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, or a princess of Coburg; the former less beautiful; the latter of a less elevated mind, very young too, and still, so to speak, playing with her doll."*

Princess Helena passed in Germany for a woman of great worth, and it was this that determined the choice of the cabinet of the Tuilleries. The negotiation was concluded with remarkable address by M. Bresson; but its success was for a long time uncertain, for Russia left nothing untried to defeat the efforts of the court of France. Prompted by Russia, the brother of the Princess Helena manifested the most insulting and obstinate repugnance for the alliance pressed upon him, and a successor of Louis XIV. all but found himself haughtily rebuffed by a petty German prince; a thing which would certainly have happened but for the obliging interposition of the King of Prussia.

On the 18th of April, then, M. Molé was enabled to acquaint the Chamber that the treaty of marriage was concluded.

A bill was at the same time presented for granting the prince royal a supplementary dotation; and lest the munificence of the country should be wearied out by too many claims made simultaneously upon it, the ministry made the following declaration, which produced a very strong sensation: "His majesty has determined that the demand presented on behalf of his second son, should be postponed." The word *postponed* was significant, and bespoke the persistency of an unappeased desire: public malignity seized hold on it; but it was allowed to waste itself in talk, and the court awaited its own good time.

Public attention was, besides, momentarily diverted by the affairs of Africa. The effective of the army having been augmented in 1836, the ministry demanded a supplementary credit of 5,647,000f.; and M. Janvier presented a report on this subject, severely criticising both the policy observed in Algeria by the ministry of the 22nd of February, and the conduct pursued there by Marshal Clauzel. The discussion began.

Marshal Clauzel was charged with having too eagerly forced on war; of having borne down to the ground the Koulouglis of Tlemsen, our allies, by the imposition of an enormous contribution, from which he had exempted our enemies the Hadars, and the levying of which having

* It was this latter who afterwards married the Duc de Nemours.

been committed to foreigners and Africans, had given rise to abominable extortions and jobbing. He was also charged with having given up the province of Bona to Joussouf's violence, and with having undertaken the expedition against Constantina upon the faith of the wildest illusions. His reply did not perfectly clear him; but it was dignified, and there was a melancholy grandeur in its tone. "I knew," he said, in the beginning of his speech, "the fatality that clings to all services performed at a long distance from home, especially to those which tend to bestow new provinces on the country. Dupleix disgraced on the report of interested commissioners, after having established our power in India; Labourdonnais loaded with disgusts and insult; Lally Tollendal dying on the scaffold with a gag in his mouth. I knew all this, and I set out." Then he considered the accusations made against him, one by one. Yes; he had indeed desired an energetic and decisive war in Africa, and with what reason could that be charged upon him as a crime? Since Algeria was not to be given up, was it not clear it should be subdued? And how was that to be done if the French rule was made a laughing stock to the Arabs, by its wavering plans, the puerility of its enterprises, and the inadequacy of the means it put in operation? Earnestness of purpose, this was the grand thing needed. He was asked for an account of the contribution levied on the Koulouglis of Tlemsen. Now, in the first place, they had bound themselves to pay the expenses of an expedition undertaken for their own preservation, and they were applied to because they were rich; because it was proposed to maintain a garrison for their defence; because they had pillaged the town, and pillaged the Hadars; and it would not have been just to exact money from those who had been robbed in favour of those who were enjoying their spoils. The form in which the money was collected, was certainly violent, but then the process was in accordance with the usages of the country; the French administration had in no wise interfered in it, and its details were no sooner known than orders were given to suspend it. As to the Constantina expedition, had it been a check? Had it been a defeat? No; the inclemency of the weather, the variations of which are so hard to be foreseen in Africa, was what proved our enemy. And yet they had deprived him of his command, him a marshal of France, deprived him of his command for not having been stronger than the elements! Did the Directory deal so with Bonaparte when he failed before St. Jean d'Acre? Did the English government deal so with the Duke of Wellington for having withdrawn from before Burgos? Did Louis XIV. deal so with Condé for raising the siege of Lerida?

These explanations called up M. Baude, who had been sent as special government commissioner to Africa. He had received the complaints of the Koulouglis, and accompanied the expedition to Constantina, and he did not hesitate loudly to declare himself the marshal's accuser. His speech was but a more vehement repetition of the charges already put forth, and provoked on the marshal's part a reply, in which was apparent the bitterness of a heart incurably wounded.

Here the whole interest of the discussion ceased. The witty sallies of M. Joubert on the subject of Algiers, "which possessed us instead of

being possessed by us;" M. Piscatory's attacks on the system of unlimited occupation, and those of M. Thiers on the ill-conduct of the war; M. Guizot's vague remarks, and M. Lamartine's philanthropic protests; all these threw but little light on the problem, and had little influence on public opinion.

The financial exigencies of the Château were the order of the day; and royalty had reason to be satisfied with the generosity of the Chambers. It was decided, despite the opposition of Garnier Pagès, Demarçay, and Briqueville in the deputies, and that of Viscount Dubouchage in the peers, that the dotation of the prince royal should amount to 2,000,000f. annually, that the tax-payers should furnish 1,000,000f. to defray the cost of his marriage, and that the settlement on the princess should be fixed at 300,000 francs.

This was doing too much for one family, yet more was asked for, viz., a dowry of 1,000,000f. for the king's eldest daughter, the Queen of the Belgians. MM. Demarçay, Lherbette, Salverte, Larabit, and Charamaule, in vain implored the Chamber to take into consideration the misery of the people, the opulence of the royal house, and the magnitude of the sacrifices already consented to; in vain they called on those who asserted the insufficiency of the private domain, to produce documents in support of their assertions—the Chamber lent a complacent ear to no one but M. de Montalivet, a minister personally devoted to the king, and the most keen-set of the court orators. M. de Montalivet began by laying it down with ability, that the resources of the crown ought not to be separated from their necessary application, the King of the French having, of course, acts of beneficence to perform, recompenses to bestow, encouragements to distribute among men of learning and artists, and palaces to keep in repair and embellish. But when he came to the attacks provoked by the presentation of the laws on behalf of the royal family, he was captious and querulous, and drew down on himself a tremendous reply. In alluding to M. de Cormenin's pamphlets, he let fall the word calumny. M. de Cormenin immediately rose, and made signs that he wished to speak in his place. It was well known how much he was intimidated by the tribune: it was expected that he would be put to confusion if he ascended it, and a cry was therefore raised from all the ministerial benches, "To the tribune! to the tribune!" Astonished and confused, M. de Cormenin paused, looked around him in dismay, and hesitated. But the clamour increasing, and his friends encouraging him, he ventured at length, and leaning his trembling hands on the marble of the tribune, to which his friends had dragged him, "I fling back," he said, addressing Montalivet, "the charge that has just fallen from your lips. If there is calumny in the statement of figures put forth by you, the calumny is of your making, not mine: for, it is in a paltry police pamphlet, entitled *The Civil List unveiled*, that the crown forests are made to contain 184,000 *hectares*. I have set them down at only 162,000 *hectares*. Thus it would appear you have calumniated yourself. I will not lose myself in the labyrinth of your calculations; dare to produce documents; dare to do so! I accept the combat. The question is a very simple one. The private domain brings in 74,000,000f.:

now, I ask whether with 74,000,000f. you cannot pay 1,000,000f. dowry for the Queen of the Belgians?" This harangue, so brief but so precise and peremptory, had a prodigious success, which M. de Montalivet did but augment by the excessive acrimony of his reply. Having said, in allusion to M. de Cormenin, "the *honourable* member who spoke last," he checked himself, and repeated hastily, "the member who spoke last," —a gratuitous insult, which was looked on as the mere spite of a courtier. No other incident enlivened the debate: the Chamber was eager to show that its complaisance could not readily be exhausted. After all, since it called itself monarchical, with what face could it refuse when it was a king who asked!

Meanwhile, M. Guizot's friends burned with vexation and impatience, and he himself in his unvarying pride, lived only on the hope of pulling down his feeble victors. But the real cause of his rupture with M. Molé not being of that kind of which men are disposed to boast, he was anxiously looking out for some vulnerable point on which he might assail his adversary. When they were in office together, had they not both professed theories of violence? Had they not with a common ardour desired to aggravate the legislation of September by the insolent and brutal addition of the laws of disjunction, deportation, and non-revelation? If M. Guizot cried to M. Molé, "You are guilty," could not the latter retort upon him, "You are my accomplice?" What was to be done then? At the pressing instigation of his intimate friends, M. Guizot adopted a course which did not prove his sincerity, but which pleased his audacity. He resolved to give himself out as having been in the late cabinet the special representative of the policy of Casimir Périer, that old policy of resistance under which the revolutionary spirit had bent. This was attributing to himself a monstrous part; for since Casimir Périer's time, society had never ceased to incline to repose, and the languor of parties rendered a government of intimidation, to say the least of it, superfluous. But M. Guizot was not ignorant that the civil war had left a burning mark impressed on most of the men who composed the old majority; and he hoped to make them subservient to his own ambition, by intoxicating them with the recollection of their past triumphs, by representing to them the revolutionary spirit, that constant bugbear, as always erect and in arms; in a word, by playing on their hatred and their fear. One of two things would be sure to follow: either M. Molé would suffer himself to be forced into a savage line of policy, and would be destroyed by its excess; or he would make head against the impulse given, and being too weak, would fall loaded with contempt.

The execution of this plan was followed up with singular impetuosity. In the secret service committee, M. Guizot's friends imperiously called M. Molé to account for the withdrawal of the apanage law, a pusillanimous concession as they declared; and he, puzzled and bewildered, and not yet knowing in what part of the assembly he was to look for his supporters, promised to be firm and resolute, and never to let power be defeated in his hands. But the doctrinaires had sworn to drive him along with such headlong speed in the career of severity, that at last, panting and dismayed, he was forced to stop and say, I will go no fur-

ther. This was the very thing waited for, in order to deliver him over to the mercy of a majority, which an exaggerated notion of its dangers had thrown back on its former violence of spirit.

M. Duvergier de Hauranne had been charged with the report on the secret service money, and he executed his task with formidable ability. He demanded aid and protection for ministers, but on certain conditions; and after adverting to what the throne owed to the vigorous policy of the cabinet of March 13, continued by that of October 11, he affirmed that the time was not come for relaxing; thus he mingled imperious hints with conclusions in favour of the cabinet, and warnings of a stern and menacing character with offers of sympathy. Molé now felt alarmed at having such allies; not choosing to have them for masters, he accepted them as enemies, and suddenly, making up his mind, turned towards the Left Centre.

The position of both parties was, therefore, clearly defined and the field of battle prepared, when the discussion on the secret service money began. It was early in May; the ministry had been but a month in existence, and the doctrinaires doubted not but that they should easily get the better of a cabinet that dared to disregard the importance of their support. The ministry had thus, from the very first, to endure, after the assaults of MM. Havin, Salverte, and Lacrosse, orators of the left, the importunate *persiflage* of M. Jaubert. M. de Sade came next, and lastly M. Guizot.

However keenly that disdainful man felt the rankling wound of offended pride, his bearing was more drooping than usual; despondency dimmed the sombre lustre of his eyes; he carried his head with a stately, reserved air, and if his face showed marks of care, they were not such as had their origin in political warfare. He had just lost his son. But great afflictions exalt a soul that is not essentially vulgar, and strengthen instead of depressing it. Raised for a while, by the majesty of a father's grief, above the tactics he had adopted, and the wretched tricks of ambition, M. Guizot gave utterance to some passages of real eloquence. The assembly was intensely affected when he said, in an almost choking voice: "I have already accepted and quitted office many times in my life, and as regards myself personally I am utterly indifferent to these vicissitudes of political fortune. The only interest I attach to them is the public interest, that of the cause to which I belong, and which I deem it an honour to uphold. You may believe me, Messieurs. It has pleased God to make me feel joys and sorrows which leave the soul very cold to every other pleasure and every other evil." He dilated little on the causes of his rupture with M. Molé, for which he assigned an explanation in which there was more arrogance than truth; and, plunging into generalities, he continued to pursue the system of attack agreed on between him and his friends; always, however, preserving a grave exterior, and carefully veiling and dignifying by the magnitude of the motives what was the conventional result of an intrigue.

The middle classes, according to him, had a right to make their preponderance felt and respected, but they ought not to be either envious

or subaltern. They ought to have sufficient confidence in their own destinies not to think themselves undone because an apanage for one of the princes brought back an empty shadow of the past amongst the forms of modern society. It was the part of the middle class to govern, and it was its duty to place its heart on a level with its fortune, by guarding it from every base jealousy and frivolous distrust. The real danger for it was in the permanence of the revolutionary spirit, that indefatigable enemy which even amidst the apparent slumber and the fallacious silence of the passions, was preparing fresh combats. The agitations that affected the world; Spain drenched with the blood shed in war and in revolt; the troubles of Portugal; the convulsions produced in England by reform, itself the offspring of our July revolution; did not all this form a body of symptoms that might well create alarm? Did not all this prove, that there was in the general movement of modern civilization something that required to be repressed and held within bounds? People felt reassured, because the clamours in the streets had ceased, and the din of armed and contending factions was no longer heard. As if the revolutionary spirit had but to moderate itself to be thought dead: as if it did not exist everywhere; among the poor whom envy gnawed; in the workshops and factories long filled with the noisy theories of equality; in the whole people who had now no other rein upon them than that of labour; lastly, in the heart of the representative institutions which had organized the struggle (a glorious struggle, no doubt, and desirable, but a terrible one,) between the true and the false, between wholesome instincts and anarchical passions. It was necessary, therefore, to be on one's guard, to watch over the maintenance of the coercive laws, to discipline the functionaries, and strengthen the hands of government.

Thus, in the art of guiding society, M. Guizot beheld none other than that of marshalling a battle. The crowd of the ignorant and the weak, of paupers and journeymen that groaned at his feet, was one, he thought, that only required a little more squeezing to be effectually kept down. Labour is a bridle, he dared to say, hoping, doubtless, that hunger would be for the proletary of modern societies, what fatalism had been for the slave in ancient times, and the doctrine of resignation for the serf in the middle ages. And he did not feel, that to prevent revolutions spares the necessity of calumniating them, that eternity of suffering below is eternity of fear above. We were present and heard that speech of his, and we remember, that whilst the assembly was agitated by the orator's voice, we looked round with bitterness of heart to see if there was one man, who at the risk of encountering the most unjust murmurs, would have the courage to confound such cold and cruel maxims.

Odilon Barrot spoke in the following sitting, but without going beyond what the majority of the assembly wished to hear. He harangued warmly against the doctrinaires, against their vindictive and harsh policy, and their settled purpose to afford the middle classes alone the fruits of the victory won by the entire people. After all he was prepared to meet them actually at work, and he wished that they might be restored to office, being

well assured that they would break down under the trial, and that the success of their ambition would have the effect of exposing their incapacity. Then turning to ministers, he said, "If you are not continuers of the policy of the 6th of September, say so distinctly. Otherwise I shall deem you mad for having separated from the men who were the most capable, by their talents, of defending the policy that is common to you both. In this incessant struggle, in these stormy discussions, you must feel your own weakness in presence of a man whom you have heard unfolding his views with so much loftiness and firmness. Make haste, make haste to own the voice and the arm of the master."

Excited by the attack, and animated by the eulogy, M. Guizot replied, that it had never entered into his thoughts to make the middle class a class apart; that, far otherwise, it was the glory of the existing regimé to call to the highest eminence whoever showed himself capable and worthy of ascending to it; that he himself who was accused of tending towards a new aristocracy, that M. Odilon Barrot, and every one who then heard him, had acquired their grades by the sweat of their brows, and formed a living democracy; that he knew how grateful were the charms of popularity, and that he, too, had heard the applauses of the multitude, but that he preferred to them the honour of inspiring with confidence the conservative interests, the true interests of the country.

During this struggle, which possessed no intrinsic importance, but derived great *éclat* from the talent of the adverse orators, from the generous warmth of the one, and the secret emotion of the other, from the animosities and passions of all, the ministers sat crest-fallen, with leaden looks and motionless figures, as if overwhelmed by the consciousness of their own incompetence. They were looked on as lost. "The battle has been fought over their heads," was the remark on all sides, as the members withdrew; and every one looked forward to see what course M. Thiers would take.

It was he, indeed, who held the existence of the ministry in his hands since he disposed of the Left Centre. He called a meeting of his friends that evening. To which side should they lean? Opinions were divided. Some were for taking advantage of the incapacity of ministers, giving them battle, and supplanting them. Others remarked, that the Left Centre was not yet near enough to power to lay hold on it; that by overthrowing M. Molé it would cause the rise of M. Guizot; and that it is better to postpone a victory when one is not yet in a condition to reap all the fruits of it. But, according to M. Thil, every power that lasts derives strength from its mere duration; and, however feeble the Molé ministry appeared, to allow it to subsist would be to commit a blunder and to throw away a chance.

With such discussions as these carried on around him, M. Thiers was not free from a certain uneasiness, the cause of which he did not, perhaps, confess to himself. On the one hand, he was vexed to see the affairs of state carried on altogether without him, by men to whom he thought himself far superior; on the other hand he dreaded to fight for the advantage of the doctrinaires and their leader, resolute and obstinate men who once in possession of office would know to keep and defend

it. Accordingly, he felt himself disposed to lend a momentary aid to a cabinet which its very incompetence delivered to the mercy of its protectors, and which could always be set aside when occasion served. Besides this, he had promised the king to treat M. Molé forbearingly; and with a weakness common to the human heart, he thought he was obeying the dictates of honour when he was yielding to the suggestions of his ambition.

Nor were solicitations and encouragements wanting towards him. M. Talleyrand tried his influence with him next day; he was pressed with flattering entreaties; recourse was had against his remaining uncertainty to those saloon influences which are always so potent in monarchies; and in this way he was brought to promise, not only that he would vote for ministers, but that he would support them in the tribune.

The doctrinaires had for a while counted, if not on offensive alliance with M. Thiers, at least on his neutrality. It was not, therefore, without keen vexation, that they saw him lend the cabinet the aid of that facile and persuasive eloquence by which the Chamber so readily suffered itself to be swayed. M. Thiers' speech was rather insinuating than bold, skilful rather than warm; but its result was decisive. The secret service money was voted by a majority of two hundred and fifty against one hundred and twelve: and the Molé ministry issued at once humiliated and strengthened, from a trial in which it had gone near to perish.

The doctrinaires, however, were not discouraged, and were preparing to redouble their audacity, when an act as striking as it was unexpected stupified them and put the seal to their defeat. In the latter part of the preceding April, the king had granted a pardon to Meunier who had been condemned by the Court of Peers as a regicide; on the 8th of May, a report from the minister of Justice acquainted France, that an amnesty was granted to all persons confined in the prisons of the state for political crimes and offences.

In reality, the amnesty was a machine of war directed against Guizot and his friends. In order to raise obstacles in the way of a cabinet in which he no longer sat, Guizot had made it his business to accuse ministers of supineness and cowardice: he had tried to rekindle the cold ashes of civil discord; he had dared, in a time of tranquillity, to inscribe the word *intimidation* on his banners. Molé, in decreeing the amnesty, met his rival's manœuvre with a counter-manœuvre; and what plainly proves this is, that when colleagues in the ministry of the 6th of September, Guizot and Molé had been agreed on the necessity of a system of rigour. But when an action is good in itself it is unjust to take account only of whatever of a personal nature may have mingled in the motives that prompted it. The amnesty was an appeal to the reconciliation of parties; it was, therefore, a grand and noble idea. M. Molé had the merit of having conceived it, and the king of that of having acceded to it without resistance.

Meanwhile the arrival of the Princess Helena was impatiently looked for in the Château. Not that such a marriage was a brilliant one; it had neither the prestige of a high monarchical alliance, nor the heroic signi-

ficance of a national and popular choice; but after the insulting refusals inflicted on it by the sovereign families, the house of New Orleans thought itself lucky that its offers had not been rejected by an obscure and indigent German court.

Putting these matters out of consideration, the princess was said to be a gracious personage, with much gentleness, sensibility, and native dignity, and to possess a quick and cultivated understanding. A Lutheran, she was about to enter a Catholic family; but if this was a subject of pious uneasiness for the Queen of the French, it was not so for the king, who was not easily alarmed by religious scruples, and was not sorry to find an opportunity of proving his tolerance.

The princess's hand was demanded of the reigning grand duke by the Duc de Broglie; it was granted, and the young princess set out from Ludwigslust, the residence of her family. The journey was marked by some very interesting incidents. It is related, for instance, that on her way between Hanau and Frankfort the princess, who was accompanied by the French ambassador, stopped her carriage opposite the heights of Berghem, which crowned the horizon on the right, and sent off a messenger to say to the Duc de Broglie: "M. le Duc, the princess begs to direct your attention to the heights of Berghem. It was there your grandfather, Marshal de Broglie, achieved a memorable victory."

On the 24th of May, the princess set foot on the soil of her new country, and on the 29th she entered Fontainebleau. It was in that great town, to which belong so many reminiscences of epic adventures and illustrious downfalls—in that palace, the walls of which are still covered with the imperial N.—in that halting-place on the road, by which Napoleon travelled from Moscow to Elba, that they waited for the young girl who was coming from Germany to give heirs to the most brilliant but most menaced throne in the world. At seven o'clock her carriage entered the gates, amidst the roll of drums, the pealing of trumpets, and the welcoming shouts of the spectators. Louis Philippe was standing on the balcony. On seeing the princess, whom the Duc d'Orléans had gone to meet at the foot of the staircase, the king advanced, with an air of deep feeling, and as she stooped to kiss his hand he raised her, and kissed her fondly.

The next day, May 30, the civil ceremony of marriage was performed in Henry II.'s gallery, the witnesses being, for the Duc d'Orléans the president and four vice-presidents of the Chamber of Deputies, the four vice-presidents of the Chamber of Peers, marshals Soult, Lobau, and Gérard, and Prince Talleyrand; and for the Princess Helena, the Baron de Rantzau, the Duc de Choiseul, and, M. Bresson. Then came the religious ceremony, which took place according to the Catholic rite, in Henry II.'s chapel; and according to the Lutheran in Louis Philippe's hall. Sumptuous banquets, spectacles, brilliant cavalcades, and amusements of all kinds prolonged the enchantments of a day so momentous to the princess. But more profound emotions awaited her.

On the 4th of June the royal family left Fontainebleau for the capital. They had reached a hill a little in advance of St. Cloud, when the princess suddenly cast her eyes on an imposing confused mass, half hidden

in vapour. It was Paris. On approaching that pleasant and tragical city, perhaps the Duchess of Orleans felt a secret terror in the midst of her joy. Why was there none to say to her:

"You are about to dwell, madam, amongst a loyal nation. The people in France respect princesses, not because they are princesses, but because they are women. You come, it is true, into a country which has been fatal to German queens, into a country where the life of kings is full of torments, and where the multitude has its ebb and flow like the sea. Yet fear nothing; there are epochs that appear but once. The people of France has no longer any thing to sow in fear or in war; and its manners are as mild as they are heroic. It has certainly been depicted to you, as labouring under the malady of perpetual restlessness, greedy of noise and bustle, weary ever of its own repose, and unable to bear either freedom or servitude. You have been deceived. The people of France is noisy in its joy, but its turbulence conceals serious thoughts; it sometimes gives way to tremendous bursts of anger, but these promote enduring and gigantic projects; the apparent irregularity of its impulses takes nothing from the continuous action of its genius. Only, being made for great things, it must have chiefs who understand it, and who are worthy of it. If it meets with none such, it drops down and vegetates in an alternation of languor and convulsion, until once more finding guides worthy to lead it, it resumes its pregnant march in history. Thus our agitations, so dreaded by your Europe, are but the manifestations of a force ill-understood and madly combated by those who ought to calm it by giving it employment. Oh, madam, could you but know that people so calumniated abroad! But no; between you and it there will be drawn veils, that will conceal from your eyes all the treasures it comprises, of intellect and enthusiasm, of gallantry and devotedness. What you will know best, and too soon, is the little world of the court you are about to enter. Hope not to find here the splendour of the reigns of certain kings, knights, or heroes. Revolutions have effaced the ancient names, and hidden them under names all unknown, they have blended together, in the same places, reminiscences the most incongruous. Josephine has slept in the Trianon, in the same bed in which the daughter of Maria Theresa had reposed. Do not, then, judge of the present by the past. Among the courtiers of to-day, you will not find good breeding or good taste, the grave eloquence of plebeian habits, or the delicacy of aristocratic usages. Your Lauzuns and your Richelieus will be men of the Stock Exchange, jobbers and schemers. And if ever the meaning of these strange words is explained to you, you will be horrified at them. Look, therefore, to see the coarse paladins, by whom you will be surrounded, make a political speculation of your marriage, and wait upon you with the homage of French courtesy, only that they may make a parade of their royalism, and thus poison the purest and the most cherished delights of your heart. This is the real, the only danger that threatens you."

And this was, indeed, what characterized the reception prepared for the Duchess of Orleans. Her entrance into Paris was marked by an immense concourse of spectators, an unusual assemblage of soldiers,

shouts and vehement demonstrations of curiosity and interest. But on the morrow, lest the reception she had met with should be attributed to what had been said of her personal virtues, the historiographers of the court took care to bestow on the king the honour of all the homages offered to his daughter-in-law. It was the better to prove the wisdom of the monarch's choice, that, after extolling the Princess Helena's figure, the beauty of her complexion, her flaxen hair, her graceful deportment, that they ascribed to her more erudition than a woman of *esprit* cares to have, and more *esprit* than a woman of good sense chooses to display. Then expecting, doubtless, by the pompous minuteness of their descriptions, to revive the extinct adoration of morarchy, they began to recount the life of the princes, hour by hour, without omitting the slightest detail; the particulars of every promenade, and how the king's sons were dressed, and in what order proceeded the carriages, calèches, char-à-bancs, or landaus, and how the gradations of rank had been observed in assigning their several seats to the ladies of the court. At the same time, with a rude violation of the mystery in which female modesty finds its fitting shelter, they held up, as it were, the contents of the princess's trousseau to the public gaze, and described her toilet, from her head-dress to her garters; and all this for the purpose of showing that monarchy in France had not lost the secret of dazzling, and in order to accustom the nation to live by the breath in the nostrils of royalty. "Is it not clear to the plainest common sense," said the *Journal des Débats*, "that the people sought to honour the king's choice in the person of the Princess Helena, and to give a new proof of attachment to his liberal dynasty; a striking evidence of its reprobation of guilty passions?" This was speaking too plainly, for it showed that motives of policy were at the bottom of all the gay doings that were professedly in honour of the Princess Helena; whereas, in reality, her name was used merely as a pretext.

Meanwhile, letters of invitation had been sent abroad, with well-considered profusion, to announce the opening of the Versailles Museum. In 1832, the king had conceived the design of bequeathing to posterity the various epochs of our history in sculptured and painted memorials, to be collected together in splendid galleries. This was a noble idea, and the king applied himself to its realization with an ardour deserving of all praise. The hour was now arrived for him to enjoy his work. On the 10th of June, round the palace of Versailles, so long reduced to the majesty of its solitude and its silence, thronged marshals, members of the Institute, ministers, peers of France, deputies, artists, generals, poets, a glittering and select multitude. The doors of the palace were opened at 10 A. M., displaying to view an immense series of pictures, portraits, statues; in fact, the history of France written by the arts. How is it possible to describe the effect of such a spectacle? Here was seen the whole series of grand admirals and constables, from Marshal Pierre to Grouchy; there, the age of Louis XIV. in the saloons traversed by so many brave captains, so many men of genius, so many fascinating women, gilded saloons, whereon the grand age seemed to have left the reflection of its wars and the perfume of its loves. Elsewhere was seen

our military history, from its commencement; the battles gained, the towns taken by storm, the rivers swum across under the enemies' fire, the jousts of chivalry, the naval stores, all that was accomplished by the sword between Tolbiac and Wagram. Near this, in the *Salle de* '92, was the rising *en masse* of the French people, seized with a sublime intoxication, and rushing to defend, with the independence of their country, the liberty of the world. Then followed an incomparable epopœa, the Empire; then the Restoration, and its idle pomps; then the Revolution of 1830, and its prodigies. Thus, how many were the old men who could follow the events of their own history from hall to hall! How many, after recognising themselves in the garb of the private soldier in the republican armies, saw themselves again in general's uniform, following the fiery career of their Emperor, or assisting at his coronation, or wearing mourning for his departure. The day then on which the Versailles Museum was opened was one full of emotions; nor had the king spared anything to give it brilliancy, and to impress upon it monarchical character.

The banquet provided for the visitors afforded opportunity for the display of a magnificence with which they seemed equally surprised and delighted. After this there was a promenade through the brilliantly illuminated galleries; and at eight o'clock all the guests were assembled in the theatre, and the performance of the *Misanthrope* began. After the play was ended the curtain rose again; the old façade of the palace of Versailles appeared in the distance, and on the pedestal of the king's equestrian statue was seen the inscription, "To the glory of Louis XIV." Nevertheless, that same Louis XIV. had revoked the edict of Nantes, and it was in presence of a Lutheran princess that his memory was glorified.

Thus ended a solemnity, the conception of which would merit unqualified praise, had not personal and dynastic views been too closely connected in it with national feeling. Perhaps, too, it would have been well to choose some other palace than that of Versailles to be consecrated to national reminiscences. For, after all, Versailles, deserted and mute, had, indeed, its own peculiar grandeur; it spoke in its abandonment to the heart of the poet and of the philosopher. The grass that grew in the avenues of a château built upon the want and wretchedness of the people, was a melancholy but eloquent indication. What potent appeals to feeling, what striking lessons dwelt in those vast empty halls, reverberating every footstep, in those unregarded gildings, in those mirrors, in which had been imaged the luxury of a century, and which now only reflected the figure of some saddened visiter! The sound of the neglected windows, rattling in the wind; the sombre aspect of the chamber in which Louis XIV. had slept; the waters stagnating at the feet of the Nymphs and Tritons, that looked so lonely and weary; the uselessness of those shades that had protected guilty and pernicious loves; and the dilapidation of that fine staircase in the orangery, which had been swept by the robes of Lavallière and Fontanges: did not all this compose the most striking of dramas? Did not all this present in close union the philosophy of history and the poetry of reminiscence?

The joys of the royal family were not destined to remain unalloyed with bitterness, and the Duc d'Orléans had the mortification to find his marriage become the occasion of a frightful disaster in the midst of the popular rejoicings. On the 14th of June, the people of Paris had thronged to the front of the Ecole Militaire, to witness a representation of the storming of the citadel of Antwerp, and so great was the multitude that the vast Champ de Mars could hardly contain them. Every thing, however, went on with perfect order so long as the spectacle lasted; but the moment the crowd began to disperse, shrieks, groans, and cries of rage were heard. In some parts of the ground, near certain issues that were too narrow for the multitude that had to pass through them, a fatal pressure had suddenly taken place; numbers fell heaped on each other, and men in the prime of life, women, children, and old men were trampled down and smothered. The consternation that pervaded Paris may be conceived. Every one who missed from his side any of those he loved, believed that they had been among the sufferers; and report, as usual, aggravated the disaster, and increased the amount of alarm. The government, therefore, hastened to publish the names of the sufferers in the journals,—a melancholy appendix to the programme of so many fêtes. A ball was to have been given to the royal family at the Hôtel-de-Ville on the 15th of June. Who would believe it? Many among the special representatives of the city were of opinion, that the misfortunes of the Champ de Mars were no sufficient reason for suspending the dances of the court; but to this cruel refinement of flattery the Duc d'Orléans replied by an act of generous impetuosity. Suddenly entering the hall in which the municipal council was assembled, he declared, with impassioned earnestness of voice and manner, that he could not consent to appear in public until the bodies should have been owned and buried. The ball and banquet were therefore postponed,—only postponed. Pecuniary aid was distributed, by order of the prince royal, among the families of the victims; the dead were conveyed to the cemetery; and four days afterwards more than 1400 guests sat down at sumptuous tables, laid out in halls flooded with light and tapestried with flowers.

When Maria Antoinette came to France, to become the bride of the prince who was afterwards Louis XVI., there were then, likewise, wretches stifled in the crowd, and great rejoicings at court.

CHAPTER IX.

Whilst efforts were made by means of games, spectacles, and fêtes, to revive the adoration of monarchy which had become almost extinct in France, the work of establishing our sway in Africa was proceeding with a constant intermixture of good and evil, of errors and success.

The Count de Damrémont, Marshal Clauzel's successor, had been at the head of the colony since February; and General Bugeaud had been invested with an authority in the province of Oran, almost independent of that of the governor-general.

Nothing very remarkable occurred in the beginning of Count Damrémont's governorship, except a military promenade to Belida, and the battle of Boudouaou, a brilliant affair in which 900 French, commanded by M. de la Torré, routed more than 5000 Arabs.

As for General Bugeaud, his orders were either to conclude peace with Abd-el-Kader, or to pursue him to extremity. It was with savage threats he announced his entry on his functions; but in his heart he longed for peace, and he lost no time in entering upon negotiation with the emir. The intermediary agent was a Jew, named Durand, a crafty and greedy wretch, who was afterwards accused of insidiously producing discord between our generals, with a view to his own profit. Certain it is, that the negotiations were proceeding very slowly, when the emir, suddenly breaking off with General Bugeaud, addressed himself to Count Damrémont to obtain peace. Exasperated at this news, and persuaded that he was envied the glory of pacifying Oran, General Bugeaud expressed his indignation loudly. Fortunately, the misunderstandings had no ulterior consequences; having arisen only out of the vagueness and improvidence of ministerial instructions, it was put an end to by an exchange of candid explanations. The count acquainted the emir, that it was with General Bugeaud that he should treat; and the general, on his part, made the most frank and honourable apology to Count Damrémont, whom he had unjustly suspected.

Meanwhile, the emir persisted in pretensions which bespoke his pride, but were disproportioned to his power. General Bugeaud, therefore, took the field. The army, 9000 strong, was composed of three brigades, the first of which was commanded by General Laidet, the second by General Rullières, the third by Colonel Combes. It had been fifteen days in motion without meeting the enemy, when the approach of peace began to be whispered about among the soldiers. It had, in fact, been concluded, and General Bugeaud announced in an order of the day, that he was going to set out for an interview with the emir. The news was gladly received by the soldiers; they rejoiced to think they should have a near look at that indefatigable Abd-el-Kader, that unknown chief whom they had made renowned by warring against him, and who owed to them the sudden lustre of his fortune. The general chose 4000 men to accompany him, and they began their march at daybreak on the 1st of June, having at the head of the column the Arab allies, commanded by Mustapha Ben Ismael, a handsome stern old man, chief of the warlike tribes of the Douairs and the Smelas. Entertaining an implacable hatred to Abd-el-Kader, he sought our alliance, and faithfully united his two standards, green and white, to our tricolour flag. He was a man who had become imbued with civilization, without being surprised or dazzled by it.

A halt was made at 9 A. M. in a charming valley watered by the Tafna, where the rendezvous had been appointed. But all was silence and solitude, and not one Arab horseman was seen in the horizon. The soldier felt humiliated; he had to wait, and wait long; the videttes returned without news. It was Abd-el-Kader's plan to give himself the advantage of a seeming superiority in the eyes of his own people, and

the disdain he affected with regard to the commander of the infidels, was a part of his Mussulman policy. The day was far spent, and yet no emir appeared; and whilst the troops were joking over their disappointment, General Bugeaud could hardly conceal his anger and vexation. At last the approach of the Arabs was announced. Instantly the drums beat, every man seized his musket and fell into his place; but Abd-el-Kader halted at the distance of a league from our vanguard. Then came a succession of messages to the general, telling him that the emir was ill; that he had been unable to set out until a very late hour; and that it would perhaps be advisable to postpone the interview until the next day. Losing all patience, and overlooking the dignity of his rank, in the impetuousity of his vexation and courage, General Bugeaud left the command of the troops to General Laidet, and spurred forwards, followed by his staff.

Abd-el-Kader's army consisting almost wholly of cavalry, formed a vast triangle, with the angles resting against three hills. On reaching the advanced posts, the French general called to him a chief of a tribe, who pointed out to him the hill-side where the emir was. "I think it indecent on the part of your chief," said Bugeaud to the Arab, "to make me come such a distance and keep me waiting so long," and he proceeded resolutely. The emir's escort then appeared. The Arab chiefs, most of them young and handsome men, made a gallant display of their finery, and were magnificently mounted. Far different was the appearance made by General Bugeaud's escort, in which there were many members of the civil service, wearing the model cap, and a costume by no means military. A horseman came out from the ranks of the Arab party, dressed in a coarse burnous with a camel's-hair cord, and differing in no respect as to his costume from the lowest horseman among the enemy; but his black horse, on which he sat with much elegance, was surrounded by Arabs holding the bridle and the stirrups. This was Abd-el-Kader. The French general held out his hand, the other grasped it twice, then threw himself quickly from his horse and sat down. General Bugeaud took his place beside him, and the conversation began.

The emir was of small stature; his face serious and pale, with delicate features slightly marked by time, and a keen sparkling eye. His hands, which were beautifully formed, played with a chaplet that hung round his neck. He spoke gently, but there was on his lips, and in the expression of countenance, a certain affectation of disdain. The conversation naturally turned upon the peace which had just been concluded, and Abd-el-Kader spoke of the cessation of hostilities with elaborate and feigned indifference. The French general remarking to him, that the treaty could not be put into execution until after it had been approved; but that the truce was favourable to the Arabs, since their crops would not be molested while it lasted, "You may destroy them this moment," he replied, "and I will give you written authority to do so, if you like. The Arabs are not in want of corn."

The conversation being ended, General Bugeaud stood up, and the emir remained seated; whereupon the former, stung to the quick, seized the emir's hand and jerked it, saying, "Come, get up." The French

were delighted at this characteristic act of an imperious and intrepid nature; and the Arabs could not conceal their astonishment. As for the emir, seized with an involuntary confusion, he turned round without uttering a word, sprang on his horse, and returned to his own people; and presently loud and enthusiastic cries of "*God preserve the Sultan!*" were echoed from hill to hill. A violent thunderburst added to the effect of this strange scene, and the Arabs vanished among the gorges of the mountains.

The treaty concluded with the emir imported: that Abd-el-Kader acknowledged the sovereignty of France; that France reserved to herself in the province of Oran, Mostaganem, Mazagran, and their territories, together with Oran, Arzew, and a territory comprised within narrow limits; and in the province of Algiers, Algiers, Sahel, and part of the plain of the Metidja. All the rest was given up to the Abd-el-Kader. The province of Titery was ceded to him, and the keys of the citadel of Tlemsen were placed again in his hands. In exchange for all these concessions he agreed to furnish the French army 30,000 Oran *fanègues* of wheat, the same quantity of barley, and 5000 oxen. It was further stipulated, that the Koulouglis who should choose to remain in Tlemsen, or elsewhere, should be left in undisturbed possession of their property, and should be treated on the same footing as the Hadars.

All this was met in France with an unanimous burst of astonishment and indignation. General Bugeaud's interview with Abd-el-Kader, could not be considered apart from the circumstances that had accompanied it, it was strongly and almost universally disapproved of. M. Bugeaud was accused of having conducted himself more like an adventurer than a general, and of having exposed the dignity of command in his own person to affronts which his intrepidity and coolness were not sufficient to counterbalance. But it was the treaty of Tafna that provoked the most vehement attacks. What! after such great sacrifices of men and money, after so many years spent in fighting, almost the whole of the old regency was bestowed as a present on our most inveterate enemy. What! France was only to have a wretched encampment on the coast, squeezed in between the enemy and the sea! What disaster had reduced our ambition to such excessive humility? Was the treaty that left us bare the inevitable result of some terrible defeat, of some irreparable blow? Were we without resources, without an army in Africa! No; for 15,000 men had been assembled in Oran; considerable expenses had already been made for a campaign; a war to the uttermost had been proclaimed; the soldier was sure of victory; and after the most formidable preparations, such a peace as this had been concluded! Before even coming to an engagement with the emir, there had been ceded to him the province of Titery, Scherschell, the citadel of Tlemsen, and part of the Metidja; territories, in fact, to which he himself had till then asserted no claim. In the province of Oran we retained Mazagran and Mostaganem: but would not those two towns, separated from Oran and Arzew, be in a state of blockade? Abd-el-Kader recognized forsooth our sovereignty; a futile concession, which secured to him the reality of a power, the phantom of which alone he left to us.

These criticisms, to which General Damrémont gave the sanction of his experience, in a statement addressed by him to the president of the council, were unfortunately but too just. But how much more vehement would have been the outcry had a fact been then known, which did not come out until a year afterwards, in the course of a famous trial; that is to say, that all the articles of the treaty had not been reduced to writing, and that General Bugeaud had been authorized to obtain payment to himself of a sum of money, which being expended on certain roads, served to increase his popularity among electors!

After the treaty of Tafna, the next thing to be considered was the expediency of marching against Constantina. That expedition had been resolved on, the national honour called for it, France looked for it as reparation for an insult, and it was with special orders to undertake it that M. de Damrémont had been sent to Africa. But would not the taking of Constantina tend still more to aggrandize Abd-el-Kader, who had already been rendered so formidable by the recent treaty? Would not the destruction of Ahmed deliver the emir of a rival, extend his influence into the eastern regions, and mark him out to the Arabs as thenceforth the sole representative of the native cause? These considerations no doubt weighed with the council; for Count Damrémont received orders to negotiate with Ahmed. He was called on to make good the expenses of the war, to own himself the vassal of France, and to pay tribute. Reckoning on aid from the Porte, he replied vaguely at first. A fleet had sailed from Constantinople with ambiguous intentions, the *contre-amiraux* Gallois and Lalande made it retrace its course. Ahmed was more peremptorily called on to reply, returned a refusal, and the expedition was resolved on.

Part of August and all September, were employed in preparations. The road from Bona to Constantina was covered with military magazines. Ghelma was become, under Colonel Duvivier's superintendence, a regular fortification. A camp was established on the plateau of Medjez Amar, which was fixed on as the base of the operations, and there the army assembled at the close of September. It amounted to 15,000 men, abundantly provided with victuals and ammunition, and having with it a considerable *matériel*. The camp of Medjez Amar was a city of foliage, intersected with streets laid out by line, and presenting a really fairy aspect in the heart of the desert plains that surrounded it: it exhibited order in the midst of bustle, regularity in enthusiasm, war in gala habits. Nothing could compare with the high spirits of the soldiery, rejoicing as they did in the hopes of wiping out the disgrace of the last campaign by a grand exploit. There were officers there whom the memory of a lost friend excited. Captain Richepanse had come to avenge the death of a brother.

The army began its march. It was known by bitter experience that the plains to be crossed were naked, and had neither tree nor bush to supply fuel for the bivouac fires. Each soldier had, therefore, to carry a small faggot in addition to his other very heavy baggage; namely twelve days' rations; 120 cartridges, a supply of sugar, salt, coffee, linen, and a cartridge-box; not to mention a long cane which each man carried in

his right hand, to help him in walking, and his musket which he carried in his left. But all were inspired with a moral vigour that defied fatigue; and the most martial ardour pervaded the ranks. The first day's march, however, looked threatening. The army had to ascend into very elevated regions, and to pass through atmospheric strata loaded with moisture, and continually increasing in coldness. The rain began at the neck of Rasel Akba: in a short while the wagons could hardly be dragged over the soaked soil; and Lieutenant-general Valée, who commanded the artillery, was seen on foot with a driver's whip in his hand urging on the march. Thus there seemed to be a repetition of the sinister presages of 1836; nor was there any lack of dismal spectacles along the route. The Arabs fled as we advanced, after laying all waste between them and us; and from distance to distance clouds of lurid smoke showed where stacks of straw had been set on fire. On the 5th of October, the summit of a hill was reached, on which stand the ruins of a Roman monument; and from that point there were seen to the left an Arab camp, and the plain of Constantina in front. It was at this place the series of our disasters began the year before. Here was the spot where many of our brethren died of cold; there flowed that river Oued Akmimin, which, swollen by the rains, had so lamentably impeded the passage of Marshal Clauzel; further on lay the field in which it had been necessary to abandon the baggage, and that which had retained the name of Camp de la Boue. Every fresh step towards Constantina awakened some painful recollection, and many a time the soldier's foot struck against bones which had now no name, yet reminded him of his native land.

The army was divided into four brigades, the first commanded by the Duc de Nemours; the second by General Trézel; the third by General Rullières, and the fourth by Colonel Combes. Lieutenant-general Fleury was commander-in-chief of the engineers. It was on the 6th of October, 1837, at 9 A. M., that the first column surmounted the plateau of Mansourah. They had scarcely arrived there, when there was heard from the fortress a loud shout, in which the shrill voices of women were distinguishable. Concealed among the aloes that clothe the slopes of the ravine in front of Mansourah, 300 Turkish sharpshooters awaited the French, whom they received with a fire as sharp as it was unexpected. But the Zouaves, intoxicated with the smell of powder, dashed forward impetuously, the enemy retired in disorder into the town, and our men were enabled to proceed with the preparations for the siege.

It was instantly agreed that the town should be attacked from the plateau of Koudiat Aty; whilst three batteries on that of Mansourah, mounted with heavy pieces, should enfilade the batteries in front of the main attack. Every thing was arranged accordingly. The third and fourth brigade, led by General Rullières, crossed the Rummel under the fire of the town, and took up their position at Koudiat Aty; the works were begun on all sides, and carried on with the utmost activity and unshaken courage. The Arabs were not content with pouring death upon our men from the ramparts; but whilst Ahmed, stealing from hill to hill, sent his horsemen charging upon us, Turks and Kabyles sallied from Constantina, and dashed madly at the several points of the curve

described round them. And then the weather seemed, as in 1836, to declare against the French. The rain poured down in torrents: the temporary bridges thrown across the Rummel were swept away: the sacks of earth, which the soldiers passed from hand to hand, were converted into liquid mud by the time they reached their destination. The soil at Mansourah having become too soft to support the artillery, three pieces fell into a ravine, and were only recovered by the super-human efforts of the Zouaves. There was neither hay nor straw for the horses. Those of the artillery, the most useful of all, had but a third of a ration of barley daily; the famishing mules gnawed the tumbrils; there were nights of frightful, deadly storms; the soldiers lay down to sleep in water; some had the good fortune to find beds of pebbles; others, entering the cemetery of Koudiat Aty, rested under the arches of the tombs.

It may be conceived what such sufferings must have been to Frenchmen; an impetuous race more fitted to endure danger than delay. Accordingly, when the batteries of Mansourah opened their fire on the morning of the 9th, the whole army responded to the roar of the cannon with a tremendous shout of joy. But it was not enough to silence the fire of the town here and there, or to break up the embrasures; the gates remaining closed, and nothing appearing to show that any impression had been made on the besieged, the French were impatient to storm. In order to render this practicable it was necessary to complete the works of the breaching battery which the weather had interrupted, and to convey sixteen and twenty-four pounders to Koudiat Aty over a quaking, uneven, and deeply ploughed up soil; and this was accomplished, such was the courage and determination of the besiegers. The Arabs then issued from the town, and taking advantage of the inequalities of the ground, contrived to reach the foot of the parapets that protected the besiegers. General Damrémont came up, accompanied by the Duc de Nemours, and ordered the soldiers to leap over the parapets. "Charge bayonets!" cried the French, and the parapets were cleared. In the twinkling of an eye the Arabs were hurled down from platform to platform, and forced back into Constantina. On the 12th the works were complete; the time for storming was at last at hand.

And now a young Mussulman stepped forth from the French army and advanced towards the town, waving a paper in one hand and a white flag in the other. The besieged threw down ropes to him, and hoisted him up on the ramparts. He was sent by General Damrémont to summon the garrison to surrender before the fatal order to storm was given. He returned next day with this haughty and noble answer: "If the French have no more powder or bread we will give them some. We will defend our houses and our town to the very last. Constantina shall not be taken until its last defender shall have been slaughtered."

M. de Damrémont's mind was immediately resolved. Since the commencement of the siege, which he conducted like an experienced general, he had never ceased to expose his person with the most reckless gallantry; so that, seeing him pass along the entrenchments with a brow heavy with care, but with a step that seemed to court danger, some felt assured that he was determined to die should fortune prove a second

time unfavourable to us. Fortunately, the breach had been made practicable, and there remained no reason to doubt of success. Thenceforth full of confidence, Count Damrémont proceeded towards Koudiat Aty, accompanied by a small body of officers. On arriving at a very exposed point he stopped, and began to make his observations on the breach. "Take care," said General Rullières, who had come to meet him, "we are here point blank under the enemy's guns." "No matter," the count replied, coolly; and the words were no sooner uttered than he was knocked down by a cannon-shot. General Perrégaux immediately leaning down over him was struck by a ball in the head. The body of the governor-general was raised with respectful emotion by the witnesses of his glorious death, and the bleeding corpse passed through the army covered with a cloak.

Some among the soldiers wept for their commander; all hailed his destiny. The command devolved of right on Lieutenant-general Valée; he assumed it amidst the applause of the troops, and it was with transport they received that same day the grand news, that the storming was to take place on the morrow.

The next day was Friday. Now, according to a superstitious belief long current among the Arabs, a Friday was to witness the final triumph of the Christians in Africa. But Constantina had, notwithstanding, prepared to make a furious defence. And the French, on their part, felt sure of victory, since they were about to meet the enemy hand to hand. The storming party had been divided on the preceding evening into three columns, under the orders of Lieutenant-colonel Lamoricière, Colonel Combes, and Colonel Corbin. At seven o'clock the signal was given, the drums beat, and every heart palpitated with impatience and joy. The sky shone brightly that day. The first column, led by Colonel Lamoricière, sustaining an exceedingly sharp fire of musketry, made its way to the rampart at double quick. The Zouaves were standing on the breach, and the tricolour flag planted there by Captain Garderens, was hailed with victorious acclamations. But danger lurked beneath the triumph. Whilst the sappers and miners were opening a passage along the walls, their comrades found themselves entangled in a labyrinth of ruined houses, and perplexing *culs de sac*, from which the bullets fell on them like hail. They continued, however, to advance, and engaged in a murderous conflict with the enemy, when suddenly a wall fell down, burying numbers of the assailants beneath it. A mine was sprung, clouds of smoke and flame were vomited forth: many of our soldiers felt the air on fire around them; their lungs were scorched, their clothes were burnt from their backs; their sight destroyed for ever. It was a heart-rending spectacle to gaze on those wretches, some of whom were delirious, and so disfigured, that their own friends could not recognize them. They went about like spectres.

Constantina was now opened on all sides to floods of assailants. Brave Turkish artillerymen lay dead at the foot of one of their captured batteries. The fight was carried on from gate to gate, through streets so narrow that the opposite houses nearly met above. The French cleared all before them with the bayonet. Step by step the insignia of Turk-

ish rule, Ahmed's standards, and the horsetails disappeared and gave place to the tricolour flag. It is said that a minister of the dey's, disdaining either to surrender or fly, committed suicide. The whole town resounded with the tumult of a thousand fights, and soon all that remained of it was dead and dying men, and smoking ruins, from which issued fierce curses or stifled cries. The population of the place, pale with dismay, recoiled tumultuously in the direction opposite to our attacks, until they were huddled together behind the Casbah, on a sloping ground rapidly descending to a perpendicular wall of rocks; and there the dense multitude, forced helplessly along by its own impetus, tumbled headlong down the cliff. Women, children, and old men, perished promiscuously. The most vigorous kept themselves awhile suspended by ropes they clutched in their descent, but these breaking at last, let them fall on piles of corpses. The scent of blood filled the air. The town was taken.

Taken it was, but not without sad losses. The *chef-de-bataillon* Sérigny, and Captain Haket of the engineers, fell in the breach. Colonel Lamoricière, the *chefs-de-bataillon* Vieux and Dumas, Leblanc, officer of engineers, Captain Richepanse and Colonel Combes, were wounded, the latter mortally. He had arrived on the breach, and was leading on his men to a decisive charge, when he was struck by two balls, one of which went through his chest. Then occurred a scene worthy of the heroic times. Invincible by pain, Colonel Combes advanced to the Duc de Nemours to report to him how things stood. His gait was firm, his countenance calm, and to see him no one would have suspected that he walked with death in his lungs. He expressed himself nobly and simply, without speaking of himself otherwise than by this melancholy and sublime allusion: "Those that are not mortally wounded will enjoy this victory." He was carried off in a dying state. His last words were addressed to his friend, General Boyer: "Farewell," he said, "I ask nothing of my country for my wife and family, but I commend to it the officers of my regiment I am going to name. They are—" Death interrupted him.

It is said, that during the capture of Constantina, Ahmed gazed from a neighbouring mountain on the final overthrow of his power. Hopelessly undone, he could not restrain his grief, and tears rolled down his cheeks. Still life was dear to him; he turned his horse's head and rode away.

The first thought of the new masters of Constantina was for the wounded. They were placed under the care of Doctor Baudens, and one of the handsomest houses in the town, that occupied by the bey's kalifa, was converted into a hospital. Ahmed's palace, the gate of which was opened to the victors by a negro, contained rich carpets, magnificent horses, and numerous slaves; but the treasures dreamed of were nowhere to be discovered in it. The women of the harem, one alone of whom, named Aïsha, was remarkable for beauty, were put under the muphti's charge. By degrees order was restored; tribes came in from the country and made their submission; the measures required by the occupation of the town were taken, and the army began its march back

to Bona, leaving 2500 men in Constantina under the command of Colonel Bernelle.

This conquest, so dearly disputed, was celebrated in France in a manner both touching and modest. Lieutenant-general Valée was recompensed with the dignity of Marshal of France, and the title of Governor-general of Algeria. Merited promotion was bestowed on the maréchaux de camp, Rullières and Trézel, and colonels Bernelle, Boyer, Vacher, and Tournemine. The body of Count Damrémont was treated with military honours on its arrival in France, and was buried in the Hôtel des Invalides. General Perrégaux died at sea almost at the moment of touching his native shore.

CHAPTER X.

For a long while, as we have seen, the course of the democratic party had been governed by impulses of generous self-devotedness, of impatient hatred, or of a recklessly venturous spirit; but its passions, even the most generous of them, had done it hurt. Of all the swords drawn in days of wrath, not one but was turned against it, not one but lacerated it. At last then the party were forced to own that, under the dominion of the bourgeoisie, the chances were not all on the side of daring, and that fortune was hardly to be won by force. Nevertheless, it was not disheartened; but, rising superior to its disasters, by virtue of its unconquerable will, it resolved to be calm and patient in its attacks, and to vanquish solely with the weapons of the law, solely by intellectual efforts. A fair field was opened to it for that purpose towards the close of 1847, for M. Molé had dissolved the Chamber, and the electioneering struggle was beginning.

But that the enterprise might not prove abortive, it was important that it should be conducted by persons of high reputation, and of a moderation never assailed by calumny; persons such as M. Arago for instance.

And what a potent ally was such a man! His imposing stature, his eye sparkling beneath his large flexible eyebrows, his strongly-marked features, his aquiline nose, and clear, high forehead, all bespoke intellectual and moral strength, and a certain violent propensity to command.

It had been the fortune of this illustrious man to enter upon the actual pursuit of glory at an age when, in general, men scarcely care to dream of it. At twenty M. Arago was selected by the Bureau des Longitudes to carry on the meridian of France to the south of Spain; and in the accomplishment of this task he underwent a thousand hardships and dangers. He spent six months on an isolated mountain peak, waiting for the moment when it should be possible to make an observation. Upon the first entrance of the French into the Peninsula he was thrown into prison in Valencia as an envoy from Napoleon; afterwards, having been taken to Algiers, he was making his way back to France, when he was captured in sight of Marseilles by a Spanish corsair, taken to Rosa, and then put into a pontoon at Palamos. During his severe captivity at Rosa

and Palamos he carried his devotion to science so far, as to reject the opportunity to escape, that he might not lose his instruments, and the result of his observations. Such was the commencement of M. Arago's scientific life so remarkable for its valuable labours and discoveries.

M. Arago's peculiar characteristic was, the versatility of his talents. Renowned through all Europe as a professor and *savant*, he displayed in debate a copious, luminous eloquence, abounding in facts, citations, and striking details; and certainly not one of the first writers among his contemporaries could have hoped to surpass him for amplitude, suppleness, and, above all, perspicuity of style. There was something dazzling in his superiority in this respect, and it made him one of the most successful popularizers of science that ever existed.

A man thus organized could not keep aloof from politics, the more especially as he was impelled towards them by a mind naturally given to command, and an immense appetite for action; for nothing seemed to come amiss to that highly-gifted nature; meditation or action; the calmness of study, and the stir and bustle of human affairs; solitary contemplation of the heavens, and the noise and storms of the Forum.

Mighty in science, M. Arago was, perhaps, still more so in passion. Accordingly, he could not long remain contented with the sort of dictatorship which the Académie des Sciences had voluntarily accorded to him; though there he had obstacles to overcome, conflicts to sustain, and enemies to quell. But he needed more than this to give his faculties adequate employment; he had, therefore, rushed into politics, and the democratic cause had attracted him with that potent force which it exercises over all sovereign natures. And who was more adapted than he to figure in it with distinction? With no less capacity for exciting the feelings of the people, than for instructing their minds, he compelled the acquiescence of some by the authority of his name, and others he carried away by the energy of his kindly and guileless soul.

Had need been, the part of a tribune would not have proved too arduous for his zeal; and yet he possessed not that species of superiority which enabled Mirabeau to sport with the wordy tempest, to breathe in it with a proud ease, to revel in contradiction, and to make even the fierce enmities he excited contribute to his exaltation. Accustomed, as a professor, to the applause of his hearers, M. Arago put forth his whole strength only before an audience disposed to understand and admire him. The murmurs of a hostile assembly did not, indeed, quell his courage, but had a chilling effect upon the sources of his eloquence. One spring evening, as he was walking in the garden of the Observatory, with some members of his family, and a friend, he took pleasure in explaining the heads of a speech he intended to deliver next day in the Chamber. Its purport was to vindicate the people from patrician scorn, by tracing the history of the services rendered by it to science, and enumerating the great men that had issued from its body. Beginning in a conversational tone, by degrees he warmed with his subject, until his eloquence became sublime. We fancy we can see him still on that terrace, whence you look down on Paris, with his lofty stature, and his face like that of an Arab chief, his head bare, his arm outstretched,

his eye sparkling, his hair tossing in the wind, the crown of his head gleaming in the last rays of the sun, which was setting in burning gold. No, never was the aspect of man more majestic, and never did thoughts that sprang direct from the heart clothe themselves in more solemn and noble forms. Next day we went to hear M. Arago in the Chamber, and could hardly believe it was the same man, so attentive did he appear to the imbecile murmurs which the eulogium of the people provoked in the assembly.

M. Arago's eminent qualities were, after all, not unmixed with alloy. In a society that vacillates between love of change and fear of every crisis, it behoves the leader of a party to propose to himself one sole, invariable aim, to concentrate his powers, husband his alliances and resources, make himself creatures by a steady system of good offices and patient civility, and acquire no other enemies than those it is good to have. Now M. Arago was more impetuous than persevering; he too readily allowed himself to be distracted from the pursuit of a great design by secondary considerations; he weakened his own moral strength, by expending it on too many objects simultaneously; he was but half skilled in the art of subduing resistance; intrepid and staunch in his friendships, he did not strive enough to win the indifferent; and his impetuous personality many a time offended a party prone to excess to take umbrage: to sum up all in a word, he sacrificed more to his passion of the moment, than to his ultimate object. Pertinacity and forecast in passion were the whole genius of Pym. With such a genius it is that men bring about revolutions; M. Arago possessed the kind of genius that decides them.

At the period we are speaking of, M. Arago made no secret of his hopes, and the democratic party might already consider him one of its chiefs. Now his adhesion inferred that of M. Laffitte, who willingly submitted to the influence of his illustrious friend; and as for Dupont de l'Eure, the democrats had never had any misgivings as to his patriotic support.

Relying on these grounds, MM. Dupont, *avocat*, and Louis Blanc, took the first steps for forming an electoral committee in the very centre of the democratic party. Dupont de l'Eure promised his co-operation: Arago's was obtained, and through him that of Laffitte; and, this being done, the members of the dynastic opposition were invited to join a committee, the first nucleus of which had just been formed by the democratic party.

One of two results was foreseen: either the dynastic opposition would accept the proposal, and then the democrats would fight by its side—difference of opinion apart; or else it would refuse, and in that case the democrats were prepared to do without it, since they had on their side Arago, Laffitte, and Dupont de l'Eure; that is to say, three men, the want of whom would be fatal to any opposition committee.

The plan was well conceived, as the sequel proved. A meeting having been appointed in the offices of the *Nouvelle Minerve*, in the Marché des Jacobins, the two oppositions met there. The republic was represented there in the persons of some of its stoutest champions, among

whom were MM. Dupont, Dornèz, Thomas, principal editor of the *National*, and Frédéric Degeorges, principal editor of the *Propagateur du Pas de Calais*. The discussion began under the presidency of M. Laffitte.

The radicals expounded their views openly and boldly. Until then they had incurred incessant reproaches for their intractable temper, and the vehemence of their aggressions; if they decided on attack, it was said, they had no notion of any thing but running a muck, and their very repose was but isolation. Now then, they were resolved to prove how unjust and exaggerated were these charges. The elections were about to begin; they would take part in them, and they invited the dynastic opposition to unite its efforts with theirs. But that such an association should be moral, it was necessary that it should be formed without any secret reservation, without any base by-play, with all the weight which human acts derive from rectitude of intention, and perfect openness of speech. No equivocal compromise between contrary principles was to be thought of, no unmanly interchange of concessions. The two parties were to unite their strength against a common enemy, not to make confusion of their flags.

The proposal was a frank and fair one; it was with a mixture of approval and uneasiness that those to whom it was addressed received it, and MM. Chambolle and Léon Faucher did not hesitate to reject it. Was it not well known what were the feelings of most of the electors, and with what dread they regarded the radical policy? The dynastic opposition would therefore commit a serious mistake in following as an auxiliary in the wake of men, who, from scruples no less fatal than they were honourable and inevitable, refused to yield a jot of their doctrines, and gloried in their pertinacity. M. Dupont replied with loftiness and impetuosity, and let it be understood that if the radicals were left alone, alone they would achieve their purpose. The meeting was filled with agitation.

There was present a professor of the College of France, who had acquired a brilliant popularity among the young generation, by his remarkable talents as a journalist, and his eloquent exposition of popular opinions. But M. Lerminier had lately taken a course that admitted of no excuse, and that has never been explained; he had broken with his old friends, deserted his camp; and now, condemned by public opinion, and scouted by the young, he had, as usual in such cases, taken refuge in audacity. He made a speech in which he insisted with peculiar asperity on the dislike entertained for the radicals by the middle classes, on the dangers to be apprehended from their co-operation, and from their weakness, proved, as he asserted, by their numerous defeats; strange words from the lips of M. Lerminier, and which drew down on him a vehement reply on the part of his late co-editor, M. Louis Blanc, which concluded with these words, "Sir, there are certain defeats that are more honourable than certain triumphs."

Thus the debate grew warmer continually, when M. Mathieu of the Institute went up to the president, said something to him in a whisper, and quitted the meeting. This gentleman, brother-in-law to M. Arago,

and professor in the Ecole Polytechnique, was equally distinguished for his patriotism and his science. He had no sooner left the room than M. Laffitte rose, and said firmly; "Gentlemen, I am requested to inform you that MM. Arago and Mathieu, are resolved to take part in no committee in which the radical party should not be represented. I make the same declaration on my own part."

This settled the whole matter. The question was put to the meeting in the midst of extreme excitement; a strong majority declared in favour of the radicals; the most energetic members of the dynastic opposition joined the democratic party, the dissentients withdrew, and the following note appeared next day in the papers:

"A CENTRAL COMMITTEE has been established in Paris for the purpose of attending to the elections. Its aim is to unite in one undivided system of action all shades of the national opposition, and to obtain an independent Chamber by their combined efforts.

"The committee consists at present of MM. Dupont de l'Eure, Arago, Maugin, Mathieu, Larabit, Laffitte, Ernest Girardin, Marshal Clauzel, Garnier Pagès, Cormenin, Salverte, and Thiers, members of the late chamber; Chatelain, principal editor of the *Courier Française;* Cauchois Lemaire, principal editor of the *Minerve;* Bert, principal editor of the *Commerce;* E. D. Durand of the *Minerve;* Louis Blanc, principal editor of the *Bon Sens;* Frédéric Lacroix, principal editor of the *Monde;* Thomas, principal editor of the *National;* Dubose, principal editor of the *Journal du Peuple;* Gondchaux, banker; Viardot, *Homme de Lettres;* Dornèz, *Avocat;* Nepomucene Lemercier, of the Académie Française; Rostan, *professor in the Ecole de Medicine;* Felix Desportes, *Propriétaire;* Marie, *Avocat;* Ledru Rollin, *Avocat;* Depont, *Avocat;* Sarrans, *Homme de Lettres;* A. Guilbert; David (d'Angers), *sculptor.*

"Honorary secretaries: MM. Garnier Pagès, Cauchois Lemaire, and Mauguin."

The composition of this committee was almost wholly democratic, and beside it no other opposition committee could possibly exist. M. Chambolle, principal editor of the *Siècle,* detailed to the public, in a very discreet and temperate article, the reasons that had induced him to keep aloof. M. Odilon Barrot, chief of the dynastic opposition, published on his own part a note in which he expressed his deep sorrow at the schism which had taken place in the constitutional party, but declared that he could not serve on a committee into which the republican party had entered with colours flying.

Thus the control of the electioneering movement remained concentrated in the hands of the radicals. It was the first time they made their way into the heart of public affairs resolutely and in one compact body; it was the first time they seemed to say, "We have no need of stirring up the tempest around us, in order to seize the helm." Great, accordingly, was the dismay in the Château. For more than a month the ministerial press poured out all the phials of its wrath on the *Comité Central;* and the *Journal des Débats* was especially furious in its attacks upon it. Distinguishing those members of the constitutional opposition who had joined the committee from those who had kept aloof from it, it

extolled the latter, and declared the former responsible for all the mischiefs to come. According to its account, the miner was already at work beneath the throne; nor did it signify much that a few constitutional names had been inscribed on the fatal list. "Nothing can be more serious or more adroitly contrived," it said, in its number of October 20, "than the aim and intention of the radical party. It is ready to claim and enforce all the advantages of the position which has been accorded to it. The coalition is its own handiwork, it suggested the idea of it; it is its soul and most vital element; the place it holds in it, the names it has introduced into it, secure it the secret guidance of the body.... It is not programmes, but their own energy that classifies men, and decides their respective preponderance." In its number of the 18th, the same journal said: "Exclude! A different language was held forty years ago! And who are they that are excluded? They are the constitutionalists of all shades, the friends of government, the tiers-parti, the dynastics, in short, the whole of that opposition, the strength and honour of which are embodied in M. Barrot." The accusation was calumnious, M. Barrot not having been excluded, but having excluded himself; such means, however, served to scatter the seeds of distrust and jealousy, and that was enough for party malevolence.

The central committee was directed by bold men; it occupied formidable positions in the press; and disdaining to stand on the defensive it attacked. Roused to action by the violence of its adversaries, it fired away with its seven journals simultaneously, and set Paris and the provinces in commotion; and if it did not succeed in sensibly modifying the ministerial majority, it at least strengthened itself at the expense of the less decided opinions, increased the number of its representatives in the Chamber, and, in a word, made the presence and the breath of democracy felt at every point of the electoral sphere. Never, since 1830, had the government seen so strong a minority stand up against it in the elections. In Paris, the number of electors voting for the opposition was 6303 out of a total of 13,982. All the parliamentary members of the central committee were re-elected. Two well-known republicans, MM. Martin (de Strasbourg) and Michael (de Bourges) entered the Chamber; M. Arago obtained the suffrages of two electoral colleges, as did also Marshal Clauzel; and notwithstanding all the noise M. Voyer d'Argenson's doctrines had made by the honourable excess of their boldness, an imposing minority voted for him in the capital. It is true that M. Jacques Lefèbvre had the advantage over M. Laffitte in the second *arrondissement* of Paris; but the sixth college soon made amends to the famous banker, whose house had served as a tabernacle to the Revolution of 1830.

During this time the ministry exerted itself in an underhand manner that did it no credit, though it was successful. The enemies it most feared, because it saw in them its successors, were the doctrinaires. Its scheme was insidiously to counteract their election by pretending to support it; and some members of that party were victims to these manœuvres: MM. d'Haubersaërt and Giraud, for instance. The acts of corruption, too, were everywhere employed, and everywhere denounced.

The prefect of Morbihan found a potent and impassioned accuser in M. de Sivry. M. Billaudel, chief engineer of La Gironde, having stood forward as an opposition candidate, received a letter from the minister of public works, ordering him to choose between his candidature and his place; he nobly threw up the latter, and triumphed in the former; and the fact, exposed by him from the tribune, cast a very unfavourable light on the means employed by the government to insure its success.

The discussion on the address was made up only of noisy and empty common places; and there was nothing worthy of remark in the beginning of the session, except the new attitude assumed by the doctrinaires. Too weak to seize on power in open fight, too proud to serve it, they resolved at first to afford it a patronizing support; but who would not have preferred war to their icy patronage, their arrogant submission, their insolent and offensive services? War was therefore sure to come at last; and, finally, it did break out with the more vehemence from the long restraint which the belligerents had imposed on their feelings.

It was M. Thiers who kindled the first spark. Though M. de Rémusat was a doctrinaire, M. Thiers had always had a leaning towards him; for he admired his lofty intellect, his sober, earnest cast of mind seasoned with wit, his manners free from pedantry, and his independence as a man of letters. Both of them children of the press, they had furthermore this in common, that they believed the maintenance of royalty in France compatible with some ideas of national high spirit, provided the same were tempered with much modesty and prudence. They were, therefore, suited to each other, and in their private intercourse were laid the grounds of that alliance afterwards so celebrated under the name of the Coalition. It was a strange thing, Thiers thought, that the ablest men in the Chamber were forced to submit to the sway of triumphant mediocrity. Was there no accommodation possible between the doctrinaires and the Left Centre? M. de Rémusat suffered himself to be persuaded that there was; with that feeling he applied successfully to his friends, and ere long MM. Jaubert, Piscatory, Duchâtel, and Guizot himself, came by degrees to entertain the idea of an offensive alliance. Duvergier de Hauranne was at first little inclined to it, though he afterwards became its very soul. He thought that a party endangered its credit by changing its attitude; that such resolutions require to be maturely considered, because it is easy to adopt them, but not so easy to explain them. There was one flag, however, in his opinion, round which it was sufficient to rally in order to divest the Coalition of the character of an intrigue. The unconstitutional and inordinate share, which the king had assumed to himself in the management of state affairs, was equally offensive to all sections of the Chamber: would it not be practicable to effect a fair and creditable union of forces in order to assert the maxim, *the king reigns and does not govern;* to defend the parliamentary prerogative against the encroachments of the royal prerogative? Duvergier de Hauranne thought this feasible, and, in order to prepare the way for it, he published an article in the *Revue Française*, strongly denouncing the doctrines of MM. His and Fonfrède as destructive to representative

government. Those gentlemen had laid it down in their writings, that the political world was but a sad chaos without unity, without fixedness; that the elective Chamber, a transient power, broken up into fractions, unstable and prone to revolt against tradition and precedent, was not in a condition either to conceive or to direct a system; that to royalty it belonged to give the initiative impulses; and, that to consider it in any other light was to set up a living republic face to face with a half dead monarchy. What! retorted their antagonist, did MM. His and Fronfrède propose to rob the elective Chamber of the right of withholding supplies? Their theories led logically to that conclusion; for it would, indeed, have been absurd to leave the Chamber in possession of an irresistible means of rule, when it was desired that royalty alone should rule. Now, take away the right of withholding supplies, and what remained? Despotism, encumbered with the useless appendage of a consultive Chamber. This M. Duvergier de Hauranne had no difficulty in proving beyond question.

But he was less happy in the exposition of his own system. Well aware that a duel to the death was to be apprehended between an assembly armed with the right of voting taxes and an inviolable royalty, he would have had the ministry belong at once to the Chamber and to the crown; to the former by *designation*, to the latter by *nomination*, so that ministers should serve as a link between the rival powers, and form a mediating authority. He did not perceive that instead of preventing the collision, he only changed the field of battle; for it might be replied to him: "One of two things must come to pass: either the king will be forced to comply with the *designation*, or he will be at liberty to disregard it. In the former case, his right is illusory. In the latter case, the Chamber will refuse him all assistance, the struggle will begin again, and end in a *coup d'état*, perhaps in a revolution."

Thus the constitutional system lost ground and lost credit, through the advocacy of its partisans and the weakness of their logic. M. Dauvergier de Hauranne's article was, however, in one respect, formidably significant; it offered a watchword to the parliamentary league which was in preparation.

The 12th of March, 1838, was at hand, the period fixed for the presentation of the law on the secret service funds, a question of confidence which was to decide whether the ministry should stand or fall. The new allies thought this a good opportunity for a trial of their strength, and distributed the several parts to be played among them. M. Jaubert, a dashing and aggressive orator, undertook to begin the attack, M. Guizot was to support him, and M. Thiers was to strike the final blow. But M. Guizot's vacillation spoiled all. He maintained certain relations with the Centre, and did not wish to be deprived of the advantage of them; therefore he announced it as his intention to blame the ministry, but temperately, and without compromising every thing. His friends in vain pointed out to him the inconveniences of an undecided course, and argued that, in this case, decision was prudence; he persisted in his purpose, whether from excess of circumspection, or from selfishness.

M. Jaubert began the onslaught, as had been agreed on, with his accustomed impetuosity, keenness, and irony. His objections to the secret funds, bore not so much upon their principle as upon their employment. He vividly exposed the disgraceful practice of paying subventions to the journals, and in particular showed up the ruinous patronage under which the *Journal des Débats* had thriven. "I accord my vote to the government," he said, in conclusion: "I would have refused it to the ministry." M. Guizot, too, appeared in the tribune as an adversary to the executive; but he was not like himself. He hesitated and stammered, even he, usually so haughty, peremptory, and dogmatic, and bewildered himself in pompous commonplaces. Sometimes gazing at his new friends, he seemed to ask pardon of them for the weakness of his support; sometimes turning towards the Centre with a suppliant and constrained air, he seemed ashamed of his novel part as a member of the opposition. After a speech that was torture to the assembly and to himself, he came down from the tribune in the midst of sullen disapprobation. M. Thiers was so disheartened that he durst not venture to speak. It was a campaign spoiled. In spite of the earnest protests on the part of Odilon Barrat, and of M. Gisquet, formerly prefect of police, whom the loss of his place had made an enemy to the ministry, the amount of secret service funds, called for by Molé, was voted; and the beaten Coalition, forced to wait for better days, dispersed.

A startling rumour produced a considerable sensation about this time in the political world.

We have depicted M de Talleyrand; we have said how elaborately his vanity showed itself in evil courses. But his impassibility was but a mask. As contempt for men and for principles was reduced to a science in his *salon*, he did not wish to lose the benefit of that shameful professorship, and he took care to exhibit himself only in the character of a triumphant mocker. In reality, he was dubious, perplexed, downcast, and tormented. The immorality he laboured to display, not having its foundation in a strong nature, in an energetic perversity, was a miserable cause of exhaustion to him. Evidence long kept secret, but undeniable, proves that meditation was insupportably bitter to him in the last years of his life. Alone, in the silence of night, he fell from the height of his factitious pride into indescribable despondency, and by the light of his solitary lamp he would write lines evincing the tumult of his thoughts, and the drooping of his soul; lines such as these, for example: "Here are eighty-three years elapsed! what cares! what perturbations! what enmities excited! what vexatious complications! And all this with no other result than great physical and moral weariness, and a deep feeling of despondency as regards the future, of disgust for the past!"

Thus, beneath the icy placidity of his countenance, the perpetual irony of his glance, the calmness of his demeanour, and the permanence of his seeming good fortune, M. de Talleyrand concealed a life full of struggles and pusillanimity. When once on the stage, he willingly paraded his contempt for virtue. But his was the cynicism of wicked-

ness, not its courage. He did not believe even in his own scepticism; he had not faith in his own immorality; so that in him every thing was spurious, even to his vices.

If we are to believe some devout persons, the first communion of Madame de Dino's daughter constituted a singular and decisive epoch in Talleyrand's life, and he was affected to an extraordinary degree by the aspect of piety in a girl he fondly loved. Certain it is, that Mademoiselle Pauline de Dino was remarkably devout, and was the object of a sort of adoration on the part of her great-uncle. Talleyrand, moreover, was of an incredibly weak character, and no one was more likely than he to be governed by a child. These were the data on which those who sought his conversion set about their work.

It will readily be guessed how important such a conversion appeared in the eyes of the priests. Those among them who were actuated by sincere zeal for religion, would of course rejoice over it as a holy conquest; the others beheld in it a homage paid to their own ascendancy, an unparalleled humiliation inflicted on Voltaire's followers, and a proof that Catholicism had right of suzerainty over both extremes of man's existence, birth and death. The quondam Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Talleyrand de Perigord, had specially commended the conversion of his nephew to the care of M. de Quélen, whom with this view he desired to have for his own successor.

The interest of the Church was admirably furthered by the Duchesse de Dino. That lady, the daughter of the Duke of Courland, and consequently entitled by birth to move in sovereign spheres, had long exercised the two-fold power of wit and beauty; but the one is more lasting than the other; and whether it was that she wished to infuse fresh youth into her life by a change of habits, or that the ways of Louis Philippe's too bourgeois court became at last insupportably disgusting to her aristocratic feelings, she began to sigh after the Faubourg St. Germain. It was in vain M. Thiers and the rest of the new men represented to her over and over again, how improbable was the reconciliation she longed for, and that she could never find elsewhere what she would lose in withdrawing from the circle round M. de Talleyrand, namely, the pleasure of influencing public affairs, and that of having men of wit in her train of admirers; she still persisted in her purpose. Now she believed —and the belief doubtless became dearer to her by connecting itself with religious sentiments—she believed that from the hour when she should have obtained from M. de Talleyrand a public disavowal of the past, her peace would have been made with the Faubourg St. Germain. In any case that event would be advantageous to her as a means of gratifying the queen. Nor was there any thing chimerical in the enterprise, for the duchess possessed an irresistible sway over her uncle's inclinations, endowed as she was with keen intellect and fascinating wit.

Accordingly, M. de Talleyrand began to have frequent fits of self-examination, though he took diligent care to let no sign of this appear before those friends, such as MM. de Montrond, Thiers, and Mignet, in whom it might well excite astonishment. During the year that preceded his death he frequently sent to his bookseller for pious books, and we

have seen a scrap of paper with the following title written in pencil by his hand: *The Christian Religion considered in the true Spirit of its Maxims.* Finally, arrived at the state of moral inertia in which a man is no longer sufficient to himself, and seeing the phantoms of his heart rise up around him wherever he turned his eyes, he resolved to call in a priest. It was the Abbé Dupanloup to whom he applied. He was not yet attacked by the malady that proved fatal, nor did he show any other indications of approaching death than the natural infirmities of age.

The Abbé Dupanloup felt an extreme dislike of M. de Talleyrand; being invited by him to dinner, he refused at first; but at the request of the Archbishop of Paris he was obliged to enter upon an intercourse obviously for the advantage of the church. Still he was haunted by a secret uneasiness. Was it not to be feared that M. de Talleyrand's affected conversion was a flagrant trick planned by his impiety, a last comedy audaciously played on the brink of the grave? What were too much for a power of dissimulation which was one of the great scandals of history? Tremulously apprehensive of being duped, the abbé would gladly have provoked a public demonstration that might clear up his doubts; but Talleyrand's exquisite politeness disarmed him. He determined, therefore, to write him a letter, which, by suggesting religious and priestly recollections, should perforce elicit a definite reply. The letter was answered, and the reply began thus: "The reminiscences you invoke, Monsieur l'Abbé, are all very dear to me, and I thank you for having surmised the place they hold in my thoughts and in my heart." The intercourse between the prince and Abbé Dupanloup continued, religion being the subject of their conversations; and such was the uncertainty of mind of the man who passed for the patriarch of incredulity, that he let himself be brought insensibly not only to the idea of fulfilling his religious duties, but even to that of publicly abjuring his past life. He did so in a letter addressed to the pope, and submitted to the Archbishop of Paris, wherein the prince confessed his errors with timorous humility. Only there was one which he strove to excuse; but the archbishop would allow no restrictions, and made certain changes in the document, to which M. de Talleyrand submitted, so thoroughly docile had he become.

By-and-by he was attacked by a mortal disease, and the news of what was passing in his privacy was already making its way abroad, though in a vague form. It was matter of inexpressible surprise and pain to the more mundane portion of the prince's intimate acquaintances. That M. de Talleyrand should have given a place to religion and to the ordinary practices of worship in the last parting acts of his life, was what men like MM. Thiers and Mignet could not but think highly proper and becoming; but the public retractation imposed on the old man by whom the famous mass in the Champ de Mars had been celebrated, seemed to them an outrage upon the whole body of the revolutionary traditions, and it called forth all their indignation. Great above all, was the wrath of M. de Montrond, an anonymous statesman and clandestine genius; a *roué* beyond compare; a man of desperate morals and desperately in debt; possessing in the highest degree the art of being impertinent with

grace, and the dandyism of infidelity; a man of sparkling conversational powers; a personal friend of the king's, and far superior to M. de Talleyrand, of whom he was used to say: "*Who could help adoring him? He is so vicious.*" M. de Montrond set to work with passionate and violent ardour to dispute possession of his dying accomplice with the priests. All to no purpose.

Talleyrand had always been very partial to Thiers and Mignet. He liked their species of talent, and the originality of their fraternal fortune; he flattered them, too, as historians; for thorough sceptic as he was in appearance, he was filled with an almost puerile anxiety as to the judgment to be passed on him by posterity. M. Thiers, on his part, was grateful for the advances made to his plebeian merit by a *grand Seigneur* of the Revolution. It is true that the question of the Quadruple Alliance somewhat chilled their intercourse, but eventually no rupture took place between them, and M. Thiers continued always to have ready access to the prince: he thought he perceived a disposition to exclude him from the time Talleyrand was taken ill.

On the 17th of May symptoms of approaching dissolution being manifest, the declaration, which had been the object of so many hopes and fears, was presented to the prince for signature. He signed it. Shortly afterwards the king appeared, and it is said that the expiring *gentilhomme*, moved by such a visit, expressed his satisfaction in these terms: "This is the greatest honour ever conferred on my house." It is also stated—and it is by clergymen, that the fact, however improbable it may be, has been whispered about—that the king, having asked M. de Talleyrand if he was in pain, and the latter having replied, "Ay, like one of the damned," Louis Philippe let fall, in a very low whisper, the word, "Already?" It was not uttered, however, in so low a tone but that the dying man heard it, and he speedily revenged himself, by making secret and formidable disclosures to the persons about him.

The final hour arrived. Mortification was extending from the viscera to the head: the rites of the church were brought, and the prayers for departing spirits were read. The number of distinguished visiters was considerable, and no impediment was offered to their admission, it being the Duchesse de Dino's interest to give the most public and incontestible notoriety to the circumstances attending the prince's last moments. How strange was the diversity of feelings, thoughts, and language among the persons present. Some were vexed at the paraphernalia of Catholicism around that death-bed; the majority, on the other hand, drew comfort and consolation from the sight, and among these were the Duc de Noailles and Madam de Castellane. Many thought of the curious revelations that would no doubt be bequeathed to the world by a man who had spent half a century behind the scenes of history; they were not aware that his memoirs, deposited in England, were, by his express desire, not to be opened until after the lapse of thirty years.

About four in the afternoon it was evident that he had but a few minutes to live. Still he was perfectly conscious, and appeared attentive to the prayers. When his patron saints were named, Charles, Archbishop of Milan, and Maurice the Martyr, he responded faintly: "Have pity upon

me!" At last, when the Abbé Dupanloup related to him these words of the Archbishop of Paris: "For M. de Talleyrand I would give my life;" he replied, "He might make a better use of it," and expired.

Nothing was wanting to the official pomp of his obsequies; but the people, who doubted how it fared with his soul, made the dead man's memory the subject of their sarcastic mirth.

Yet, strange and heart-rending contrast! this man, who was a traitor to his country, who despised mankind, who never hesitated to sacrifice millions of human beings with a stroke of his pen, who dabbled in all the famous iniquities of his time, who made of politics a science unfeeling and hard to excess, abominable and pestilent, this man displayed no ordinary kindness of disposition in private life. The people of his household were devotedly attached to him. To part with a domestic was so painful to him, that he could not bring himself to do it. He felt affection and friendship, and he had friends.

No matter. The man who deals with the destinies of nations must be endowed with more than a certain disposition to compassionate individual sufferings. Talleyrand's political existence was but a prolonged scandal; it is just, it is necessary that it should be held up to infamy. He it was, indeed, who hatched that contemporary immorality which afterwards supported him. In his school were formed that race of boudoir philosophers whom we have since seen mistaking cynicism for a proof of superiority, and corruption for cleverness, plagiaries of prosperous vice, scoundrels at second hand.

But thank Heaven, it is not true that intellect is of the party of the dishonest. M. de Talleyrand, we repeat, and truth commands us to do so, M. de Talleyrand was a man of mediocrity. To M. d'Hauterive belonged the merit of the diplomatic labours of which the prince usurped all the honours. The treaties to which his name is attached as Napoleon's servant, were concluded by the sword of his master. Discarded by the Emperor, after having been discarded by the Republic, he did not foresee the return of the Bourbons, and did not consider it possible until they entered Paris. The Hundred Days took his absurdly vaunted foresight by surprise. At the Congress of Vienna, though the division of the spoil excited bickerings between the victorious powers which a skilful negotiator might easily have turned to account, he could not prevent either the formation of the kingdom of the Netherlands, which was to constitute a barrier against us on the north, nor that of the kingdom of Sardinia, which was to serve the same purpose on the south; he allied himself against the Emperor of Russia, who was friendly to us, with England, which strove eagerly for our ruin; he could do nothing, absolutely nothing, for the King of Saxony, our most faithful ally; and instead of giving France a secondary power for neighbour on the banks of the Rhine, as Russia proposed, he contrived, either through imbecility or treachery, to establish at our gates Prussia, a principal and hostile power. He was unable to keep his ground under the Restoration, to which Fouché himself, the regicide Fouché, contrived to make himself necessary. He had no part in the accession of Louis Philippe, so utterly null was his influence in 1830! In the Conferences of London, reduced

to play quite a subordinate part, he was shamefully excluded from the deliberations concerning the destruction of the fortresses erected against France, and he was made to sign the treaty of the Twenty-four Articles, an appendix to those of 1815. He knew nothing of the Quadruple Alliance until after its conclusion, and he allowed the idea of it to be attributed to himself. His aristocratic vanity being mortified by Lord Palmerston, he revenged himself by separating from the Whigs, and from England, and took part with the continental policy, he, to whom ignorant panegyrists have ascribed such foresight and profound views. Lastly, being recalled from London, he was obliged, in order to retain a remnant of influence, to stoop to the office of a flatterer, and he drew down on him one day this cutting remark on the part of M. Thiers: "That under Napoleon M. de Talleyrand should have been the obsequious courtier of glory and greatness, why that was all very well; but to fawn on this one!" Thus, not one fact is there to prove M. de Talleyrand's ability.

It is very true he weathered out many storms and died in his bed. But what are the requisites to enable a man to keep his feet in the higher regions of politics, when he aspires to nothing more? To have a slavish soul; to be capable of falsehood and ingratitude to misfortune; to crawl under the feet of tyranny; to feel neither lofty pride nor grand ambition; to be insignificant enough to escape hatred, and vile enough to be made use of by those who despise their tool. This is what is called the genius of the prosperous man! Do but descend to the humblest conditions in life; look at yonder wretch struggling with hard penury; calculate the extent of the resources he must put in operation to escape from starvation, the power of will he exerts against despair. "You think yourself a great man, M. le comte, because you are a grand seigneur," said Beaumarchais. "Morbleu! It has cost me, an unit in the obscure multitude, a greater expenditure of skill and judgment to exist merely, than have been employed these hundred years in governing all the Spains." No, success is not the measure of genius. True greatness does not so easily obtain impunity. Alone, broken, exiled to a speck in the sea, and fascinating, even in his helpless state, the gaze of the whole anxious world, Napoleon was more imposing than at the summit of his fortunes, when the trappings of sovereign power half concealed his greatness.

CHAPTER XI.

The legislative labours of the year 1838 were very important, not as regarded their results, but their objects:—let us review them.

We will not dwell upon the law respecting the functions of the *conseils généraux* and the *conseils d'arrondissement:* beset with useless details, and conceived in the narrowest spirit, it made no change in the administrative mechanism we have already had occasion to describe, and it argued complete ignorance of the first rudiments of political science on

the part of the bourgeoisie. There can, in fact, be but two forces in society, the COMMUNE (parish), which corresponds to the idea of association, and the STATE, which corresponds to that of nationality. As for the departmental authority, its purpose must evidently be only to be the intermediate link between those two essential forces. The Chambers, therefore, undertook an idle and silly task when, not having yet done any thing towards constituting the commune, they attempted to constitute the department.

The elective Chamber had next to organize the general staff of the French army. France kept on foot 280,000 men, distributed into fifty-three regiments of cavalry, eighty-eight regiments of infantry, and the special arms. It was on these data, although they were variable by nature, that the Chamber relied in fixing the numbers of marshals and generals. It was settled that there should be six of the former in time of peace and twelve in war, and that the body of general officers should be divided into two classes, the one on active service, comprising eighty lieutenant-generals and one hundred and sixty field-marshals, and the other in reserve; that lieutenant-generals at the age of sixty-five years complete, and field-marshals at the age of sixty-two, should be transferred from the former to the latter class; that general officers should not be superannuated except at their own request, unless a council of inquiry should have pronounced them incapable of continued active service. These arrangements had the serious defect of laying down a rule, the too absolute inflexibility of which tended to deprive the country of services sometimes precious and necessary. But they were the means of putting a stop to the arbitrary power of the minister; they hindered the heroes of the antechamber from incumbering the service with their useless presence; in a word, they rescued the army from the *régime du bon plaisir*. Accordingly, the law was favourably regarded by the public, so much had the conduct of the various governments endured by France brought the principle of authority into discredit.

Of all the institutions found by us in the glorious heritage bequeathed by our fathers, there was not one so salutary in its effects as that of the *juges de paix* (justices of the peace): it was one, therefore, which should not have been touched without much reserve and prudence. The Chambers did not sufficiently feel this. They thought that by extending the functions of the *juge de paix* they would strengthen the institution: on the contrary, this could but impair it and put its advantages in jeopardy. The *juge de paix* is the living law; his authority possesses this excellent quality, that its essence is paternal. Organ of those traditions of equity, whereof God is the source, it must judge with simplicity of heart if it would not overstep the limit of its sacred duties. Was it wise then to take these magistrates of the poor out of the range of simple questions and summary processes, and to burden them with a task, which, requiring a profound knowledge of the written law, made it not unlikely that the lawyer would supplant the conciliator, the functionary the man?

But at least the law on *juges de paix* was only imprudent: that on lunatics was almost odious; for it placed at the mercy of the executive the liberty of every individual suspected of insanity.

Here a question presents itself which is deserving of being set forth in a complete manner, on account of the shock it occasioned the public mind, and because it is connected with considerations of a higher order.

If there be an incontestible right, it is that which belongs to every debtor to liberate himself by payment of the sum lent him. Accordingly, the authors of the Civil Code declared in Art. MDCCCCXI.: "Every annual charge in perpetuity is essentially redeemable."

Could the state claim the benefit of the right which the Civil Code recognized in every debtor? Might it say to the fundholders: "I have paid you up to this day five francs interest for a capital of one hundred francs; here are a hundred francs; now we are quits?" Such was, in its naked simplicity, the question to be solved, and it was of high importance that the solution should be in favour of the state.

In fact, the interest of money at this period having fallen below five per cent., the state would have been at no loss for lenders disposed to furnish it a capital, say of one hundred francs, for a yearly interest of four francs, whereby it would have extinguished an annual charge of five francs, and thus diminished by one-fifth the amount annually paid out of the treasury to the fundholder.

Supposing the fundholders chose, instead of being repaid their capital, to leave it in the hands of the state, and receive four per cent. interest per annum upon it, they would have been at liberty to do so.

The question then was, not that of *reducing* the income of the fundholders, but of paying them off, only the option of *conversion* would be afforded them as a means of escaping, if they pleased, from the right which the state possessed of paying them off.

Consequently, the question had been badly propounded in saying: *Conversion of the rentes;* the phrase ought to have been: *Repayment of the rentes, with liberty to convert.*

Would it be believed? The most obstinate debates were carried on, respecting the merits of an operation so legitimate, so beneficial, so imperatively called for by the penury of the exchequer, and by the public distress.

The adversaries of conversion considered the measure illegal, supporting their opinion on the words *rentes perpétuelles* inscribed in the Great Book. They appealed to the law of the 9th Vendémiaire, An VI., which did not annihilate two-thirds of the public debt, without declaring the other third exempt from *all present or future drawback.* They talked lamentably of the fate of the small fundholders, who were to be inexorably deprived of a large portion of the income on which they had counted for their old days, and which was the fruit of their hard savings. You call it conversion, they exclaimed, but the measure is really one of spoliation. Do you think we will consent to a disguised bankruptcy?

But the partisans of conversion replied with decisive arguments. What was the meaning of the expression *rentes perpétuelles,* which was made a pretext for opposing the operation? Was it not evident that the legislator had used the words in contradistinction to *rentes viagères* (life annuities)? And if there was a grammatical incompatibility between the words *rente perpétuelle* and *rente rachetable* (redeemable), how was

Article MDCCCCXI. of the Civil Code to be explained: "Every annual charge in perpetuity is essentially redeemable?" What! the state was not to exercise on behalf of the whole community, that right which the code conferred on each citizen with regard to his private dealings! The law of the 9th Vendémiaire, An VI., was quoted: but was repayment synonymous with drawback? Curious discovery! It was a robbery on the fundholders to pay them back what they had lent, or rather what they were held to have lent! for when the law of Vendémiaire was passed, the *rentes* were not worth more in the market than nine or ten francs by some of their actual possessors, that the state offered 100 francs: and this was called a robbery, a disguised bankruptcy. As for the damage accruing to small fundholders, was this a more lamentable thing than the fate of so many agriculturists, and day-labourers, and journeymen, deprived of income, and sometimes of wages? If the poor man who received a *rente* was to be pitied, was there not more reason to pity the poor man, poorer still, who paid it? Why did not these philanthropists track the steps of the fisc, and go down with it everywhere (for where was the spot into which *it* did not descend?) into those depths of wretchedness from whence the indirect taxes are gathered, that melancholy revenue every fraction of which represents a pang? But no: rich proprietors and opulent capitalists provided with good interest for their money, these were in reality the persons whose cause was defended by those who affected to plead only that of the small fundholder: and the proof of this was, that the opponents of the operation were courtiers, writers in the *Journal des Débats*, bankers and bankers' friends, and the very same who, on the news of the disasters of Lyons, filled with a famishing and insurgent population, had prescribed grape-shot as the only remedy, being doubtless of opinion that it was a monstrous crime on the part of the weavers to have been without bread!

The dispute had reached this pitch of violence and acrimony, when the measure was brought forward in the Chamber on the 17th of April, 1838. The court was utterly averse to the conversion; but the measure was supported by the majority of the committee, speaking by the mouth of their reporter, M. Antoine Passy, by the majority of the deputies, and by the loudly declared opinion of the public.

The amount of five per cent. *rentes* enrolled in the Great Book being 134,000,000, the proposed operation would have realized a saving of more than 13,000,000 a year, even though the reduction of interest had only been from five to four and one-half per cent. But it promised a more useful, though a less direct, result, and this was what particularly struck the minds of the judicious. "The lowering of the interest on money," said Turgot, "is like the retiring of the sea, leaving behind dry lands to be rendered fruitful by man's labour:" a magnificent and just illustration! The high price of capital is the despotism ratified by modern civilization, a leaden despotism which depresses industry, fetters human activity, and subjects intellect to a sovereignty as gross as it is stolid. To diminish the interest of the public funds, is at the same time to lower that of the capital required in trade and agriculture; because the price of the public funds is a regulating price, serves as a standard

of comparison in private transactions, and is, in short, the thermometer by which the demands of the capitalist are measured. To augment the value of labour, to weaken the tyranny of money, to diminish the premium paid to idleness by a corrupt system of society, to tend to revive the sense of his own dignity in the breast of the poor man, such were the certain, though remote, consequences of the measure under discussion.

There was no donbt, therefore, as to the adoption of the principle, but what was the most eligible mode of applying it? Two were proposed.

The first consisted in paying off the capital of the five per cents., with money raised by issuing *rentes* with a lower rate of interest, but which, nevertheless, in the existing state of the money market, the state could dispose of at 100 francs, that is at par. Thus for each yearly *rente* of four franks issued by it, the state would have received 100 francs, with which it would have paid off the capital of one *rente* of five francs, unless the holder of the latter consented to receive only four francs annually, which would have come to the same thing as far as the state was concerned, and would still have procured it a profit of one-fifth.

The second plan consisted in issuing for the redemption of the five per cents. other *rentes* of lower rate, and costing at current prices less than 100 francs, that is being below par.

The difference between the two plans was as follows:

The holders of state securities must always be paid at par, say at 100 francs. It matters not whether the state have received 100 francs or a less sum for the *rente* issued by it; it must always pay 100 francs when it wishes to free itself from the payment of the yearly *rente*, whatever that may be.

When, therefore, the state *issues rentes at par*, receiving 100 francs for each of them, it will not be under an obligation of refunding at a future day a capital larger than that it has actually received; consequently, this operation produces no augmentation of capital in the public debt.

When, on the contrary, the state *issues rentes below par*, it realizes for each of them less than 100 francs, and incurs the obligation of subsequently paying 100 francs to redeem them, that is to say, a larger capital than actually entered its coffers. Hence results an augumentation of capital in the public debt.

Thus the debt consists of two things which it is important not to confound one with the other, viz.: capital and interest. It may happen that while the former increases, there is a parallel decrease in the latter. This is indeed the necessary result of every conversion effected below par.*

* In order to assist the conceptions of those who are not familiar with the language of finance, let us suppose that the state issues five *rentes* of three francs each. This is as much as to say that it contracts to pay the new lenders an annual interest, amounting to fifteen francs. Now, if the market price of the three per cents. be eighty francs, the state will have received for the five *rentes* issued by it five times eighty francs, or 400 francs, which will enable it to pay off at par four *rentes* of five francs, or, in other words,

Such were the two methods proposed: the discussion turned almost wholly upon their comparative merits; and among those who opposed the second scheme, no one did so with more cogent force than Garnier Pagès. Until then, he had not been suspected of any familiarity with the dry science of figures, and the surprise he excited lent additional effect to his lively and engaging, though substantial and business-like eloquence. He first adverted to the fact, that the *amortissement* (sinking fund) was a fund fed by taxation, and created for the purpose of extinguishing the capital of the public debt, by successive redemptions of *rentes*. Now to augment, by a conversion below par, a capital which the sinking fund was specially instituted for the purpose of diminishing, was a nonsensical operation, according to the republican orator, since it was in fact taking from the tax-payers with one hand much more than was returned to them with the other. Instead of this, he proposed that the conversion should be effected by issuing a *rente* which could be sold for 100 francs; that is to say, by issuing a four per cent. *rente* at par.

But if this system was the most simple; if it had the advantage of reducing the interest of the debt without augmenting its capital; if it alleviated present burdens, and did not forestall the future; did it not, on the other hand, present a serious danger? That it did so, was shown with great force by a celebrated financier, M. Jacques Laffitte. Let the state, he said, propose to pay off the holders of the *rentes;* it has assuredly a right to do so; but it is of the most pressing importance to it that its present creditors should continue to be holders of its securities by submitting to the conversion. How embarrassing would it be to the exchequer if the fundholders, turned out of the Stock Exchange, were all to make up their minds to be paid off! could the state hold out against such a run upon its coffers? Clearly, it could not. And then, what an uproar! what a panic! A crisis of this sort might reach a fearful pitch, and it would be the height of imprudence to risk it. Hence M. Jacques Laffitte concluded, that it was expedient whilst reducing the *rentes* to hold out to their possessors an inducement which should lead them to prefer conversion to reimbursement of their capital: and this inducement he found in the emission of three and a half per cents. at eighty-three francs, thirty-three centimes, because in this way the fundholders would be consoled for the diminution of their revenue by the hope of one day gaining on their capital, whereas conversion at par entailed a loss upon them without compensation.*

to rid itself of the obligation to pay the old lenders a yearly interest, amounting to twenty francs.

Saving of yearly interest in this way: five francs.

But if it wishes afterwards to pay back the capital of the five *rentes* at three francs, as it can only do so at par, that is to say, at the rate of 100 francs for each, it will be obliged to disburse 500 francs instead of the 400 francs it had received.

Loss on the capital in this way: 100 francs.

So that the operation will have had the effect of diminishing the debt as regards the yearly outgoings for interest, and of augmenting it as regards the capital to be paid back.

* Under Laffitte's system the fundholder might have said: "If I compel the state to pay me off, I shall have in my hands a capital which I shall, perhaps, find it hard to invest, or which I shall invest badly. Well, then, the state offers me for a capital of eighty-three francs thirty-three centimes, a *rente* of three francs and a half, which is the

The two camps once marked out, each man hastened to that one to which his instincts, his interests, or his personal predilections called him; but the parliamentary *mêlée* soon became so confused, and such darkness overspread the field of battle, and it was impossible to arrive at any distinct notion of what was passing.

"Convert at par! cried one party with M. Garnier Pagès; but their opponents answered them: Take care what you do; all the freeholders will make a run upon the treasury; the operation will be impossible!

Let us convert below par, said the other party with M. Jaques Laffitte; but they were answered: you will thereby augment the capital which the sinking fund is intended to redeem; and do you not see how absurd it would be to make the state lose more by the extinction than it would gain by the conversion? The operation would be ruinous.

Both sides were wrong, and their error proceeded from this, that no one perceived that before taking in hand the problem of conversion the sinking fund ought to have been abolished.

That being done, the argument drawn from the augmentation of the capital would fall to the ground at once. For it were of little moment in a financial point of view that the capital of the public debt should be increased, were it considered as never to be redeemed. The augmentation in question would in that case become a mere *nominal* burden, and the best system as regarded economy exclusively, might be summed up in these terms: Let us indefinitely augment the capital of the debt, which is a fictitious burden, and let us indefinitely reduce the interest of the debt, which is a real burden.

Besides, nothing could have been easier than to prove how cumbrous and absurd was the institution of the sinking fund.* M. Laffitte was

same thing in effect as a *rente* of four francs twenty centimes, for a capital of 100 francs. For every five francs I now receive I shall henceforth get but four francs twenty centimes. But, on the other hand, the three and a half per cents. I am about to hold, and which are at present worth only eighty-three francs thirty-three centimes each, will some time or other be worth more, since the funds always have a tendency to rise in times of peace and quiet, and particularly when they are not above par like the five per cents. So, then, if I submit for a while to lose something in the way of interest, I shall have a very fair and almost certain chance of gaining a good deal on my capital, when I feel disposed to sell."

Under the system proposed by Garnier Pagès, the *rentier* would have been in a very different position: for instead of his *rente* of five francs he was offered a lower one, which, moreover, had already reached par. Now there are two reasons why *rentes* at par are not susceptible of a great rise: first, because, for reasons which will be explained by and by, the sinking fund is forbidden to redeem them as soon as they have risen above par; and every one knows that the price of any thing rises less the fewer buyers there are; secondly, because *rentes* that have risen above par are by that very circumstance exposed to speedy conversion, which tends to discredit them.

* It will perhaps be satisfactory to our readers if we here give them a description of this strange mechanism, and a demonstration of its inherent defects. The history of the sinking fund ought, too, to have its place in the financial portion of the task we have undertaken.

HISTORY OF THE SINKING FUND.—This fund was created in France by the law of the 28th of April, 1816. It was at first allotted a yearly sum of 20,000,000 of francs, which was raised to 40,000,000 by the law of March 25, 1817.

The fund was to be employed in buying in the *rentes* (stock) from time to time at the current market prices; the stock bought in was not, however, to be annulled; but the interest upon it was to be paid into the sinking fund by the state, until the legislature should have decided otherwise.

well aware of this. He too had formerly put faith in the so much-lauded marvels of the sinking fund; but he had subsequently recovered from his illusion; and he was too sagacious a financier not to see that the system of conversion below par inferred as an inevitable corollary the

The idea of the sinking fund was based on the theory of compound interest; a marvellous theory at first sight; since, with a dotation of one per cent., successively augmented by the interest on the capital redeemed, a debt at five per cent. would be extinguished, by purchases at par, in the course of thirty-six years. Accordingly, Dr. Price found it no difficult matter to captivate the minds of men by the magic of such an arithmetic as this. But to prevent these fine calculations from becoming a source of deception, it would have been necessary that, whilst extinguishing debt with one hand, there should have been no need of borrowing with the other, as actually came to pass in France.

The following is the sum and substance of this so much lauded mechanism:—A crisis occurs; the state is placed in circumstances of great emergency; it raises a loan at five per cent. For each *rente* of five francs it issues it will be deemed to have received 100 francs, and will acknowledge itself debtor to that amount. But how much will it have actually received? Not more, perhaps, than fifty-two francs, the rest will have been pocketed by the bankers and others who contracted for the loan. Well, the crisis passes over, confidence revives, and the price of stock rises. Then comes the sinking fund and buys in at the rate of eighty-two or eighty-three francs, the *rentes* for which the state had received only fifty-two francs. Is it possible to conceive any thing more ruinous, more absurd than such a proceeding? Now, there is nothing hypothetical in what we have just stated; it is simply the history of what was done in 1817.

From 1816 to the end of 1823, the Treasury borrowed 1,792,183,139 francs, whilst, at the same time, it was employing 1,276,462,534 francs on the extinction of the *rentes*. Let it be calculated how much such a mechanism as this must have cost the state.

In 1825, however, a glimmering of the truth began to be perceived; it began to be suspected that a much longer continuance of this sort of relief would end in the ruin of the state. A law was then passed, forbidding the sinking fund to purchase above par; and as the five per cents. were then in that predicament, they were placed beyond the operation of the sinking fund. The intention of the legislature was manifest: the five per cents. were too dear, and it declared that it would be ruinous to purchase them for extinction. That was all very well: but the three per cents. were then eighty-one francs, consequently below par, and therefore within the application of the sinking fund; and herein consisted the folly. For a *rente* of three francs, for which you pay eighty-one francs, is in reality dearer than a *rente* of five francs, purchased at 110 francs. Thus, with ridiculous inconsistency, the law of 1825 prohibited the sinking fund from buying in the cheapest *rentes*, and allowed it to buy in the dearest; and this because the former were above the conventional limit called par, and the latter below it.

And what was the consequence? That the whole operation of the sinking fund being brought to bear on the three per cents., they rose to an extravagant price, just as happens for every article for which there is an increased demand in the market. What produced that extraordinary rise? The sinking fund. What suffered by it? The sinking fund.

This could not be suffered to go on; and, in 1831, it was settled that the sinking fund should be divided into portions, applicable each to one species of *rentes*, and that the portion assigned to the redemption of the five per cents. should be kept in reserve.

But what was to be done with this reserve? It was determined to convert it into exchequer bills (*bons du trésor*); and thus the money voted by the tax-payers for the reduction of the public debt, was applied to far different purposes.

The state remained debtor for this reserve to the sinking fund. What was done to free it from that debt? Various credits in *rentes* were accorded to the government in 1833 and 1834, and these *rentes* it transferred to the account of the sinking fund in exchange for the Treasury bonds that constituted it the state's creditor. This singular operation was pompously entitled, *Consolidation of the Public Debt*, and there was an end of the matter. Thus the millions squeezed from the penury of the tax-payers, for the redemption of *rentes* already issued, were employed in issuing new *rentes*! Thus was the public debt augmented with the help of the very funds granted for the purpose of reducing it.

Meanwhile, the five per cents. continuing above par, it was determined to apply the reserve to the department of the public works.

Such, in a few words, is the history of this institution, which, as we have seen, it

suppression of the sinking fund. He did not, however, venture to propose this, being perhaps persuaded that the Chamber would recoil in dismay from so radical a reform. This reserve on Laffitte's part was the more remarkable, inasmuch as he had not feared in the course of the discus-

was found impossible to preserve, except by continually perverting it from its original design.

We shall now proceed to prove, that, even when it is not paralyzed or perverted, a sinking fund is a ruinous device.

ABSURDITY OF THE SINKING FUND.—What does a tradesman do who wishes to grow rich? He buys wholesale, and sells in retail. The sinking fund does just the reverse.

Every one knows, that the more any article is in demand, the more its price rises. Now, so large a purchaser as the sinking fund cannot even show itself in the market without raising the price of the *rentes* it is about to buy. A curious way this of lightening the burdens of the state.

Of what use is the sinking fund in prosperous times? Since the price of *rentes* rises rapidly in such times, to redeem them then is folly.

In times of depression, the thing is intelligible. But then in times of depression governments are forced to have recourse to loans, and those, too, of an expensive and disadvantageous kind. Would not the conduct of a government which should borrow in order to redeem, resemble that of a merchant who should buy corn in a time of scarcity in order to sell it when plenty was restored? The corn in this case, is the capital. What the tax-payers are called on to contribute for the purpose of extinguishing old debts, would with infinitely more reason be exacted from them for the purpose of avoiding the necessity of borrowing, and in order to get rid of the ruinous intervention of the money dealers.

And even supposing that there were no loans requisite, no premiums to be distributed among the bankers, no usurious conditions to be submitted to; supposing even the revenue of the state exhibited a notable surplus over expenditure, still the operation of the sinking fund would be highly pernicious. For can a surplus revenue ever be matter of perplexity to an intelligent government that has really the public good at heart? Are there not important works to be undertaken, roads to be made, canals to be improved, factories to be opened? To apply this surplus to the extinction of the debt, is to take from the tax-payer a capital which, judiciously employed, would have brought him in to all appearance a revenue much superior to that required to discharge the annual tribute levied upon the production of the country by the fundholders. Who pays the millions that are applied to the buying in of the *rentes?* Is it not the agriculturist who pays them out of his seed, the manufacturer out of his raw material, the artisan out of his tools, the journeyman out of his wages, the consumer and the producer both alike? The sinking fund, then, has not only the effect of systematising the wastefulness of loans, but it absorbs resources which are procured only by attacking the productive powers of the country, with all the blind brutality that characterises indirect taxation. A twofold mischief!

But the sinking fund, it will be said, serves at least to reduce the rate of interest, since it raises the price of the public funds. Let us see. The rise in the price of stock produced by the operation of the sinking fund, is a fictitious result; there is another more real rise to which it is an impediment.

When public wealth increases, there is a greater abundance of capital, and producers obtain it on more advantageous terms. When the interest of money declines in an orderly and natural manner, all transactions are thereby facilitated; new energy is infused into every department of industry; the diminution of the rate of interest produced by the increase of public wealth, still further increases the sources of that wealth; it is at the same time both effect and cause.

Now the sinking fund checks instead of promoting that lowering of the rate of interest which is occasioned by general activity, and by a good direction given to the efforts of industry. What, in fact, is the nature of its action? It is laboriously to divert capital usefully employed from its proper destination.

What it gives to the fundholder, it must first have abstracted from the tax-payer: and what a circuit must capital make before it can have passed from the hands of the latter to those of the former! How much time is thus lost to production! Nor is this by any means the whole of the loss: from the amount set down in the budget as appropriated to the sinking fund, must we not deduct the allowance to the receivers-general, to the

sion to propound the boldest and most brilliant theories, a brief sketch of which will not be without interest for the reader.

When the conversion of the *rentes* was brought under discussion, the capital of the public debt of France amounted to no less than 2,800,000,000 francs. How was such an enormous debt to be extinguished? By adding a tax of nearly 3,000,000,000 to the budget? The idea was madness. Maintain the sinking fund? Experience had already condemned it as the most ruinous of delusions. What then was to be done. Laffitte was for tending constantly by a series of conversions below par to reduce the interest on the public debt, at the same time assuming a right to consider the capital as an imaginary quantity, the indefinite augmentation of which could consequently create no alarm. Thus he raised up mountains of billions in the distance before the bewildered eyes of the Chamber, and cried out to it not to be afraid, for that these were but fantastic apparitions; that the progress of public wealth by multiplying capital diminished its value; that the improvements made by the genius of man had also the effect of lowering the rate of interest, by rendering the chances of industry less uncertain; that mines furnished more metal than was consumed; that the day would come when the value of 100 francs would be represented by one instead of five or four. M. Laffitte did not, therefore, hesitate to pronounce these words which comprised his whole system: Indefinite augmentation of the capital of the debt since it was never to be paid off; and indefinite diminution of the interest since it was to be paid every year; this was saying in other words; *Perpetuity of the public debt.*

special receivers, to the collectors, and to the whole numerous legion of agents employed by the fisc? Add to these expenses of collection, which do not amount to less than twelve per cent., the expenses of the administration of the fund: what losses of money wholly gratuitous! What infractions of the principles of production! What impediments to the general lowering of the rate of interest!

And be it observed that all these sacrifices do not prevent the tax-payer from remaining always under the pressure of the same burden, as regards the payment of the interest on the debt. How could that same pompous theory of compound interests be realized if the *rentes* redeemed were annulled? They cannot be so without a special law duly sanctioned by the three powers of the state. Meanwhile the tax-payer always disburses the same amount of *rentes;* so much for the fundholders, so much for the sinking fund, which sinks nothing.

There must be an end made once and for ever of this financial jugglery. The sinking fund had no doubt a good effect on credit, so long as it retained its original prestige, and its mode of action remained obscure. It was—can we ever forget it?—the tremendous lever with which the potent hand of the second Pitt moved the world.

But now this institution has ceased to be, since the ignorant confidence that constituted its strength, is destroyed. There are institutions whose doom it is to die the moment it occurs to any one to ask why they live. The sinking fund perished in England after being eviscerated, so to speak. Why should it not perish in France? Its most intrepid partisans are already beginning to abandon it as a financial instrument, and now defend it only as a political instrument. But it has enjoyed some little power in politics only in as far as it seemed to possess some utility in finance. Let a war break out, let the country be invaded, and does any one sincerely believe that the sinking fund would then facilitate a loan? Most assuredly not, whatever M. Argout may think when he calls the sinking fund *the old guard of our finance.* For if the state were to offer to new lenders, by way of interest, the arrears belonging to the sinking fund, what would become of the guarantee of repayment for the old lenders? To change the destination of such funds, to do so abruptly and violently, under the pressure of imperious necessity, and in the very moment of danger, would shake the whole country to its very foundations. Instead of warding off the crisis, it would but redouble its violence.

Regarded exclusively in a financial point of view, Laffitte's system was certainly very acceptable; but as soon as the political, moral, and social consequences were considered, the question assumed a wider bearing; it connected itself with the most mysterious phenomena of production, and most formidable secrets of the arts of governing, and it was then of a nature to provoke objections of immense import.

In the first place there was something queer in declaring the capital of teh public debt never to be paid off, when, in order to reduce the interest by successive conversions, it was necessary to rely on the *right of paying off*. And then it might be said to M. Laffitte:

The perpetuity of the debt infers the perpetuity of the movement in the public funds. Is it a desirable thing to render the flux and reflux of the public funds everlasting? Is it expedient to allow the capitalist and the fundholder an opportunity of reciprocally exchanging conditions, under the sanction and protection of the state, the irremoveable treasurer of the Stock Exchange? The public funds are a centre into which the surplus of capital falls: is the existence of that centre useful? For, after all, the superabundance of money diminishes its dearness, and proportionally raises the value of industry: it offers workers the instrument of work they want, upon easier terms; why throw impediments in the way of these happy effects of the superabundance of money? If the capitalist can fall back on the public funds, he will not be compelled to look to LABOUR as the sole source of his revenue; he will, therefore, be harder, and perhaps more unjust in his dealings with the worker; secure of an investment for his capital, he will be strongly tempted to idleness; and if he yields to the temptation, his personal activity will be a treasure lost to his kind. To prevent labour from being oppressed by capital, they ought at least to be put, as far as possible, on a footing of mutual equality. The funds ought, therefore, to cease to offer competition to industry, which will never be, if their perpetuity condemns us to leave the doors of the Stock Exchange for ever open. Has not the capitalist already this incalculable advantage over the working man—that he is never pressed by the spur of the moment, but can always put off the conclusion of his bargains until such times as shall suit his convenience? If to this first cause of inequality, there be added a second, arising out of the existence of the public funds, is it not to be feared, that of the two powers now contending with each other, the one will be driven to tyranny by the consciousness of its strength, and the other to revolt, by the bitter feeling of its weakness? You give CAPITAL a means of investment independent of labour; has LABOUR a means of investment independent of capital? Why suffer an inequality so monstrous, so pernicious to all classes, by the perturbation it causes in the work of production, and the angry and rancorous feelings it engenders? And if we pass from economical to political and moral considerations, what a new source of apprehensions! Perpetuity of the public funds! Why, it is the indefinite enthralment of part of the nation to every bad power, which should hold the threat of a bankruptcy suspended over it; it is on eternity promised to jobbing.

It will easily be judged from the nature of the foregoing objections,

how momentous were the questions raised by Laffitte. He, however, appeared perfectly assured as to the consequences of his system. Far from admitting that the movement of the public funds ought to be checked or stopped, he wished to see it permanent, and accelerated. It was his view of the case, that there are always timid capitalists, prompt to hide themselves; and others, weak and unintelligent, who hobble with tottering feet towards production. If there were no public funds to allure them, and give movement and life to their wealth, what would be the consequence? That that wealth would be, in part, lost to industry. And who would be the sufferer? The working man. The public funds were, indeed, the hospital for invalid capitals; but a hospital which the inmates did not enter to go to sleep, but to reside there. The movement of the public funds was, after all, but a means in transferring capital from the hands of those who could not employ it, or who would lose valuable time in seeking an employment for it, to the hands of those who are in a condition to apply it at once to purposes of industry. The result was a more rapid succession in the offers of capital, and thereby a continual tendency downwards in the price of money. Only care ought to be taken that the funds should not, by their high price, attract to them the capital of the active man, as well as that of the idle man; and for this reason, especially, it was expedient that the interest of the debt should be more and more reduced by successive conversions. By that means these two equally advantageous results would be secured: 1st. The intelligent capitalist, who was in a position to find able men of the industrial classes, would be deprived of the fatal temptation which would have made him keep to the funds. 2d. They would cease to have any attraction for the man who could still work usefully for society, but who, if the interest paid by the state were considerable, would be but too ready to exchange a life of labour for one of inertness.

Thus, according to Laffitte's plan, the public funds would cease to offer a premium to the indolence of certain capitalists, they would become a means of obviating the idleness of certain capitals, and would thus acquire a real social importance.

As for the danger of establishing too close relations of dependence between the government and the fundholders, M. Laffitte saw no mischief in interesting the citizens in the maintenance of the established order of things, by the fear of the calamities incident to revolutions. And as for the jobbing so unhappily encouraged by the public funds, he affirmed that it would only be diverted into another channel if the Stock Exchange were pulled down; since the love of play was inherent in human nature, as was plainly proved by the many extraordinary wagers laid on the exchange of almost all kinds of produce.

Evidently M. Laffitte's financial project had an incontestible value, in its relation to the social system which the bourgeoisie had established and wished to maintain. But in proclaiming the indestructibility of the temple of modern industry, and in requiring, as the sole reform needful, a regular and permanent provision for the banquet so long laid before heedless and unmoved guests, Laffitte had no forecast of that future con-

dition of society which our intellect conceives and desires, and which our hearts divine beyond the dim and bounded horizon.

Be this as it may, the discussion in the Chamber exhibited no character of greatness. Figures were met with figures, and that was all; and whilst the partisans of the measure were divided among themselves, as to the mode to be adopted, its adversaries went about everywhere sounding the alarm, and saying, of conversion at par, that it was a downright robbery; of conversion below par, that it was a scandalous encouragement to jobbing.

"You pretend," cried the courtiers to M. Laffite, "to offer the fundholders a compensation in the augmentation of their capital: but to avail themselves of it they must sell their stock. Now the true fundholders are the poor people, who turn to the public funds only in search of quiet and repose, and who look only to their dividends. Who then will be the gainers by this augmentation of capital, the advantages of which you cry up? The come-and-go fundholders, those who sell and buy to sell again; mere speculators, an impure race, whom there is no favouring without shame and peril."

To this Laffitte's disciples replied: "That there was injustice and bad faith in confounding the profit derived from the augmentation of capital with stockjobbing; that the majority of the real, steady fundholders were men who had invested their money in the funds not for the purpose of indulging perpetual idleness, but that they might lie by until the time should come when they should want their capital again, either to establish their children in the world, or to carry some profitable scheme into operation; that these were the men who would be gainers by the augmentation of capital, and that they were, above all, the persons to whom compensation should be offered, since they were both the poorest, not having a revenue sufficiently ample to let them abstain from seeking more, and the most deserving of regard, since they had not given up being useful to society."

Great was the agitation produced by a dispute which involved so many conflicting passions and interests. Bewildered by the clash of systems, the Chamber fell into the strangest perplexities: and as for the ministers, beset on one side by public opinion, on the other by the Court, they appeared uneasy, embarrassed, vexed with their own helplessness, and doubly servile.

It was necessary, however, to come to some decision. M. Lacave Laplagne, minister of finance, at last moved the simultaneous adoption of the two systems, with leave to the government to put them in operation at its own convenience and on its own responsibility. Now as the Chamber scarcely understood the financial bearings of the question, and was bent on peremptorily settling it only with a view to mortify the Court, assert its own initiative power, and promote the prerogative of parliament, it eagerly laid hold on the expedient offered to it; and in the sittings of the 3rd of May, 1838, it was decided that the operation should take place on these conditions:

1. That the holders of the five per cents. should be allowed the option

of being paid back their capital at par, or of converting it into new *rentes*.

2. That the operation should produce on the interest of the *rentes* exchanged an effective diminution of twenty centimes, at least, on every five francs; and that the capital of the *rentes* substituted or exchanged should in no case amount to more than twenty per cent. of the sum paid off.

3. That the exercise of the right of redemption should be suspended for twelve years with regard to the *rentes* issued at par, reckoning from the day of their being issued.

Thus an enormous latitude was allowed the government. No specification of funds, no precise prescription of method, leave allowed the ministers to issue simultaneously *rentes* above and below par, a maximum limit fixed to the augmentation of capital, a minimum to the diminution of interest. Never was parturition more laborious and more sterile.

The next day, May 4, the better to prove that it regarded the financial measure adopted in the light of a political victory, the Chamber imposed on ministers the humiliating condition of rendering a detailed account of the execution of the law within the first two months of the ensuing session. Vainly did MM. Lacave Laplagne, Barthe, Montalivet and Molé protest against the latent insult conveyed in such an injunction; in vain they hinted that the bolt would glance over their heads and strike an august personage; the Chamber remained rooted in its pride; and after passing by turns from resistance to concessions, from a spurious parade of firmness to excessive humility; after having declared any fixation of the term of respite to be contrary to the dignity of the crown, and then acceded to an amendment by which one was fixed; after having encouraged the irresolute, and kept close watch over the staunch, the ministry found itself compelled to own its defeat, and fell back exhausted on its bench to hear and submit to its sentence.

The Chamber, after all, was not destined long to enjoy its triumph, the peers subsequently voting against the operation (June 26, 1838).

But a far more glaring scandal was about to see the light, and the leaders of the bourgeoisie were on the eve of giving a still more striking proof of their incompetence to regulate the material interests of France with equity and wisdom.

Here we beg permission to pause for a moment. The reader would form an incorrect estimate of the character of the legislative labours we are reviewing, if he knew not what was the moral state of society at that time.

It will be remembered to what a pitch of frenzy stockjobbing had been carried under the regency of Philip, Duke of Orleans. One day all Paris had taken to gambling, and the tales that are told of the public extravagance at that period are scarcely credible. A hunchback's hump served as a writing desk to the jobbers in the Rue Quincampoix, and nightfall bells had to be rung to disperse them. Prodigious fortunes were suddenly reared upon fraud. Mention is made in the memoirs of the time, of a lackey, who from force of habit was known to jump up behind

his own carriage. Princes, noblemen and gentlemen, and friends of the regent, were seen scrambling for lucre with footmen and prostitutes; and Chemillé had good reason to say to the Duc de Bourbon, grandson of the great Condé, who showed him his pocket-book stuffed full of *actions* (scrip), "All those actions are not worth two of your grandfather's."

Three or four years had not elapsed since the revolution of 1830, when a movement, similar to that which disgraced Philip's regency, broke out in French society. That nation which had almost invented chivalry, which had made itself for ever illustrious by the elegance of its manners; that nation which it had been customary to cite for its wit, its grace, its disinterestedness, its courtesy so delicate and so high-spirited, now suddenly appeared under the sway of a class that laboured under a loathsome fever of industrialism. For that class every thing was become matter of traffic. Struggling crowds filled the approaches to the banks. To take up shares without paying for them, to sell them, pocket the premium, and make fortunes by the rise, such was the universal mania, such was the dream in which many tens of thousands lived with their eyes open. Every day did a sordid emulation heap the industrial arena with ruins and victims. There was an end to all profound and exalted convictions; to all chivalric emotions; to all poetry, in deed or in thought; to all manly passions. Among the proletary class, void of repose and of hope, there reigned a sullen resignation and envy, yet tempered by noble aspirations and an imperishable aptitude for great things; but in the ranks above were covetousness, impatient longing for success, an unextinguishable and dire thirst for gain, wealth and intrigue confederated for robbery, and baseness, decked with the name of ability, exulting in its triumphs. Nothing similar was ever seen in our country. Ere long, turn which way you would, you heard of nothing but enterprises based on lies. Concocters of schemes swarmed on all hands. To plan lucrative villanies was, in the language of the day, to be a *man of brains*. Shares were issued in imaginary mines, fictitious inventions were put forward. A number of brazen adventurers obtained from the credulity of shareholders payment for chimerical or shamefully exaggerated reports. France was deluged with impostures. The courts of justice rang with the appeals of the duped; but one would have said that punishment itself only served to spread the contagion more widely. The theatre seized hold of these traits, and in a celebrated farce, entitled *Robert Macaire*, an unknown hand sculptured the type of the charlatans of the day; but this piece, which, (indeed, turned the noblest sentiments into ridicule, or seemed to do so—paternal affection, filial piety, friendship, love,) it was found necessary to suppress on account of its immense success. The guilty had recognized their own images in the mirror presented to them and had not been abashed, and ignominy itself was to them an encouragement.

Such was the class of great capitalists in France when the question of railroads arose, and promised a new aliment to industrialism.

On the 15th of February, 1838, the government proposed to the Chamber a scheme for the establishment of a great network of railways. It was to have consisted of nine principal lines, seven of which were to

have connected Paris with the Belgian frontier, with Havre, with Nantes, with the Spanish frontier through Bayonne, with Toulouse through the central region of the country, with Marseilles through Lyon, and with Strasbourg through Nancy. The two other great lines were to have joined Marseilles to Bordeaux through Toulouse, and with Bâle, through Lyons and Bazançon. The united lengths of all the lines would have been 1,100 leagues, and the presumed total cost more than a thousand millions of francs (40,000,000*l.*) The ministry did not propose the immediate execution of so considerable a mass of work, but only asked for authority to put in hand, and that simultaneously, the lines that were to unite Marseilles with Avignon, and Paris with the Belgian frontier, Rouen, Bordeaux, Orleans, and Tours; making in all 375 leagues, the cost of which was estimated beforehand at 350,000,000.

It was a bold and splendid project, perfectly justified by reason, and worthy of the government of a great people. M. Martin (du Nord), the minister of commerce, would have secured an honourable place in history if he had shown the same courage in upholding it as in bringing it forward. But the proposal was no sooner known than a shout of rage was set up by the higher ranks of the bourgeoisie. The execution of the railroads by the state would, in fact, have snatched from the bankers, the jobbers, the gamblers, and the capitalists of both Chambers, a prey on which they had counted. Their wrath was vented on all sides in passionate speeches. They laid it down as a general principle, that the government was incapable of executing public works; that these ought to be intrusted to private companies, which would be prompted by their own interests to execute them more economically and more rapidly; that the spirit of association required encouragement in France; that the opportunity was an admirable one, and ought by all means to be turned to account.

The government had not foreseen the excessive resistance it was about to encounter. All this violence frightened it. It was, moreover, from the camp of its supporters that the clamour issued. It therefore began to repent of its good intentions, and only sought a pretext to obtain pardon.

Then began a spectacle alike admirable and singular. The democratic party, so often calumniated, so often called factious by its enemies, took this cause of the state, which the state itself seemed on the point of abandoning, and by it were put forth the only doctrines concerning public works which were calculated to give them in France the advantages of order and authority.

The Democratic party then represented in Paris by the *National*, the *Bon Sens*, and the *Journal du Peuple*, regarded the means of communication under three different aspects.

It proved first of all, that in the MORAL POINT OF VIEW, nothing could be more deplorable than the mode in which companies were brought forth; it showed their cradles surrounded with a greedy, unprincipled throng of speculators, skilled in coining money out of words and lies, who, to use M. Jules Séguin's phrase, brought to the public only a great empty strong box, begging it to fill it, that they might help themselves

to shameful premiums out of the contents. The machinations of the *gens d'affaires;* their too certain impunity; the leaders of the Stock Exchange making their fortunes out of the victims they struck down in the dark; shares taken for the sole purpose of selling them, and that at monstrous prices, by means of fictitious enhancements; jobbing in the place of public works; gamblers enriched, and *bonâ fide* shareholders suddenly plunged into beggary; contracts granted for ready money by fraudulent functionaries; rival companies outbidding each other, with disgraceful offers of *douceurs*, for the patronage of ministers, heads of offices, peers of France, deputies, courtiers, and chief clerks; everywhere corruption; the love of lucre become a public intoxication; society transformed into an arena of jobbers:—all this the democratic party saw and denounced in the system of joint stock companies.

And, IN AN INDUSTRIAL POINT OF VIEW, how ruinous were their proceedings! For it is manifest, that whatever a company expends on the execution of a railway, it looks to be paid back usuriously by its charges on the traffic of the line: whereas the state finds a remuneration for its outlay in the increase of the sources of taxation, in the charges on registration, in the contributions levied on the real and personal property of the establishment, in customs, tolls, passports, and licenses. Companies, to indemnify themselves, must impose a tribute on the very development of industry, which they thereby retard or fetter; the state allows the public prosperity to increase, and applies to it only when it has obtained enlarged growth. Companies wish to make profit with speed, because they themselves die off: the state can wait, because it is immortal. Companies by the high rate and the duration of their tariffs of charges, stop the poor man at the entrances of the railways: the state, which has other ways of remunerating itself besides the tariffs, throws the railways open to the poor as well as to the rich. Companies are forced into enormous expenses, the burden of which devolves in the end on the public; they must have intriguing agents to procure them the sanction of the legislature, and to put their rivals out of the field; they must have bankers who will sell the use of their credit to the enterprise, and speculators who will give it a start; they must have brokers, who will undertake to dispose of shares; they must have money to deposit, by way of recognizance; treasurers, receivers, paymasters, civil engineers, conductors, and councils: the state has no staff to create; it has its officers ready to its hand; it has, for the financial department, its receivers, general and special, its receivers of the communes, its receivers of indirect contributions; for the executive department, its engineers of roads and bridges; for the administrative department, the agents employed in the services of the prefectures. Companies require a multitude of *employés*, whom they create out of nothing; the state has only to enlarge the duties of those it already commands. Companies are at the mercy of agents chosen almost always at random, impatient to make their fortunes, and who sometimes cause no little loss by their want of experience or of steadiness, their incapacity, bad faith, or cupidity; the state is served by agents, having an official character, subjected to a public control, conscious of moral responsibility, belonging to a consti-

tuted and graduated body, and having not money but honour for their principal motive to action. With companies, works can be executed only bit by bit; a serious inconvenience, for it destroys all equilibrium, and suddenly withdraws the blood from some parts of the national fabric, and pours it violently on others; the state is in a sphere whence it takes in the whole sum of existing interests, and can make provisions sufficiently general to avoid sacrificing one locality to another, or too abruptly altering the current of commercial relations. Companies do and can seek only to profit by the present; it is the business of the state to provide for the interests of the future. In a word, companies stipulate only for themselves; the state stipulates for society.

The considerations urged by the democrats against the system of joint stock companies were still more decisive in a POLITICAL POINT OF VIEW. What! was it seriously proposed to commit the whole domain of industry to private persons, speculators, or moneyed men! Was any one blind to the mischief that would be sustained by the public, at the hands of associations rendered every day more powerful, by their wealth, credit, connexions, and by the position of their members, who would be found in every important post; in the offices of the ministry, and in the council of state, and in the Chambers, and in the courts of justice, and at the royal court, and in the press! Could any one be indifferent to the formidable net that would be cast round the country by that multiple, shifting, elusive, omnipresent tyranny, that real *imperium in imperio!* In Belgium the execution of the railways by the government had been regarded as the best means of consolidating the revolution of September, and defending the Belgian nationality against the house of Orange; and the notion was a right one. It was then a new feudality it was intended to organize! Let the country beware! This time yoke would not be of iron but of gold, and a second night of the 4th of August would not be enough to break it. But it might be objected, might not the companies be divested of their rights in case of danger? Possibly; but the measure would be attended with a frightful convulsion. And if the companies should happen to be composed of anti-national persons, what an opening would there be for treason in any critical state of things! Railways in the hands of those whom the revolution of '89 pulled down, would probably have rendered that revolution impossible.

Such were the arguments with which the democratic party advocated the cause of the state. Unfortunately, if it deemed it necessary to vindicate the principle, it could not with equal ardour desire its immediate application. Looking, with well-founded distrust, upon the existing administration; knowing it to be beset by thousands of importunate parasites, and to be less powerful for good than for evil, it feared to intrust it with means of action so extensive and formidable. It reflected, with dread on the millions swallowed up in the construction of canals, and on the just censures which had been called forth by the *concession* of the railway from Paris to St. Germain, and of the two parallel lines from Paris to Versailles. In the existing state of things, was it not better to delay the execution of the great lines? So thought M. François Arago, and this opinion he strongly supported in his "Report on Rail-

ways," a luminous production, drawn up with singular elegance, and with all the scientific acumen to be expected of its distinguished author.

"Experience has shown," said Arago, "that a horse of ordinary strength, moving at a walking pace for nine or ten hours daily, so as always to be kept in the same working condition, cannot carry on his back more than a hundred kilogrammes. The same horse in harness, can, without greater fatigue, draw over the same length of ground :

	Kilogrammes.
"On an ordinary well-paved road	1000
"On a railroad	10,000
"On a canal	60,000

"You see, therefore, gentlemen, the unknown author of the substitution of draught for carriage on horseback was a benefactor of mankind, for his invention reduced the cost of transport to one-tenth of its original amount.

"An amelioration fully as important has resulted, as regards carriage transport, from substituting for ordinary road surfaces well shaped iron bands on which the wheels turn. These bands, by diminishing the resistance, decuple in a manner the horse's strength, at least that part of it that gives an useful result. The weight of a loaded wagon which a horse can draw on an iron railway is a hundred-fold greater than what he could carry on his back.

"These are very admirable results; but let us not forget that canals offer others still more admirable; for on a sheet of stagnant water a beast of burden can draw a weight ten times greater than on a railway. Nor should it be forgotten, that if transport on the back of a horse is not economical, on the other hand it is almost everywhere effected on the rudest paths, and up and down steep declivities; whilst an ordinary carriage-road requires certain engineering conditions, and costs, even with a simple stone surface, 70,000 francs per league for its first construction, and 2000 francs annually for maintenance and repair; whilst the same expenses for a canal amount respectively to 500,000 francs and 5000 francs; and on some lines the construction of one league of railroad has cost as much as 3,000,000.

"Railroads considered as a means of attenuating the resistances of all kinds to be overcome by wheeled vehicles on ordinary roads, would at this day be evidently inferior to canals, if nothing but horse power could be employed upon them. The employment of the first locomotive steam-engines left matters in the same condition. But all at once, in the year 1829, there started up locomotive engines of a totally new description on the Liverpool and Manchester railway. Until then, no possibility of progression had been looked for except by means of cogged wheels playing into indentations on the railway bars, or of systems of articulations, a pretty accurate idea of which may be conveyed by comparing them to the sloping legs of a man who drags a weight along as he walks backwards.

"The improved locomotives were freed from this inconvenient, fragile,

and costly apparatus. Stephenson, the engineer, discarded also the artificial means of adhesion by cog-wheels, &c., employed by his predecessors. The natural adhesion produced by the fortuitous and ceaselessly renewed penetration of the imperceptible asperities on the tire of the wheel into the cavities in the metal of the rail, and *vice versâ*, answered every purpose. This great simplification made it possible to attain to unexpected velocities, to velocities three or four times greater than those of the swiftest horse. From that epoch dates a new era in the history of railroads. At first they served only for the transport of goods: now every day, and every new experiment, bring us nearer to the perhaps not distant day when they will be travelled over only by human beings. Formerly the rails were every thing, now they hold out but a secondary place in the system. Henceforth railroads ought to be called only locomotive or steam roads.

"When one has read in the newspapers, especially those of England and America, the description of the astonishing velocities that have been already realized by steam locomotives, one is really excusable for believing that no important improvements are to be looked for, but that the art has been carried almost to perfection.

"This opinion, natural as it may appear, is nevertheless erroneous. The art of railroads is still in its infancy."

From these premises M. Arago concluded, that the simultaneous execution of several great lines, as proposed by the government, should by no means be undertaken; and he recommended that the projected lines should only be laid down one after the other, in order to allow opportunities for profiting by the successive discoveries that should be made in the science. Unfortunately, the illustrious reporter did not stop there; and it was in the name of the executing companies he protested against the proposed law. Not wishing to enter into too violent collision with the companies, whose power he feared, M. Martin (du Nord) had, in his speech in support of the law, rashly conceded to them the execution of the secondary or branch lines. M. Arago proved that this compromise was absurd; that if the state committed such a folly, it would never be able to lower the rate of charges on one line, without damaging the traffic of every other neighbouring line on which the same reduction of charge should not have been effected; and that the government would thus be placed in the dilemma of being obliged to forego its own rights of toll, or of ruining certain companies which should not be in a condition to modify their rates of charges. All this was evident; but the only conclusion to be drawn from it was, that the state ought to have taken the execution of all lines into its own hands. Such was not the conclusion at which M. Arago arrived. Convinced that the ministers were incapable of justifying the boldness of their pretensions; that the execution by the state presented inconveniencies and dangers, rendered more obvious and important by the bad organization of the executive in France; persuaded, besides, that the resources of the budget were insufficient for so gigantic an enterprise, he pronounced at the end of his report these words, the influence of which was decisive: "The committee is of

opinion that an immediate recourse should be had to the companies, and finds itself compelled to recommend to you the rejection of the proposed law."

Those of the democratic party who were favourable on general principles to the system of execution by the state, regretted that M. Arago had not, at least, reserved the principle whilst repudiating its immediate application; this regret was the more natural as the opinion of the celebrated *savant* was of immense weight in determining the balance of public opinion. This was strongly demonstrated in the discussions that ensued. Stunned by the blow dealt it by so mighty a hand, the ministry lost countenance. M. Martin (du Nord) defended his bill with a feebleness that indicated his despair of its success; whereas the companies had, in Berryer and Duvergier de Hauranne, advocates full of energy and perfectly decided. M. Jaubert alone stood manfully by the good cause in this important contest. But the menacing and intractable dictatorship of the bankers prevailed, and the principle of execution by the state was vanquished and abandoned.

Thus broke forth the first usurpations of that moneyed oligarchy to which the reign of the middle class in France was destined sooner or later to give place; and the bourgeoisie applauded as one man; so great was its want of foresight, so profound its blindness!

CHAPTER XII.

Late in the year preceding that with the events of which we are now dealing, on the 8th of December, 1837, about ten at night, an inspector of the customs, named Pauchet, was on duty on the quay of Boulogne, when a packet-boat from London landed her passengers. A man, running from the *jetée*, passed before Pauchet, and let fall his pocket-book; the latter picked it up, and called after the stranger, but he was gone. The pocket-book was not reclaimed, and after a little while it was nearly forgotten, when a letter was found in it which seemed to indicate a plot formed against the government. The portfolio was then closely examined; it contained, among other things, a leaf of paper written over in German characters, a tablet covered with a long series of figures, which were not expressive of any arithmetical calculation, and a letter in which were these words: "The whole *matériel* is concentrated in Paris. I bring the plan required." Two hours afterwards, the owner, whose supposed name was Stiegler, and his real one Hubert, was arrested in a furnished lodging-house. He was conveyed to prison, and afterwards, just as they were setting out with him for Paris, the gendarmes found a coloured plan of a machine in the lining of his hat. The inquiry, which was actively followed up, gave the magistrates reason to surmise that this machine was the intended instrument of an attempt on the king's life, and that its projector was a Swiss mechanician, named Steuble. The police immediately began a very eager search, and numerous arrests were made.

Such were the leading facts on which the following persons were

brought to trial before the court of assizes of the Seine, in May, 1838: Mademoiselle Laure Grouvelle, MM. Louis Hubert, Jacob Steuble, Jules Arnoud, Martin Leproux, Vicent Giraud, de Vauquelin, Léon Didier, Vallantin, and Annat; assisted by MM. Emmanuel Arago, Jules Favre, Billiard, ex-prefect, Hemersdinger, Teste, Lellond, Ferdinand Barrot, Colmet d'Aage fils, and Charles Ledru.

The trial occupied several sittings, and gave rise to the most stormy scenes. The deportment of the prisoners was proud and spirited, and they were in general dressed with care. They all flatly denied the criminal designs imputed to them, some with cool collectedness, others with angry vehemence. But on the same bench with them was seated Vallantin, a wretch who had basely insinuated himself into their confidence, and had become their denouncer. It was on the depositions of this man, who had been convicted of forgery, and arbitrarily spared the disgrace of exposure on the pillory, that the prosecution was based. It was remarked, too, that most of the witnesses for the crown were persons of bad repute, known to have been guilty of flagitious acts. The incidents of the trial were animated, and calculated to excite deep interest among the public. Louis Hubert gave proof of deliberate and strong convictions. Steuble, who spoke and understood only German, displayed before the tribunal a vigour of intellect that had not been observed in him during the preliminary investigations. As for Laure Grouvelle, she combined unbounded devotedness with an extraordinary degree of political exaltation of mind; she had the head of a daring republican, and the heart of a sister of charity. She decked the grave of Alibaud with funeral ornaments, and during the cholera, she attached herself to a hospital, nursing the sick, comforting them in their agony, and living in the midst of deadly contagion. With a capital accusation now resting on her head, she remained calm and unmoved, and confessed her political faith with unaffected assurance.

In the last sitting, the proceedings on either side having closed, and the president having asked her had she any addition to make to her defence, she rose, and said, "If I address you, gentlemen of the jury, it is that I may publicly testify my gratitude to him who has come with so much courage" (here she pointed to Hubert) "to learn what has been my life, what are my most profound sentiments. My heart is full of admiration and affection for him. Remember, that entangled in a fatal net, I shall owe to him, as well as to your conscientious verdict, liberty, and more than liberty,—my mother's life!" Overcome for a moment by her feelings, she paused; then pointing to M. Billiard, she continued: "One word of grateful acknowledgment to the worthy friend who has not quitted me since the day of my arrest, and whom you see by my side during this last trial." Then turning to Vallantin, who with pale face and downcast eyes seemed overwhelmed with remorse, she said: "Let me also offer some consolation to a conscience, which, as I will believe for the honour of mankind, is not at rest, and has need of being consoled. Vallantin! Hubert, de Vauquelin, and myself pardon your infamous inventions. If ever you are unhappy, sick, forsaken by all, remember that I am alive." The sensation produced by these words had

not yet subsided when the jury delivered their verdict. The traversers had retired as usual; Leproux, Vauquelin, and Vallantin, were brought back to hear the verdict that restored them to liberty. This was telling them, at the same time, that Laure Grouvelle had been found guilty; intense grief was depicted on their countenances, and they quitted the court in consternation. The other traversers having been brought in, Hubert heard, with great composure, the reading of the verdict which declared him guilty of a conspiracy to change or destroy the form of the government; but when he heard the name of Laure Grouvelle, he uttered a terrible cry, and a weapon he had kept concealed glittered in his hand. The gendarmes immediately threw themselves upon him to prevent his committing suicide, and in an instant all was uproar; women shrieking, and men scrambling over benches, tables, and balustrades. Never was such a scene beheld in a court of justice. Hubert, struggling like a maniac, poured out a flood of imprecations, and shouted: "The woman is innocent! Wretches! You have condemned virtue itself! A French jury! oh! infamy!" At last he was dragged away, and it was not without difficulty that the reading of the verdict was brought to an end. Laure Grouvelle, Steuble, Annat, and Vincent Giraud, were declared guilty of conspiracy against the existence, not of the king but of the government, and Giraud was condemned to three years' imprisonment, the others to five. Hubert, convicted of conspiracy, "followed by acts intended to prepare for its being carried into effect," was sentenced to transportation.

As for the means employed with Vallantin to procure a confession and information from him, is it true that a sum of eight thousand francs was promised him? He has affirmed this in a letter under his hand, which is now before us.

Be this as it may, at the moment we write, Hubert is dying; Steuble is dead, having cut his throat with a razor in his cell; Mademoiselle Grouvelle is mad; Vincent Giraud is free, but he came out of prison a gray-headed man.

About a month after the affair of the Hubert trial, which showed in a fearful manner how detested was monarchy in France, the coronation of Queen Victoria afforded a field for the demonstrations of English loyalty.

The cabinet of the Tuileries thought fit to select Marshal Soult as ambassador extraordinary to London:—a suitable choice if we may judge from the event.

And yet the marshal's arrival in England was at first met with attacks not only inhospitable but unjust. The *Quarterly Review* gave the signal, and the journals of the British aristocracy were not ashamed to repeat the cry of mean rancour and undying jealousy. An attempt was made to rob the old soldier of his incontestible glory, the victory of Toulouse; and it was related with coarse pride how the repast prepared for him at Waterloo was eaten by the Duke of Wellington. But the reaction came, prompt, striking, and tinctured with enthusiasm: it began with a modest and dignified letter, in which Colonel Napier recalled the minds of his countrymen to a sense of respect for imperial France and for equity.

On the morning of the 28th of June, 1838, the solemnity of the coronation was announced in London by a salute of twenty-one guns. Heavy clouds were in the sky, and the weather looked unpromising, and yet a countless multitude already thronged Whitehall, Parliament-street, Abingdon-street, and all the streets adjacent to Westminster Abbey. As far as ever the eye could reach nothing was to be seen but scaffoldings filled with men and women, portable raised benches, living galleries, flags, sumptuous hangings, crowns, festoons, garlands of flowers, velvet seats, stars, gigantic V. R., and other preparations for illuminations. The aristocracy of Europe was present in London in the persons of its most celebrated representatives: the Prince de Ligne, Count Strogonoff, marshals de Brignolle and Miraflorès, and Baron Van der Capellen; no one stayed away, not even Prince Schwartzemberg, who boldly encountered the risk of reviving the scarcely extinct scandal of the adventures whereof fame had made him the hero. At ten o'clock, whilst the bells of St. Margaret's alternated with those of Westminster Abbey, a prodigious, indescribable movement of the throng took place in one of the largest cities of the world. The multitude was not like that of Paris, so quick to receive impressions, so communicative, so charged with electric fluid, witty in its enthusiasm, captious and satirical even in its ecstacies of delight, and which when it pours into the streets and fills them, is but one impassioned man endowed with wit and shrewdness. The English who flocked together by myriads to see their queen pass, formed a compact dense mass; but one in which each individual preserved his own distinctive physiognomy and personality. No intellectual interchange, no fusion together of souls, the enthusiasm of all those human beings pressing thick together without confusion, had in it something mighty, but of icy coldness; a sullen gravity was discernible even in the transports of their joy; a common respect for the monarchical tradition was the only bond between them, and their emotion was of the head not of the heart. Where the French would have gone to see a woman pass, the English went to see the passage of a symbol.

A buzz arose from the huge multitude as the equipages appeared and rolled past. They were all magnificent with one exception, that of the ambassador of the United States, of a free people. But at the sight of a certain carriage with silver mouldings, a blue body in the shape of a gondola, and adorned with skilfully chased ducal crowns, surmounted with lamps, the air was rent with a tremendous explosion of hurrahs! This carriage, the most brilliant of those whereof the insolence of the great lords in the procession could boast, was that of a soldier of fortune, Marshal Soult. What was it the English applauded in him? Was it the alliance of the government of the Tuileries, or the envoy of a king who was to be the beloved of the English, or the recollection of a great man laid low? Napoleon had, by his fall at Waterloo, emancipated the admiration of the English from all fear, and by his death in St. Helena he had imposed on it the obligation to be just.

The welcome given to Marshal Soult constituted the serious part of the coronation of Victoria, the rest of the ceremony having been marked only with a parade of insulting sumptuosity, and proceedings

which will no doubt occupy a large space in the records of human folly. About noon the queen alighted at the doors of the abbey, where were already assembled those who were to witness her coronation; judges bending under the weight of their enormous wigs, kings at arms covered with long frocks of cloth of gold, lords temporal and spiritual, peers and peeresses, members of the House of Commons and O'Connell in a court suit! The queen retired to change her dress, and soon reappeared in a robe of scarlet velvet trimmed with ermine, and with a circlet of gold on her head. At the same time there advanced towards the altars, placed a few paces from the throne, the lords high constables of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and Viscount Melbourne, armed *cap-à-pied*. "Sirs," said the Archbishop of Canterbury, "I here present to you Victoria, undoubted queen of this realm, whereof all you that are come this day to do your homages and service, are you willing to do the same?" This formula having been repeated four times in as many different directions, all present responded "God save the Queen!" This being done, the queen, at the prelate's request, bestowed a gold cloth on the altar, and then an ingot of gold; for princes are accepted by the priests only on condition of conforming to the maxim, "Go not empty-handed into the house of the Lord." Then came the prayers, a sermon by the Bishop of London, and lastly the oath, the formulary of which contains this significant interrogation: "Will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?" Not one word about the rights of the poor. The oath being sworn, four knights of the garter held a canopy of cloth of gold over the queen's head; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, after anointing the queen's head and hands, gravely addressed to her certain mystic words. Then the queen laid a pair of spurs on the altar, and received in exchange, from the archbishop's hands, a handsome sword, which Lord Melbourne had carried on entering the abbey, and which he had to redeem by the payment of a hundred shillings. Then——But why continue the narrative of these monarchical buffooneries? And yet these are the means by which reverence for privileged races, and an impious adoration of crowns, are kept up in the minds of nations! During the ceremony of paying homage, the Earl of Surrey, as the queen's treasurer, scattered about the nave medals struck to commemorate the coronation, and instantly the most illustrious personages began to scramble, and almost to box for them;—shameful and systematic emulation of flattery!

That day Mr. Green entertained the people with the spectacle of an ascent in a balloon. In the evening the theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane liberally threw open their doors to the public. Hyde Park was like an immense village of canvass, whither the populace flocked to stare at shows, and jugglers, and mountebanks, and to get drunk round the statue of Achilles, dedicated to the Duke of Wellington. At night, London was splendidly illuminated; and the next day, after all this, by the gas-lights of the gin-palaces, were to be seen as usual, hovering about them, with naked feet and but half covered with miserable rags, livid,

dim-eyed phantoms, the damned of this world, a race which opulent England alone has the deplorable privilege of perpetuating; the next day, after all this, in the districts where poverty more especially makes its abode, grovelling, hideously pent up, outlawed, in the filthy by-lanes and alleys, at the entrance to which the police themselves stopt short, in horror, and disgust, and fear,—in Whitechapel, in St. Giles's, in Shoreditch, in St. Olave's, thousands of families, as usual, buried alive in the damp, rotting, confined rooms of ruinous houses, wallowing as it were on dung-heaps, tremblingly awaited the fever which they knew must befall them, were it not anticipated by the grim hand of famine, whose approach so long felt, was regarded with dull despair.

In the diplomatic circles, meantime, the conversation ran upon her majesty's splendid robes, her necklaces, her lace, her new crown, valued at 2,800,000f. (£112,000); the fairy-like illuminations at M. de Strogonoff's mansion; and, above all, upon Prince Esterhazy's coat, that phenomenon of a coat, each button of which was a diamond, each seam a row of fine pearls. Another topic was, the nocturnal debaucheries of a young nobleman, and how much they cost, and how he had been picked up drunk, after sharing in the diversions of the lowest populace, and had been carried home in a hackney-coach, which in its furious course ran over a man.

As to the English press, with the exception of the Sunday papers, especially destined for the people, its *loyalism* burst forth in extravagances, never approached by the superstitions of fetichism. In order that posterity might lose not a feature of the memorable day which had seen a crown placed upon the head of a child, the English journals were issued in the form of volumes. The *Sun* was printed in letters of gold, and contained a colossal medallion of the young queen.

On their part, the court journals at Paris dwelt emphatically upon splendours, which they probably regarded as calculated to dazzle the French public. Servilely affecting an absolute stupor of admiration, they set forth in glowing detail how many yeomen walked in the procession around the state carriage, the exact composition of the *cortège*, as it entered Westminster Abbey; how many high dames followed Her Majesty Victoria, bearing her train, and they enumerated the sounding titles of the various personages to whom had fallen the inestimable honour of bearing the spurs, or the sword of mercy, or the chalice, or the patine; as if such a tale as that would suffice to revive, in a country like ours, the worship of the old idols!

The government could not, of course, labour under any illusion on this point; but it none the less, nay, all the more, manifested the utmost eagerness to render itself subservient to the dynastic interests. For having, in an account of the insurrection of Strasbourg, corrected certain historical errors in preceding narratives of that affair, repelled calumnies, done homage to the glories of the empire, and spoken of Louis Bonaparte with affection, Lieutenant Laity was summoned before the Court of Peers. What had become of trial by jury? Michel (de Bourges) defended the prisoner with rough, fervid eloquence; but all in vain. The daring young man paid for his pamphlet 10,000f. and five years' impri-

sonment. But this was a trifle, compared with what followed. Louis Bonaparte himself, having left America and returned to Europe, to embrace, for the last time, his dying mother, was now living at Arenenberg. Louis Philippe, disturbed at having such a neighbour, summoned Switzerland to expel from her bosom the emperor's nephew, a proscribed man. Hereupon were renewed the deplorable scenes of 1836. Switzerland, utterly indignant, demanded to know whether she constituted an independent state, or whether it was true that she was only a French province? The Grand Council of Turgovia declared, that the Prince Louis Bonaparte was a Turgovian citizen. Cries of sorrow and despair arose from the valleys wherein Louis Philippe, then himself a proscribed man, once received Swiss hospitality and protection. And as to the diet, divided between the horror of a dishonourable submission, and the fear of involving Switzerland in irreparable calamities by resistance, it hesitated, and from day to day postponed its decision.

In the meantime, preparations were actively made for overwhelming the country, if that decision were contrary to the demand of Louis Philippe. A corps of 20,000 to 25,000 men was put in motion along the French frontier; two French battalions entered Gex; the artillery corps at Lyons received instructions to hold themselves in readiness to march at an hour's notice; and General Aymer published a menacing order of the day.

On the other hand, to deaden the force of the anticipated outbreak, on the part of freemen thus goaded by the threatened bayonet-point, what secret springs were not set to work, what underhand, indirect, but energetic machinations were not resorted to, with the usual skill of the French government in such matters. From Switzerland, and more especially from the cantons of Vaud and Geneva, there had of recent years issued a certain number of families who now occupied at Paris the position filled in the eighteenth century by Necker and his set; most of them being well-known banking-houses, such as the Delesserts, the Odiers, the Oppermann-Maudrots, the Keutsches. The reception which several of these Gallo-Helvetians had experienced at the Tuileries, and the many facilities afforded them, in various ways, had naturally bound them to the French government by a thousand ties of gratitude or interest. These gentlemen, accordingly, now despatched to their friends and relations in Switzerland, letters, messages, and documents one upon another, all inculcating prompt submission. The Advocate Maudrot of Lausanne combated the principle of resistance, of which the *Nouvelliste Vaudois* was the organ, in a series of articles, which were disseminated purposely throughout the country. Every day, every hour, there arrived from Paris, packets of advice, of warning, of entreaty, of private information tending to submission: M. Molé had made such or such a declaration; M. Benjamin Delessert had said so and so. Nay, Louis Philippe himself condescended personally to advise the Swiss, as a true friend of theirs, to yield while there was yet time for them to do so voluntarily. To these entreaties and remonstrances and caballings, was added the interposition of the representatives of Lyons commerce, of Genevese origin. But Switzerland had already given way once, and felt that again

to succumb without a struggle, would nearly compromise her independence.

This complication of circumstances would perhaps have brought about a disastrous result, had not Louis Bonaparte, for the sake of maintaining peace, determined voluntarily to quit Arenenberg. On the 20th of September he departed for London; on the 24th of August, the Duchess d'Orléans had given birth to a male child: here were two subjects of exceeding joy for the court of the Tuileries. Dynasties are so ready to think themselves immortal!

The prosperity of the house of Orleans, indeed, had, ever since 1830, been constantly advancing. But as much could not be said of France; and whilst the court was full of rejoicings at the birth of the Comte de Paris, the nation was on the eve of seeing the accomplishment of an event which was to fill it with sorrow.

Our readers will bear in mind what was the effect upon Europe of the occupation of Ancona, and with what enthusiasm Italy had hailed in the tri-coloured flag, a promise of enfranchisement, a pledge of liberty. But, submissive to a policy hostile to the nations, the French of Ancona were soon compelled to become the auxiliaries of that pontifical despotism which they had regarded it as their assigned task to limit and restrain. The hopes of the Italian patriots were gradually extinguished; liberty disappeared, even from their dreams; their enthusiasm gave way to a dull, despairing stupor. Yet still the presence of the French uniform at Ancona had not entirely ceased to be dear to Italy; for even under the very modified circumstances, its presence there was a check, an affront to Austria. And there lingered a hope, after all, that perhaps some new phases of events might at any moment bring about the triumph at Paris of a more high-souled policy.

As to France, putting aside all party interests, that State had reasons, diplomatic and military, of the very highest importance, for keeping Ancona. It was the key to the occupation of Upper Italy; it covered Naples with reference to Vienna; it secured for us considerable influence in Dalmatia and Illyria; in case of war with the Austrians, it would have been most valuable to us, both as a fortified town and as a port; at a former period, defended by General Monnier, at the head of 2000 men, of whom 1800 were wounded, it held in check, for twelve days, 42,000 men; and to put it into a state to maintain an obstinate siege, neither much labour nor much money was needed; its occupation by France had always been deemed so important to us, that it had been claimed expressly and emphatically in the negotiation of the treaties of Campo-Formio and Lunéville. Finally, it lessened by 600 leagues the distance between our squadrons and the Dardanelles, at a moment when each of the great powers had to watch closely and constantly the tottering empire of the Osmanlis. To abandon Ancona, therefore, was necessarily a measure in the highest degree objectionable. And M. Thiers thoroughly felt this, when in a despatch of the 14th of March, 1836, to our ambassador at Rome, he thus wrote:

"I recommend your lordship by no means to take the initiative at Rome, as to this question of the evacuation of Ancona; but so far from

raising the topic, to avoid every thing at all bearing upon or tending to it. Should you find yourself absolutely compelled to express an opinion on the matter, it should be that the fact of the Austrians withdrawing would not necessarily involve the withdrawal of our troops.

But were these recommendations of M. Thiers conformable to the engagements entered into? Yes, doubtless; and to be convinced of this, it is only necessary to look back to the origin of the affair.

We have related how, in a *memorandum* of 1831, the principal powers had concerted together to obtain from the Holy See certain reforms demanded by Romagna. In this proceeding it was Casimir Périer who took the initiative. Not that Casimir Périer troubled his head much about the freedom of the pope's subjects; but it had not escaped his reflection, that it was necessary to pay attention to their complaints, in order to stifle the germs of an insurrection, which, in bringing the Austrians to the Po, might have given a shock to Europe, unless, indeed, she had chosen to lend herself with a good grace to an excessive aggrandizement of the Austrian power in Italy. The calculation was a sound one, as the event proved: the pope having granted his subjects only a portion of the reforms demanded by the great courts, the Legations rose, the Austrian troops intervened, and to counterbalance the effect of their presence, France found it advisable to occupy Ancona. So that the taking possession of this town had for its first and positive cause, the non-execution of the *memorandum* of 1831, the refusal to allay the discontents of Italy.

It is true, that in 1832, Casimir Périer was a party to a convention, by which France undertook to withdraw her troops immediately after the evacuation of Italy by the Austrian troops. But did this mean that the departure of the French was to follow that of the Austrians *necessarily, ipso facto*, without preliminary negotiation, without a previous understanding between the two governments, without stipulated guarantees for the future? So to construe the convention would have been to sacrifice the spirit to the letter, to overthrow from the very foundations the policy of Casimir Périer, and to expose anew—the pope to a revolt, Italy to an Austrian intervention, Ancona to a French occupation, Europe to a conflict.

This was what MM. de Broglie and Thiers, M. Thiers especially, perfectly understood, and they merit praise for their discernment.

As to M. Molé, it was his error, as we are about to show, not to be sufficiently distrustful of Italian diplomacy. The man who, at this epoch, most efficiently represented that diplomacy, was M. Capacini, a character singularly crafty and acute. He met M. de Metternich at Florence, and it was there that these two diplomatists prepared that snare into which M. Molé was to fall. Their great object was to prevent any negotiation between Paris and Vienna, relative to the evacuation of Ancona. For they foresaw that, if such took place, the French government would not fail to raise difficulties, to require guarantees, if, indeed, it did not go the length of saying: "So long as the situation of Italy remains what it was at the time of the *memorandum* of 1831, feelings of invincible hatred will be constantly fermenting in Romagna, and Austrian

intervention will hover a daily menace over mourning Italy. You require us to evacuate Ancona? Remove the causes that led us thither. Recall to mind the *memorandum* of 1831. Appease Romagna, whose legitimate hopes are kept down, but not extinguished." MM. de Metternich and Capacini were bent upon preventing a declaration of the kind. M. Molé did not at all perceive this. One day, accordingly, the representative of the court of Rome at Paris, ran to announce to the French minister, as a satisfactory piece of intelligence for the cabinet of the Tuileries, that Austria had at length made up her mind to withdraw from the States of the Church, seeming to regard it as a matter of course, that hereupon the French would immediately quit Ancona. M. Molé, who was but imperfectly acquainted with the affair, entirely adopted this consequence, and had no idea of the trick played him, until M. Desages told him what the policy of his predecessors had been, and the position in which the question actually was.

The evacuation of Ancona took place on the 25th of October, 1838, and the sensation which it produced in France was all the greater from the circumstance, that the public mind was at this period excited by a league, ardent, audacious, formidable to the ministry, formidable to the king.

The parliamentary victory obtained by M. Molé, on the discussion of the secret service money, seemed to have prostrated for ever the coalition, whose origin we narrated on a former occasion. And indeed, the discouragement of the vanquished party was at first extreme: M. Thiers had quitted Paris; and, as to M. Guizot, his friends regarded him as altogether on the decline. Because a recent solemn discussion had shown him to them feeble, destitute, for the time, at once of skill and daring, seeking his way with a hesitating step, through the labyrinth of parties, embarrassing himself and others with miserable repetitions, they took it into their heads that his energetic, his violent soul had exhausted all its vigour, that his mind had sent forth its last flash. And they were so convinced of this, that in the arrangement of future parts, which their ambition prematurely distributed, they thought it extremely liberal in them to reserve for their former chief some embassy or other. He himself seemed filled with an uneasiness which his haughty nature had never before yielded to; but retiring to Val-Richer, far from the tumult of politics, he gradually appeared to resign himself to his admitted defeat.

But there was a man, M. Duvergier de Hauranne, who concentrated within himself, in vivid combination, the fierce resentments of all the members of the temporarily dissolved coalition. It was his breath which reanimated it; it was he who gave the signal for the resumption of hostilities in an article in the *Revue Française*, wherein he applied himself to prove that ministers were incompetent; that they degraded power and made it contemptible by a system of corruption and see-saw; that they compromised representative government by an outrageous assumption of contempt towards the Chamber, and unbounded servility to the crown. Unaided, M. Duvergier de Hauranne would probably not have been able to carry his undertaking to a successful issue; but with him, at his side, pursuant to previous arrangement, there had descended into the arena

three men of talent, having the press at their direction; M. Chambolle, chief editor of the *Siècle;* M. Léon Faucher, of the *Courrier Française;* and M. Leonce de Lavergne, of the *Journal Général de France.* Thus the coalition had for its official organs three daily papers, two of which belonged to the dynastic opposition, and the third to the doctrinaire school. A new power making its appearance in the political world, had forthwith, as is always the case, its worshippers. Parties began to fall into new combinations, polemics were let loose. The *Constitutionnel* joined the league as a matter of course, and the radical papers, without joining it, supported it, out of their hatred to the powers that were. Its advocates sent forth, upon the absurd but much vaunted maxim: *the king reigns but does not govern,* a thousand commentaries, subtle and satirical, vehement and menacing, genuine or insincere. With equal impetuosity the one party assailed majesty, the other defended it.

As if to fill up the measure of agitation, the intolerance of a section of the clergy suddenly supervened to aid in reanimating the sleeping animosities of liberalism. At Rheims, a missionary preacher having ventured in the pulpit to let fall some insulting expression with reference to the captive of St. Helena, the house in which he lodged was attacked with a fury as deplorable as the circumstance which had provoked it. At the very same time, 11th December, 1838, at Clermont-Ferrand, an unheard of outrage aggravated the dying moments of one of the most daring opponents of the Jesuits, the Comte de Montlosier. In vain had M. de Montlosier expressed his earnest desire to die in the arms of the Church: what the Bishop of Clermont resolutely required of him was the disavowal of the principles of his entire life, a public retraction, the condemnation of his famous *Mémoire à Consulter;* and because he had refused to the last to believe the interests of religion inseparable from the mundane course of the Jesuits, the gates of the Temple were closed against his coffin. The spirit of the Restoration seemed raising its head once more; the town of Clermont was, accordingly, in universal commotion; and with a pious unanimity of sorrow, astonishment and bitter indignation, the people followed to their final home the remains of mortality, which the ministers of the God of Charity abandoned.

This scandalous event was quickly followed by another of a different nature, indeed, but not less calculated to produce a powerful effect upon public opinion. For some time past, dark rumours circulating in Paris, had mixed up with formidable accusations the name of the former prefect of police, M. Gisquet. Men spoke of the most condemnable acts committed by him in the exercise of his public functions; the word extortion was heard; and certain details, domestic secrets surreptitiously obtained, were spread abroad by hate, which in repeating exaggerated from mouth to mouth the faults revealed. The *Messager,* an evening paper, was the first to speak out. In an article, which more than half lifted the mysterious veil, M. Gisquet was charged with partiality in his office. Wounded in the point dearest to men, he immediately determined upon vindicating his honour in a court of law, and a process ensued educing the most deplorable revelations. In the course of it, a letter was publicly read wherein M. Gisquet himself gave a narrative of

his inmost passions, of the secret torments which afflicted his soul. A great many witnesses were heard, from whose evidence it resulted, not that M. Gisquet had been a onesided or extortionate magistrate, but that he had availed himself of his position, to enrich by an exercise of patronage not very important in itself, but unconnected with the public interest, and injurious to third parties, his relations, his friends, his employés, a woman with whom he was in love, and her mother. A private friend, M. Parquin, addressed the court for the plaintiff. He was answered by M. Mauguin in a crushing speech. The Attorney-General, M. Plougoulm, next arose, stern, inexorable. He affirmed that M. Gisquet had utterly violated his duty in consulting, in the distribution of his favours, his personal affections, instead of the benefit of the community. He charged him with having thrown open the office of the prefecture of police to the pursuit of private gain, with having converted the public servants in his jurisdiction into so many agents intent upon their own affairs, forcibly contrasting with his conduct that of M. Rieublanc, who had shown himself free from any such contagion. He pronounced a thundering anathema upon the empire exercised over men by illicit connexions, and dwelt with appalling effect upon the hideous spectacle of a mother receiving the wages of a daughter's dishonour. He fully recognized the valuable qualities of M. Gisquet; his courage, his energy, his high administrative ability; but pronounced him destitute of the moral sense, and concluded by calling upon the jury to acquit the *Messager* as far as concerned its attacks upon the public functionary, admitting that, as to its attacks upon the individual, it must necessarily be condemned, the law of libel herein placing truth itself under interdict. The jury found precisely the other way, declaring the *Messager* guilty of defamation of a public functionary, and acquitting it of its attacks upon the individual; and the court inflicted upon M. Brindeau, publisher of the journal, the *minimum* penalty of 100 francs.

Thus did a variety of causes concur to increase public excitement: acts of electoral corruption openly denounced; royalty as openly called to account; the revival of religious fanaticism; a moral condemnation pronounced by a functionary of to-day upon a functionary of yesterday.

Such were the auspices under which the session of 1839 opened. On their return to Paris, MM. Thiers and Guizot found the coalition restored and standing to its arms, and they resumed confidence. In the *Journal Général*, which he had made a regular battering-ram of, M. Duvergier de Hauranne was daily exhorting and encouraging the timid, and harassingly assailing the indifferent. To the names of MM. de Remusat, Piscatory, Etienne, Jaubert, Duchatel, &c., the coalition would gladly have added that of M. Dupin aîné; but fearful of losing the presidency of the Chamber, he shut himself up in obstinate reserve. M. Duvergier de Hauranne, in the *Journal Général*, summoned him to declare himself, menaced, pursued him; but all in vain. M. Dupin remained silent.

At length the moment arrived when the two armies drawn up in front of each other, were about to try their strength. On the 17th of December, 1838, was read the speech from the throne; a vague, unmeaning

harangue as usual, but which served to mark out the field of battle. The coalition at first had the worst of it, M. Dupin beating, by the aid of the ministry, M. Passy, the coalition candidate for the presidency of the Chamber; but the chances soon turned. Of the committee appointed to draw up the address, three only, MM. Debelleyme, de la Pinsonnière, and de Jussieu, were for the ministry; the rest all belonged to the coalition: they were MM. Thiers. Guizot, Duvergier de Hauranne, Etienne, Mathieu de la Redorte, Passy.

The better to secure their triumph, the six members of the coalition agreed to decide among themselves, in a private conference, upon all the questions to be set forth in the address, submitting them afterwards, as a matter of form, to the three ministerial members of the committee. This was the course adopted. M. Duvergier de Hauranne, as it were, held the pen, while M. Thiers and M. Guizot dictated.

And never since the address of the 221, had parliamentary document been so aggressive as was that of which the two principal ministers of the 11th of October, now supplied the topics and the terms. They began with expressing the hope that, under a government tenacious of the national dignity, France would maintain its due position in the estimation of the world; they regretted that the evacuation of Ancona should have been effected without those guarantees which a wise and foreseeing policy should have stipulated for; they reminded the crown, with bitter emphasis, of the past misfortunes of Poland, of the present misfortunes of Spain; the differences which had arisen between France and Switzerland were severely remarked upon; and the conversion of the *rentes* was spoken of as among the measures demanded by public opinion. A passage in the address ran thus: "A firm, skilful administration, relying upon lofty, generous sentiments for its support, enforcing respect for the throne abroad, and covering it with its responsibility at home, such is the pledge of the co-operation we so earnestly desire to offer you;" an intimation which seemed to convey a menace.

MM. Debelleyme, de la Pinsonnière, and de Jussieu, were unanimous in opposing an address in which they saw nothing but an appeal to revolutionary passions; but they had to contend with an imperious majority, resolute, inflexible, determined to conquer, eager for battle. As to M. Dupin, who, as president of the chamber, was an *ex officio* member of the commission, he observed a strict neutrality so long as the chances remained doubtful; but when the discussions had finally terminated, he drew from his pocket a paper, the silent confidant of his determination on this as on other occasions to wait till he saw how the wind was blowing, and addressed his colleagues, who regarded him the while with a mixture of astonishment and something like contempt, in these terms: "Not wishing to have it imagined that I seek to wrap myself up in *sullen inviolability*, I have set down in writing my opinion on the address, which I will now read to you." And he accordingly read a paper, wherein he declared, that in his judgment, a stronger administration was necessary; 1st, to cover the crown against the attacks of which it was the object; 2ndly, to rally together a decided majority in the Chamber, now divided into two equal halves, two mere rival camps, each alike for-

midable to the other; 3rdly, to give a more decided impulse to public affairs, and raise the government in the eyes of the country. It were a very difficult task to depict the utter stupor of MM. Debelleyme, de Jussieu, and de la Pinsonnière, on hearing this declaration. They could ill understand how M. Dupin, elevated to the presidential chair by the votes of the ministerial party, should with such facility range himself on the side of the coalitionists; but so it was; he had waited to see which was the strongest party, and conceiving this point determined, he at once joined the ranks of the victors.

On the 4th of January, 1839, the Chamber was made acquainted with the proposed address, and the various and strong feelings which it excited may be readily imagined. One side of the house was filled with joy, was loud in its commendations; the other all indignation. What, then! MM. Guizot and Thiers had the effrontery, as an opposition, to stretch out the hand of sympathy to the very Poland which, as a government, they had utterly abandoned! The throne, which heretofore they had covered with the bloody ægis of the September laws, they now themselves delivered up to the assaults of party fury! It was remarked, further, that while altogether pitiless as to the conduct of the Molé administration, the address was excessively reserved as to the future: whence it was concluded that its framers, who anticipated a return to office, were not desirous of fettering themselves by any engagement. Again, it was asked: How is it that these men, so decided in the expression of their sentiments respecting Polish nationality, which has been destroyed, have nothing to say about Belgian nationality, which at present is only in danger, beyond these words so cruelly vague: "We await the result of the pending negotiations?" Was not this reserve of theirs significant? Was it not quite sufficient to expose the grasping ambition which lurked beneath their parade of high principle?

Both parties were in full preparation for the approaching struggle, when news arrived, the anticipation of which had been a great source of hope to the ministry; the tri-coloured flag floated on the walls of St. Juan d'Ulloa. After having repeatedly, and in vain, demanded satisfaction from the government of Mexico for certain grievances justly complained of by the French merchants there, the cabinet of the Tuileries had at length had recourse to force. The President Bustamente having rejected the *ultimatum* of France, presented by the Baron Deffaudis, the ports of the Mexican republic were, as a first measure, placed in a state of blockade. As Mexico, notwithstanding, persisted in her refusals, Vice-Admiral Baudin, a gallant seaman, was despatched, with orders to settle the business effectually; and, accordingly, on the 27th of November, 1838, five vessels, under his orders, bombarded the fort of St. Juan d'Ulloa. In the space of four hours the five vessels had discharged 8000 cannon-balls, and 320 bomb-shells; the *Iphigenie* alone, from her thirty guns, fired 3400 balls, or upwards of four shots each per minute; the signal tower at St. Juan d'Ulloa became a mere ruin; the *Caballero*, that stone giant, had fallen; nothing remained for the enemy but to surrender. The Mexican general, Rincon, occupied Vera Cruz; Vice-Admiral Baudin sent him word, by Lieutenant Doret, that if, on the morning of

the 28th, the capitulation was not signed, the French would receive the signal for assault. The general waited till the very last moment, and then signed. The fort was surrendered to the French; the garrison of Vera Cruz was reduced from 4000 men to 1000; and an indemnity guaranteed to the French residents who had been compelled to leave the town.

It was a brilliant, a glorious affair, and the Prince de Joinville had taken an active and distinguished part in it. But far from giving ministers credit for it, the coalition reproached them with not having earlier adopted the system of vigour; and setting forth, in mournful array, the list of those who, in the blockading squadron, had fallen victims to the *vomito* and the yellow fever, they charged the cabinet with having delayed the triumph of the French arms, for the purpose of so timing it, as to give them influence and *éclat* in the discussion of the address.

It was on the 7th of January, 1839, that the struggle so impatiently looked forward to commenced; and never was there a more animated one. Two men figured prominently in the front ranks, MM. Thiers and Guizot: the one brilliant and ingenious, daring and indefatigable; the other, cool in his aggression, covering his violence with an air of gravity, giving utterance to but a portion of the fierce anger which was betrayed in his look, his gesture, his haggard features, his malevolent lip. Who would have supposed these two men were allies? Even in the ground-work of their speeches, what a difference between them. For what M. Guizot, according to his statement, could not pardon in ministers, was the having cried down the old policy, weakened order, filled every thing with anarchy, and, by their see-sawing from right to left, rendered old friends distrustful, alliances uncertain. According to M. Thiers, on the other hand, their fault was, in not having granted an amnesty until after they had received a check; in not having been able to discern the precise period at which the cause of order became less in need of defence than that of liberty, and in having thereby overshot the mark, after the fashion of the Revolution, which, seeking to reform the country, had strewed it with ruins; of the Empire, which, giving us at first victories, finished with bringing upon us despotism and defeat; of the Restoration, which, intended as a mode of reconciling monarchy and the new spirit of the times, had been strangled in a *coup d'etat*. What have you done with power? M. Guizot exclaimed to the ministers. What have you done with liberty? demanded M. Thiers. Contradictory attacks, which, of themselves, formed a sufficient condemnation of the alliance.

M. Molé, in the Chamber of Peers, had kept his ground against MM. Cousin, Villemain, de Broglie, de Montalembert; and in the Chamber of Deputies he defended himself better than was expected. Several of his retorts were very happy. M. Guizot having quoted, in reference to courtiers, the phrase of Tacitus, *omnia serviliter pro dominatione*, ("they do all sorts of servile things in order to become masters"): "When Tacitus said that," rejoined M. Molé, "he did not speak of courtiers, but of men of ambition." The other ministers, MM. de Salvandy, de Mon-

talivet, Barthe, Martin (du Nord), did their best against the coalition, resolutely, and with some effect.

But blow succeeded blow, the danger grew greater every hour, and the enemies of ministers seemed to become more and more numerous. There was first the clear, compact logic of M. Billault, every sentence based upon facts. Then the diatribes of M. Duvergier de Hauranne against the employment of corrupt means, and his bitter *persiflage*. "Your speech is nothing but a bad pamphlet," exclaimed M. Molé, in extremity. But the orator proceeded unmoved, more inexorable, more pressing than before. And now occurred a curious and very unexpected incident. M. Odilon Barrot, somewhat alarmed at the effervescence of his new friend, took it into his head to assume the character of moderation, and, accordingly, set gravely to work to appease the tempest, throwing the shield of his protection partially over the ministry, too impetuously assailed, and calling upon both sides of the house to assail persons less, and to attend to principles more. A very ineffectual recommendation! Men's minds were in a state of ebullition: hate overflowed.

Hitherto M. de Lamartine had abstained from taking any part in the discussion, but it was known into which scale he would throw his weight; his determination had been formed. The ministerial party, being deficient in orators, had taken care in the outset to conciliate M. de Lamartine, and he, whether from contempt for the veiled intrigues of the coalition, or from a desire to enter the lists with its eloquent chiefs, or from a magnanimous resolve to give his aid to ministers, because they were weak, had promised them his support. He now ascended the tribune, almost carried there, as it were, by the vehement enthusiasm of the Centre, which placed all its hopes in him. Yet after all he extended to ministers his patronage rather than his approbation. Let a sound, a well-matured opposition present itself, he said, let it adopt social progress for its motto, let it be animated by true principles, let it be as sincere as sound in its plan of operations, he was ready to join the ranks of such an opposition. But as to a league formed under the influence of vulgar ambition, what was it to him? He did not conceive, moreover, that parliamentary prerogative was in any danger of perishing, as some people imagined. "What is it the worst you have to apprehend from royalty?" he exclaimed. "A *coup d'etat*, that is to say, a crime. You know whether such a crime remains more than three days unpunished!"

The debates extended over several days, and with what fury of attack, what obstinacy of defence! Now, it was M. Guizot, who taking the address, paragraph by paragraph, applied himself to prove, in answer to M. Liadères, that it was neither unconstitutional, nor revolutionary, nor factious; next M. Thiers entangled ministers in the inextricable web of his subtle eloquence. M. Mauguin applied himself to the Belgian question with remarkable perspicuity and power. On the subject of the evacuation of Ancona, the despatch of the 14th of March was triumphantly cited, in opposition to the president of the council, who was fain to meet it by the sudden production of certain diplomatic documents, of

which he skilfully exaggerated the importance to his case, and which he refused to communicate to his adversaries.

The struggle was approaching its close. The address had, indeed, become modified by certain ministerial amendments; but these had been so strongly contested, had been carried with such extreme difficulty, that the fall of the cabinet was no longer a matter of doubt to any one. One other trial remained: the paragraph directed against the encroachments of the crown had not yet been voted. The members who composed the majority of the commission had a meeting on the subject, at which M. Thiers proposed to modify the paragraph. He urged upon his colleagues the monarchical susceptibilities of the Chamber, the necessity of consulting those susceptibilities, the danger of compromising by an excess of temerity that success which was otherwise certain. And his views were approved of by all but M. Duvergier de Hauranne and M. Guizot. The latter more especially was indignant at the idea of in any way weakening the attack. Hurried to extremes by the excess of his resentment, carried to a pitch of excitement which knew no moderation, even for the sake of success, he vehemently controverted the opinion advanced by M. Thiers, but unavailingly.' He was on the point of despair, when, suddenly M. Odilon Barrot's name occurred to him: "M. Odilon Barrot," he said, "is our ally; to alter the arranged terms of the address, without first consulting him, is altogether out of the question." The observation was just; it was clearly proper to seek the opinion of the leader of the *Gauche;* and M. Guizot congratulated himself upon his lucky thought, for he held it as certain, that M. Barrot would not venture to show himself more monarchical than he did. He was mistaken. On the question being put to him, M. Barrot did not hesitate to declare in favour of a less bitter, a less menacing form of paragraph. An amendment was accordingly drawn up forthwith and adopted, which M. Billault was to move the next day, and which the commission was to accept. But in the evening, M. Odilon Barrot having mentioned to his friends what had taken place, and finding they disapproved of the course which had been agreed upon, the amendment was abandoned, and the usurpations of the royal prerogative were attacked as unceremoniously as M. Guizot desired.

However, the apprehensions of M. Thiers were not destined to be realized. On the final decision, 221 votes adopted the modified address. The address drawn up by the commission was supported by 208 members, and, among others, by the Marquis de Dalmatie, son of Marshal Soult; by M. de Morney, the marshal's son-in-law, and by the two brothers of Casimir Périer. The ministry felt itself lost. But still the king was there, encouraging his ministers, exhorting them to steady perseverance, calling upon them not to abandon, by a too ready submission to the Chamber, the care of the royal prerogative. It was determined to make one more effort. The electoral body might be seduced or intimidated; or, at least, it was thought so, and the Chamber was dissolved.

The arena thus thrown open, the various parties rushed into it pell-mell, breathless with excitement and passion. It was a scene of utter disorder, of unexampled corruption, of measureless violence. To crush

its enemies and live, the ministry set the whole country in commotion, every possible engine at work. From each corner of France, prefects and sub-prefects were summoned to Paris, and forthwith sent back to their posts, charged with electoral firmans. The provinces were inundated with ministerial papers distributed with a prodigal hand, and paid for out of the secret service money. Promises, menaces, were lavished in every direction. M. Persil, president of the mint board, had joined the coalition; his deplorable services were forgotten; and assailed as factious by the *Journal des Débats*, as grasping by the *Presse*, he was dismissed from his office in a manner as sudden as it was offensive. M. Bruley, prefect of Tarn and Garonne, denounced at head-quarters as a functionary of a somewhat too independent turn, was sent for to Paris, and on his way passed his successor. In anticipation of the elections, the seats were, so to speak, put up to auction. The various doubtful districts, all at once, had granted them the assistance they had been applying for at the hands of government, whether to repair a church, or to finish a bridge, or to found a hospital, or to establish a public library. Pamphlets, paid for by the police, issued from the press in rapid succession; and, to adopt a contemporary expression, the mails that each day quitted Paris, for all parts of France, groaned under the weight of the frightful calumnies and falsehoods with which they were laden. A formidable system of the most slanderous designation assailed every person who had declared against ministers. M. Guizot was traduced by men who had been his nearest friends. The sympathy of M. Thiers for Queen Christina was made the subject of the most unworthy, the most mendacious remarks. For instance, in one of the ministerial journals, there appeared the following paragraph:—"At the late ball, given by Prince T———, every one remarked an elegant pearl necklace worn by Madame Thiers, and valued at 50,000f. It was generally said this necklace was presented to Madame Thiers by the Queen of Spain."

On its part, too, the coalition was no less active in agitating, stirring up, inflaming the country. In opposition to the Jacqueminot committee, which supported ministers, several coalition committees were formed, corresponding to the various parties mixed together in the coalition; namely, the *Doctrinaire* committee, composed of MM. Guizot, Persil, Duchâtel, Joseph Périer, de Rémusat, Raguet-Lépine, Jaubert, Duvergier de Hauranne; the *Centre-Gauche* committee; composed of MM. Thiers, Berger, Boudet, Caumartin, Mathieu de la Redorte, Cochin, de Dalmatie, Ganneron, Gouin, Muteau, Sapey; the *Gauche* committee, consisting of MM. Barrot, Chambolle, Clauzel, Tracy, Isambert, Guyet-Desfontaines, Demarcy; and, besides these, there was a Select committee, consisting of the chiefs of the coalition, and destined to impress upon its proceedings a unity of action.

Hither all the information collected on behalf of the party was forwarded as soon as acquired; here took place, between men once rivals, once more or less hostile to each other, a singular interchange of good words and good offices: this was the focus of frivolous desires, of jealous passions. How gloriously would their long cherished hopes be crowned if they were successful! How great their shame and discomfiture if

they failed? But among them all, in activity, in fiery zeal, in factious energy, in the wild excitement of combined anger and ambition, none equalled M. Guizot. "Austere intriguant" was a term applied to him by M. de Latouche, a writer of the period, a man of sparkling wit, of inflexible probity; and the expression had been at once taken up by M. Guizot's enemies, and repeated from mouth to mouth. A martyr, in fact, to his own swelling pride, the slave of the most unruly passions of the soul, at one time, addressing himself to those friends who still retained any office, M. Vivien for instance, he called upon them to strike the public mind by the *éclat* of a collective and haughty resignation of their posts; at another time, he chid the scruples of M. Barrot, alarmed at the co-operation of legitimists; at another time, passion furrowing his forehead, his eye glaring with hatred, he exclaimed to his too timid allies: "Above all things do not omit to make the prefects afraid. Let them perfectly understand, that to-morrow, perhaps, we shall be victorious, and—inflexible."

Committees had, after the example set by Paris, been formed in almost every town in France; and it was necessary, by imposing demonstrations, to keep up the energies of these committees, at the same time to retain unimpaired their distrust of the government. It was necessary, moreover, that the coalition should not have the air of a conspiracy. The chiefs, accordingly, determined to continue by open fighting the war they had commenced by an underhand attack. Public declarations, regular manifestoes against the cabinet, were addressed to Aix by M. Thiers, to Chauny by M. Odilon Barrot, to Sancerre by M. Duvergier de Hauranne, to Napoleon-Vendée by M. Chambolle, to Lisieux by M. Guizot. The latter did more; and as the ministerialists, in order to create alarm, affected to call the coalition the war faction, he wrote to M. Leroy-Beaulieu a letter, which appeared in the newspapers, and in which he expressed himself respecting peace in these terms:

"Peace may be compromised in two ways:

"By a feeble, undignified policy, calculateed to wound the national honour;

"By a short-sighted, unskilful policy, managing the business of the state inefficiently.

"France is susceptible, extremely susceptible as to the dignity of her national existence, and of her position in the world. 'Tis a happy circumstance that she is so. Public, popular susceptibility, that sudden electric feeling, somewhat blind at times, but powerful and devoted, is the honour, the greatness of democratic communities; is that whereby, despite their inconsistencies and weaknesses, they raise themselves erect, and make the world resound, as soon as that inspiring chord is touched. Let the government be assured of this: the people may, for a time, appear inert, indifferent; and, all of a sudden, arouse itself with a gigantic movement, which shall disturb all things around. You love peace; you desire to retain peace. Take heed then, great heed to the national dignity: give to it satisfaction and security. If it seem in doubt, if it seem uneasy, you may at once feel uneasy as to peace. The blessings of peace are great and pleasant; but a free country will not consent, for

any length of time, to purchase them at the cost of moral suffering and grievous uneasiness.

"Besides, how convenient, how strengthening to a government to place itself in sympathizing accord with the national pride, to make of it a shield of defence! How many difficulties it may avoid, how many questions satisfactorily solve by this simple means! On every occasion, at every instant, the strangers with whom you have to do are observing you, are feeling your pulse. So long as they find you firm, stout, unbending, they will measure, they will put a check upon their words and their actions; they will look twice before they get up a dispute, before they run a chance against you. But if they see you, if they feel you timid, irresolute, with a tendency to evade the questions, to yield, think you they will give you better terms, that they will treat you with more consideration? Far from it: they will be pressing, arbitrary; they will make no concessions; they will lend no aid to the amicable settlement of your affairs. And peace, laden as it would thus be, with embarrassment, with difficulty, with vexation, with annoyances, would become more and more inconvenient, more and more difficult to retain, and would at length be imminently endangered, despite all you had done to preserve it."

High-minded language, and very different from what we were destined to hear from M. Guizot, at a later period, when he had become minister for foreign affairs.

Suddenly, from the very midst of all these confused clamours, there arose an imposing voice: in an address to the electors of Vitry, M. Royer Collard formally condemned the coalition, a circumstance productive of immense delight to the court, and of equal indignation to the opposition. M. Royer Collard, hitherto respected by all parties, now became a mark for the most envenomed attacks. Envy, it is said, had entered his heart; the superiority of M. Guizot, his former disciple, was too much for him to bear.

Thus, old opinions unsettled or abandoned; old friendships severed; the enemies of yesterday the allies of to-day; the opposition seeking power with furious energy; the ministry resorting to the extremest measures of violence and corruption to retain it; society agitated by the shock of a thousand personal and party passions; the same men, who had gone all lengths in the assertion of excessive order, now going all lengths in the spirit of faction; authority compromised and degraded by the conduct of others, and by its own misdirection; insult become the weapon used on both sides; the administration given up to pillage and malversation; and royalty looking on with anxious gaze at the chaos raging beneath and around it; such was the spectacle now presented by the monarchical régime established of late years in France, when thus left to itself.

Here was the subject of bitter satisfaction, of cutting sarcasm to the Republicans, spectators of all these miserable complications. In a pamphlet which he published under the title of *Etat de la Question*, M. de Cormenin exclaimed:—"France demands the government of the country by the country. The court desires the personal government of

the king. The result of the one is order and liberty; of the other, a revolution. That is the state of the question."

Meantime, the decisive hour was approaching. At Paris, the electoral success of the coalition was immense; of the twelve colleges, they carried eight, by the election of MM. Ganneron, Eusèbe, Salverte, Legentil, Carnot, Moreau, Galis, Cochin, and Garnon; and the ministry, four only, by the election of MM. Jacqueminot, Jacques Lefebvre, Beudin, and Laurent de Jussieu. In the departments, the results were equally favourable to the coalition.

To the attacks with which the Molé ministry were now, all at once, assailed, from so many quarters, were added those of the legitimist party. M. de Genoude, in the *Gazette de France*, more especially harassed the government.

Admitted into the priesthood, after having been married, M. de Genoude partook at once of the priest and the layman. As characteristics of the former, he possessed the composed demeanour, the calm daring, the passions under command, the tenacity of purpose; but he took no heed to petty ceremonies; made no point of intolerance; and adapted himself, without scruple, to the usages of ordinary society. A strange mixture, constituting him a singular character, and which was observable also in his costume—half frock coat, half cassock. His manners were unctuous, his words honeyed; but in the insinuating expression of his look, there was no lack of firmness; his whole physiognomy bespoke resolution, though habitually softened by a pleasing smile. He made it his study, indeed, to give himself the exterior of moderation. His political writings, always ingenious, always subtle, were, in general, quite free from coarseness; and he excelled in embarrassing his adversaries with long quotations; with apt illustrations and analogies; with sophisms cleverly put; with his smooth, tranquil attacks, his theological dialectics. The revolution of July having laid bare the blunders of the Restoration, so often denounced by M. de Genoude, he had availed himself of the circumstance to obtain influence over the legitimists, whom, while treating their prejudices without the slightest ceremony, he led with a vigourous hand. If he ever gave way to violence, it was towards his own party; with reference to the democratic party, whose favour he eagerly desired to concentrate upon himself, towards whom he felt drawn by a secret, but strong tendency, nothing could exceed the courtesy and attention with which, on all occasions, he treated them. He was ever making advances to the republican leaders, combating their refusals, endeavouring to disarm their distrust, pursuing them, whether they would or no, and affirming himself more desirous of their esteem than of that of the first sovereigns of Europe. Never was there a man who knew better than he how to turn every thing to account. He had a newspaper at his disposal, and, from calculation, he made it the echo of the praises which his partisans addressed to him. Turned into ridicule by his enemies, he made a boast of the very ridicule that was cast upon him, and thus disconcerted sarcasm by braving it: so that he converted an apparent obstacle into an addditional means, making insult and abuse contribute to his renown. He prosecuted his aims with indefatigable

perseverance, through law-suits, invective, scorn, failure after failure. When everybody thought him thoroughly beaten he rose again all of a sudden, erect, smiling, stately. The day after an unquestionable defeat he loudly proclaimed himself victorious. He gave out as his allies men who haughtily rejected his alliance, and was quite ready to prove to them that they were devoted to him. He was, in a word, one of the most remarkable, the most various, the most curious men of his time.

Possessed of an acute understanding, he thoroughly comprehended that, between Henry V. and the people, there was an entire past to conceal, or rather to destroy; and he accordingly did not hesitate to proclaim the principle of the sovereignty of the nation; but with a restriction which neutralized the principle. For, according to him, the sovereignty should be composed, in its essence, of the rights of the nations and of those of the king, without its being possible to either of these two powers to deny the legitimacy of the other; or, in other words, M. de Genoude was exercising his ingenuity to unite in a chimerical, a monstrous combination, his monarchical tendencies, and the views which his able mind had adopted from the democratic principle. Further, he only admitted election in two degrees, a sure mode of re-establishing in full vigour, the great local influences, the influences of wealth and of the Church. The result of all this was that M. de Genoude found himself rejected, both by the republicans, to whom his character of party-man was subject of suspicion, and by such of the legitimists as had remained faithful to the worship of absolute monarchy. But he none the less, went on his way, wearing out the ministers of 1830 with his pertinacious hatred, his inexhaustible pen.

The cabinet of the 15th of April could hardily resist such continuous assaults: its last hour approached, and unfortunately it was coincident with the ominous success of the negotiations carried on at London, on the subject of Belgian nationality.

We have described the clauses of the treaty of Twenty-four Articles; its spirit, its aim. In surrendering to Holland Venloo, Maestricht, the right bank of the Meuse, the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, it partly raised again the barrier which, in 1815, the Congress of Vienna had constructed against us, and which, in 1830, the September days had thrown down. The French government ought, therefore, never to have subscribed to such a treaty; or, having committed the blunder of doing so, it should have held it a point of honour and duty to seize every legitimate occasion of repairing it.

What was the position of things? In 1832, Belgium had accepted the treaty of the Twenty-four Articles; but with a cry of despair, and calling upon Europe to bear witness of the violence done to her weakness. It was, moreover, perfectly understood that she accepted it only on three conditions: the first, that her nationality should be unanimously recognized by the contracting powers; the second, that the contract should bind the five great courts; the third, that it was binding on the Dutch as well as on the Belgians. Now of these three conditions not one had been fulfilled.

France and England alone, among the contracting powers, had frankly

recognized and sanctioned the Belgian revolution, by sending ministers to Brussels. Austria and Prussia had only *chargés-d'affaires* there; Russia sent no representative.

In the second place, the treaty of the Twenty-four Articles had never had, even in the intention of the powers that signed it, the character of an inviolable, definitive contract; and the proof is, that Austria, Russia, and Prussia, far from applying their hands to the execution of the orders of the Conference, had, on the contrary, encouraged William in his resistance, and had openly refused their sanction to the siege of Antwerp; a further proof is, that after the siege of Antwerp, France and England stopped short, not daring to carry coercive measures further, and leaving the question undecided. One thing, at any rate, left no doubt on this matter; namely, the terms of the convention of May, 1833, which established a provisional state of things: "The high contracting powers pledge themselves to take into their consideration, without delay, the definitive treaty which shall fix the relation between Belgium and the dominions of his majesty the King of the Netherlands." It was then avowed that the treaty of the Twenty-four Articles was not definitive!

King William, on his part, regarded it as so little binding upon himself, that his refusal to comply with it lasted seven years.

Thus Belgium had three peremptory motives for believing itself freed from the consequences of an acceptance, which, we say it once again, was on its part but a painful homage rendered by weakness to force.

And the cause of Belgium was the more sacred, inasmuch as the people of Luxembourg and Limbourg considered themselves Belgians; inasmuch as they desired to remain Belgians; had representatives in the two chambers, and even in Leopold's council; had taken up arms in 1830 for the separation of the two countries; and inasmuch as it was proposed to place them at the mercy of a sovereign whom they had beaten and insulted, and to bend the necks of Catholics under a Protestant yoke.

So then, the necessity of freeing the frontiers of France from the insulting surveillance exercised over them; the right resulting from the non-performance of a contract essentially synallagmatic; honour, justice, humanity, all made it the duty of the cabinet of the Tuileries to negotiate the abrogation of the treaty of the Twenty-four Articles.

Nothing of the kind was done. The cabinet contented itself with soliciting a reduction of the financial burdens imposed on Belgium, which was readily granted, the Conference laying a stress only on the territorial clauses of the treaty, because it was through them it inflicted a wound on France.

It is true that, in 1833, Belgian diplomacy had committed the mistake of invoking the validity of the famous act against which Belgium protested in 1839. But did this mistake annul the reasons deducible from national interests, from right, equity, and the higher principles of morality, by which French diplomacy ought to shape its conduct? Were the inhabitants of Luxembourg and Limbourg the less Belgians? And was the French government the less guilty for taking part in the plot that dis-

posed of them, without their consent, despite and in defiance of their wishes and interests?

Be this as it may, King William having at last resolved to accept the treaty, Belgium was called on to submit. Her grief and indignation may be imagined. For a moment, it seemed not unlikely that she would seek her safety, or, at least, her honour, in measures of heroic despair. The minister of finance applied to the Chamber of Representatives for authority to levy six months land-tax in advance. In anticipation of the possible, or, rather, probable event of war, Scrzynecki, the Polish general, was thought of. But Belgium, like France, had to reckon with passions altogether Carthaginian. The commercial men of Antwerp, Liége, and Brussels, failed not to represent, in addresses put forward with deplorable courage, that war would have the effect of destroying credit, paralyzing trade, closing the frontiers of Prussia, shutting up the Scheldt, putting Ostend and the coast in a state of blockade, and sequestrating Belgian vessels and their cargoes. This was evidently a mean and petty prudence. William had practised the greater and truer prudence, when for seven years he defied the Conference to enforce obedience to its dictates, at the cost of involving all Europe in war. But mercantile egotism sees neither so far nor so clearly.

It must, however, be owned that one thing seemed to justify the Belgian traders; namely, the demeanour of France. "Dare you say," cried the merchants of Antwerp to their opponents, "that if we draw the sword, the cabinet of the Tuileries will protect us? That is not all: will you dare to affirm that it will not join our oppressors against us?"

It was on the 18th of February, 1839, that M. Theux, Belgian minister for foreign affairs, moved in the House of Representatives the acceptance of the fatal treaty, whilst the crowd were gathering thickly, and grumbling out of doors. The reading of the treaty was scarcely ended, when the rage of its opponents broke out. "Wretched men," cried M. Dumortier, addressing the ministers, "do you not see that it is through your fault that Belgium is led to shame and mischief? What can have induced you to such an act of pusillanimity? Where are those forces that are preparing to overwhelm our country, to invade Belgium? If your intention was to yield to degrading conditions, why did you put into the king's mouth the words *perseverance* and *courage*, that found ready echoes in our hearts? Perseverance! you have none. Courage! you will never have any."

On the 18th of March, 1839, after tumultuous discussions, the Belgian Chamber adopted, by a majority of fifty-eight votes to forty-two, the fratricidal law presented to it. M. Gendebien delivered his vote in these terms: "No, no, three hundred and eighty thousand times no! for so many Belgians sacrificed." And, quitting the hall, he hastened to write a letter, in which he renounced his seat as a representative.

Before the discussion, three members, MM. Ernst, d'Huart, and de Merode, had sacrificed their portfolios to the honourable conviction, that Belgium ought not to give way to threats, however it might be doomed to succumb to force. As for the senate, it lost no time in ratifying the sentence pronounced against the nationality of Belgium.

It is a comforting thought—and let posterity remember it!—the sound portion of the French people was more affected by the misfortunes of Belgium than by our own. And what generous soul but would revolt against such insolent partitions, in which we see potentates adjudicating upon the property of nations, and distributing among themselves heads of men, like so many heads of cattle!

This last triumph of monarchical diplomacy followed but a few days after the fall of the French ministry, which had taken upon itself the melancholy responsibility of that consummation. The Molé cabinet resigned on the 8th of March, 1839.

It had existed nearly two years, from April 15, 1837, to March 8, 1839. Its existence had been marked at home by the amnesty, abroad by the evacuation of Ancona, and the imposition of the treaty of the Twenty-four Articles on Belgium. It had also striven to calm extreme parties by dint of clemency, and Europe by dint of submissiveness, hoping to pass its days aloof from glory, and from the cares of true greatness. But it had not perceived that a terrible and implacable contest would break out between the bourgeoisie and the throne, as soon as those two rival, and in reality hostile powers, should have ceased to be assailed by common dangers. In fact, no sooner was the bourgeoisie delivered from the fear of insurrections and of war, than it began to be afraid of royalty. Then were made manifest the inherent defects of the system so foolishly called the balance of powers. A continuous cry was set against the personal government of Louis Philippe; parliamentary prerogative everywhere found writers to vindicate it, and converted into tribunes men who until then had been fanatical in the opposite extreme. M. Molé and his colleagues were denounced as the king's secretaries, and pliant tools; and the lustres lighted for the marriage of the prince royal were not yet extinguished, when the head of the bourgeoisie, who had made himself the restorer of Versailles, was called to account for his tendency to recommence the career of absolute monarchy. We have seen how general and vehement was the movement. To humiliate the king, to punish him for his preferences, to fetter his actions, and reduce him, in a word, to the condition of an automaton monarch, men who had vowed everlasting hatred to each other suddenly became reconciled, and made it their honour to fight under the same banners. So much was this the case, that riot found its way from the streets into the parliament. The coalition, it is true, was made up of many vanities mortified; ambitions disappointed; private interests damaged; in a word, of petty passions: but it could not have moved the electoral body to such a degree, it could not have been everywhere triumphant, if the watchword it adopted had not accorded with a general and deeply-rooted feeling in the breasts of the bourgeoisie. And what was that watchword? *Hatred to personal government!* To resist an attack that came from the dominant class itself, M. Molé and his colleagues had but one means at command; namely, corruption. They employed it with a sort of frenzy, yet it failed them. They fell, therefore, leaving authority compromised, the sources of election poisoned, the Chamber in ebullition, royalty naked to its foes, the bourgeoisie at once intoxicated and em-

barrassed with its victory: natural and inevitable consequences of the antagonism of the monarchical and elective principles. For, to unite against common dangers and afterwards to tear each other to pieces, is the natural destiny of two rival powers confronted together.

CHAPTER XIII.

What has gone before proves that the French bourgeoisie would on no conditions consent to be enslaved by royalty. On the contrary, it would fain have enslaved its rival; but the reader is about to see what was its impotence in this respect. Thus, under these two aspects will stand forth to view the absurdity of the system which places a king and a legislative assembly face to face with each other. We feel it necessary to point out the conclusion beforehand, in order to explain how it is we have been able to enter without disgust upon the investigation of the intrigues to which the fall of the Molé cabinet gave rise. To the statesman and the philosopher, the lessons of history are not less valuable when she stoops than when she soars.

The coalition having been formed by the temporary alliance of the doctrinaires, the Left Centre, and the Left, its leaders were, of course, Guizot, Thiers, and Odilon Barrot. Now there were three most important posts in the government: the ministry of the interior, that of foreign affairs, and the presidency of the Chamber; the question was, should one of these be given to Guizot, another to Thiers, and the third to Odilon Barrot? Nothing appeared more reasonable, and M. Guizot had no thought of any other arrangement.

But the leader of the doctrinaire party was still a dangerous man in the eyes of the members of the Left. They knew him to be indifferent in matters of policy, ready to accommodate himself to the most opposite states of things, and capable even of passing into the service of the royal prerogative, and then making a haughty parade of his fickleness, and glorying in his defection. Already they beheld in him the king's violent and imperious slave, and they thought of Strafford fiercely upholding and serving the despotism of Charles I., after having been its equally fierce opponent. Besides, there was no doubt but that as soon as he was in office, M. Guizot would bestow all the places at his disposal upon his friends; and this was a matter of serious moment to certain friends of Odilon Barrot, who were bent on having their own share in the good things of office.

Did M. Thiers strive to keep up these bickerings in order to weaken an influence that seemed formidable to his ambition? The fact has since been alleged against him, but unjustly. His only fault as regarded M. Guizot, was that he did not use his ascendancy over the members of the Left in such a manner as to make them wholly forego their prejudices. A first meeting of Barrot's friends having been called, Thiers appeared in it, and argued with warmth and sincerity, that it would be neither prudent nor equitable to refuse Guizot a share in the advantages

of a victory towards which he had co-operated. And yet he did not go the length of claiming the ministry of the interior for the leader of the doctrinaires. The meeting were perplexed and uncertain what to do. At last it was determined, that the *portefeuille* of public instruction should be offered to Guizot, and if he was content with it he should be supported by the Left.

Exulting in a success on which he had scarcely reckoned, Thiers hastened to communicate it to Guizot; but the latter, instead of rejoicing at the good news, regarded it as an insult, and intimated his intention to resent it openly.

An interview which was to be decisive, was therefore arranged between M. Barrot, accompanied by MM. Havin and Chambolle; M. Thiers, accompanied by MM. Mathieu de la Redote and Roger, and M. Guizot, whose friends on the occasion were MM. Duvergier de Hauranne and Rémusat.

The discussion began with warmth on one side, and grave earnestness on the other. Guizot, being pressed to consent to a compromise which would remove all difficulties, declared that he could not accept the secondary post allotted to him without suffering his party to be discredited and insulted in his person. M. Chambolle then endeavoured, in a very ingenious and cogent speech, to make him lower his pretensions. What was he afraid of? That his influence in the council would be too weak if he held only the *portefeuille* of public instruction? But a minister's importance depends less on the special rank he fills in the administration, than on his personal weight and his talents. Would M. Guizot, as simply minister of public instruction, be the less in the eyes of the public one of the most considerable men in the cabinet? With no one should such an apprehension have less weight than with him, who had already filled the post now offered him, and had done so in such a manner as to attract all men's attention. If the ministry of the interior was refused him, it was by no means with any intention of slighting him. But was it just to exact of the many friends of MM. Thiers and Barrot that they should surrender up the council of state, the prefectures, subprefectures, and the really political posts to the leader of the doctrinaire party, a party which did not reckon more than thirty members in the Chamber, and which held out of doors no other place than that of its old unpopularity?

To these arguments respectfully urged by M. Chambolle, M. Guizot replied by a proposal extremely embarrassing to his adversaries. "If M. Odilon Barrot," he said, "desires the ministry of the interior for himself, I yield to him on condition that he will give me the presidency of the Chamber instead. Is this asking too much? The coalition has three leaders, and I am one of them: there are three great posts to be filled, and I only ask for that one which neither M. Barrot nor M. Thiers will have. What can be fairer?"

M. de Rémusat next expatiated very eloquently on the danger of breaking up the coalition. He showed that the encroachments of the royal prerogative could only be stopped by a strict alliance between Berrot, Guizot, and Thiers; that this alliance once broken, the Chamber

would soon be brought into utter subjection; that in presence of a permanent authority endowed with the prestige of majesty, and with the strength which unity confers, nothing was more to be feared than the breaking up of parliamentary parties into small sections, and that the very existence of the constitutional system was at stake; that, moreover, the differences of opinon between the doctrinaires and the Left were not so substantial but that they might easily be softened down by habitual contact; that the coalition had already destroyed many unjust prejudices, assuaged many seeming hostilities, and that it was alike easy and imperatively necessary to follow up a work of conciliation so auspiciously begun. And then he represented, that the Left ought not to entertain exaggerated notions of its own influence; though it had much weight with one part of society, it was a bugbear to the other portion. Would it not be a great gainer by obtaining the co-operation of a man whose name would be a guarantee for it even amongst the most suspicious conservatives? But how were such results to be arrived at if they began by disputing M. Guizot's claims to a place in the cabinet worthy of his talent and of his services?

During the delivery of this speech, Guizot gave many signs of assent, and his approval was especially manifested in a manner not to be mistaken, when the speaker alluded to his readiness to lend the aid of his name to the projects of reform entertained by the Left. But after all it was found impossible to come to terms, for Barrot's friends would on no account consent to surrender the ministry of the interior to the doctrinaires and their leader. It may well be imagined how galling this was to a man like Guizot. What! he had flung himself into the thick of the fight to help his old adversaries to power! He had braved the king and the court; had played the demagogue, encountered furious resentment; renounced the pomp of his unpopularity:—and this was his reward! He was too well accustomed to the mask of disdainful tranquillity, to break out into open complaints and threats; but vengeance rankled in his heart, and from that moment his late friends might reckon him amongst their most implacable enemies.

In the interval, Louis Philippe had made overtures, through Marshal Soult, to Thiers, who replied that he would treat with the king only, upon a formal and direct invitation from his majesty; whether it was that he feared some trap, or that he would have been glad to have in his hands a written proof of the advances with which he was honoured. The letter he desired was addressed to him; the negotiations were opened; and the first arrangement proposed, having broken down as we have seen, M. Thiers called to him Dupin *aîné*, Humann, Duperré, Sauzet, Passy, Villemain, Dufaure, all members of the Left Centre. The presidency of this cabinet would have belonged to Marshal Soult, and Thiers would have been minister for foreign affairs. A programme was immediately agreed on, the substance of which was: 1st, That the new ministers should not be embarrassed in the distribution of places by the royal prerogative; 2nd, That, without going the length of intervention, some protective measures should be taken on behalf of Spain. Thiers insisted much on these two clauses; on the first, because he was

eager to fulfil the promises he had made to his friends; on the second, because it seemed to give an aim to the coalition, which without it was in much danger of passing in history for one of the most sterile schemes ever planned by ambition. He felt, too, a secret pride in making the king give way on a question which had assumed in the eyes of Europe, the character of a duel between him and Louis Philippe.

And it was for such a consummation as this, that confusion and animosity had been everywhere fostered for several months.

The list of names having been fixed, and the programme adopted, MM. Soult, Thiers, Humann, and Dupin repaired to the Chateau, to sound the king's inclination, and to get him to accept MM. Passy, Villemain, and Dufaure, whom he disliked and feared. There was something to remind one of Roland's receptions at the court of Marie Antoinette, in that which was granted the members of the Left Centre, though none of them resembled the Girondist minister in independence or austerity. The royal family looked sullenly upon them; the king alone met them with a smiling countenance. They passed in silence through the saloons, between the queen's apartment and the theatre, where the interview was to take place, and each took his seat; M. Dupin with an assurance of manner that was carried to rudeness; M. Humann retaining his own peculiar air of sly good humour; the marshal taciturn, with his head leaning on his shoulder; and M. Thiers in a state of agitation, that hardly allowed him to sit still. The discussion having begun on the persons named in the list, the king expressed no great liking for Dufaure, having never seen him, and believing him to be of a very stubborn character. On hearing Passy's name he called to mind the words Passy had uttered on the steps of the tribune, "The mischief has a higher source than ministers." "M. Passy! why, he is my personal enemy." He said also of M. Villemain: "He is an enemy to my house," alluding to the little alacrity Villemain had shown in 1830, to salute the fortunes of the Orleans dynasty. However strong were the feelings of repugnance expressed in such terms, M. Thiers zealously combated them, and with success. On the question of things the king's opposition was conveyed in a great profusion of words, to which, contrary to his custom, Thiers replied only with cold, laconic brevity, or obstinate repetitions.

There was reason to believe from the result of this first step, that the proposed ministry was not acceptable to the court; accordingly, great was the astonishment of Thiers on receiving an assurance to the contrary from Soult. He returned, however, once more to the palace with his colleagues; only, as he was going up the staircase, he shook his head and uttered those words, which were afterwards turned against him; "We are going up this staircase as ministers; I very much fear we shall come down not ministers." And yet the table was arranged, the ordonnances were ready; every thing seemed settled. But Thiers had promised himself that he would bring the king to explain himself categorically, for he could not rest satisfied with a vague acceptance of the programme agreed on. He began, therefore, with setting forth in detail what it was proper to do in favour of the Spaniards and Christina. He

asked, was the king disposed to grant them naval assistance; to send them arms; to allow the landing of our seamen in case of need; and to stop the succours sent to Don Carlos in Russian or Dutch vessels. This was, in fact, demanding that France should interpret the right of neutral states in the English manner, as M. Passy remarked, with a vivacity that irritated M. Thiers still more than it surprised him. But encouraged by the visibly gracious attention afforded him by the king, M. Passy maintained his opinion with the air of a man competent to speak to the point, and who was fully convinced. Presently he had all his colleagues on his side except Thiers, whose eyes sparkled with anger. As for the king, he had been all condescension from the first, and the difference of opinion which broke out before his face, spared him the necessity of enforcing his private sentiments by the weight of his words. The discussion seemed at an end, when Thiers, fully determined to carry out the explanations to the utmost, spoke of the necessity of bestowing the presidency of the Chamber on Odilon Barrot. Nothing could be less to the king's liking; he would readily have had Barrot for minister, with the hope of being able to act upon him; but he was frightened at the idea of seeing the flag of the Left planted victoriously in the Chamber. He was not, however, forced to explain himself in such a manner as to entail on him the reproach of having produced a rupture; for at the mere mention of Barrot's name, Humann hastened to protest that, for his part, he could not, without breaking with his best friends, lend himself to the parliamentary presidency of the leader of the Left. This was too much: "Try, gentlemen, to come to an agreement among yourselves," said the king, with a slightly ironical tone, as he broke up the sitting. Thereupon Thiers, bringing down his hands with a slap on the table, cried out bitterly, and almost insultingly: "Did I not tell you, sire, that these gentlemen were stronger than I?" "Ay, so I perceive," replied Louis-Philippe.

On quitting the Château, the party repaired to Marshal Soult's; but Humann declared that he would retire; besides, feelings had been excited too full of acrimony to allow of any possible agreement.

A thousand contradictory rumours now went abroad. Humann, Passy, and Dufaure, easily persuaded themselves that the only motive which had induced Thiers to encounter the difficulties of a long explanation was, that he might frustrate a ministerial arrangement he was supposed to dislike, because it assigned the highest place to Marshal Soult. This interpretation obtained great vogue, the courtiers seized upon it, and Thiers was denounced as the most dangerous of marplots. On his part, he had it told about by his friends, that his reasons for having thought it necessary to demand categorical explanations were founded on personal knowledge of the king, whom he knew to be easy as to theory, but not so as to practice; that it would have been folly on his part to accept office without distinctly making his conditions beforehand; that his complete justification was supplied by the resistance of those he had himself made his colleagues; a resistance so extraordinary, so unforeseen, and which so clearly testified the influence exercised by a near approach to royalty, and by the too impatient longing for a *portefeuille*.

Things being in this position, Marshal Soult called on Thiers, and pressed him to put himself at the head of a cabinet. But not wishing to give his accusers a handle, and believing right or wrong that Soult was an envoy from the Château, Thiers replied: "Do not, monsieur le maréchal, give the crown such advice. If I were called on to-day to form a cabinet, and were offered the presidency, I will not conceal from you that I should regard such an offer as a snare."

Thus, to the disorders of the ministerial interregnum, were added rancorous recriminations and insulting suspicions. It was necessary to fall back on the idea of forming a coalition cabinet, and recourse was had to M. de Broglie to bring Thiers and Guizot together. Unfortunately, the state of things had become singularly complicated within a short while. From the day he found himself rejected by the Left, Guizot had begun to retrograde towards his old connexions, and the members of the Centre, delighted to get him back, had turned his resentment to good account. Now, if some of the doctrinaires, such as Duvergier de Hauranne, remained faithful to the coalition, others following Hébert's example, were not averse to turn against it. Thiers was aware of this, and he did not choose for the sake of making up matters with Guizot, to forfeit his engagements with the Left. He had made it a point of honour to obtain the presidency of the Chamber for Odilon Barrot; and the more uncertain that result appeared, the more he pondered on the means of attaining it. Until then he had contented himself with saying: "Let us vote for M. Barrot as president of the Chamber;" but now he went further, and demanded that the presidency of the leader of the Left should be made a cabinet question; a demand which M. Guizot thought exorbitant, and which gave the final blow to the coalition.

Meanwhile, society, so strongly moved on its surface, was beginning to be stirred up from its depths; already was heard the seething and bubbling of parties; there was an unusual bustle in the embassies, and extaordinary couriers were hastening along all the roads of Europe, carrying to the absolute kings the grand news that the constitutional government was fallen into a state of piteous feebleness, and was about to give up the ghost. An attempt made to bring M. Thiers and Marshal Soult together in one cabinet, was rejected by the latter with an affectation of scorn, which told the former to what implacable hatred he was devoted; and the general emotion redoubled, being furthermore excited and kept up by the vehemence of the press. It was a time of fury, of delirium, and not a blow was struck but told upon royalty. The combatants fought for or against the king; but always about him. He, alone, said the friends of Thiers, is answerable for this prolonged crisis; and every morning the *Constitutionel* contained the most vehement attacks upon the court faction and particularly upon Marshal Soult, who was suspected of playing the king's game in this ugly medley of intrigues: for there was a great disposition to attribute to the court the design of for ever dividing the leaders of the coalition, overwhelming them under the weight of their own victory, convicting them one after another of folly and incapacity, and throwing ridicule on their attack upon the royal prerogative.

And the courtiers, on their side, were loud in their invectives against

M. Thiers. According to the *Journal des Débats*, he was the king's personal enemy and calumniator; he threw every thing into confusion because the love of disorder was become a taint in his blood, and the Cardinal de Retz was outdone by him.

The Château hit upon an odd expedient to give the more credit to the accusation. They pretended to believe, that the anarchy under which all were suffering was in a manner attached to the person of M. Thiers, and that when he was out of the way order would be immediately restored. An embassy was offered him. Now a false report was sent abroad at this time, that his affairs were embarrassed, and that he had been obliged to have recourse to the purses of his friends. He thought he could see what his enemies were aiming at. Being sent for by the king, he said to him: "I cannot think of accepting a salaried exile. But let the king declare, in writing, that he thinks a journey abroad on my part would be of service towards facilitating the *dénoûment* of the crisis: this will be an ostracism, I will submit to it." That evening a great number of deputies, with M. Barrot at their head, hastened to him to assure him of their sympathy, and encourage him to persist in his refusal.

Things were in this state when it was announced, on the 1st of April, that a cabinet had at last been formed. But what was the surprise of the public, on reading in the *Moniteur* the names of MM. de Montebello, Gasparin, Girod de l'Ain, Cubières, Tupinier, Parant, and Gauthier! "In the time of the disputes between Fox and Pitt," said the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "England remained seven months without a ministry, and would have remained so longer, had not George III. declared that he was tired of such vexatious delays, and would go down to Charing-cross and take the first seven gentlemen he met for his ministers." The list published in the *Moniteur* was made the subject of still more insulting commentaries. Paris was in commotion. There were gatherings in the public places, tumultuous cries, murmurs precursive of riot, and charges of cavalry.

Thereupon, dismayed and forced to stoop to artifices, the partisans of the crown and the members of the Centre bent all their energies to gain over certain leaders of the Left Centre by flattering overtures, and they resolved to offer the presidency of the Chamber to M. Passy, one of the leaders of the coalition. M. Thiers was informed of this, and filled with indignation, he called a meeting of the members of the Left Centre at the house of M. Ganneron, and there declared his objection to the appointment of M. Passy; he called to mind the pledges given to M. Barrot, and conjured his friends not to vote for a candidate who would be thrust upon them by the Centre. The Left Centre, accordingly, declared firmly for M. Barrot, so that when M. Passy was proposed for president of the Chamber, on the 16th of April, he had his adversaries in his favour, and his friends against him. The former prevailed. Odilon Barrot obtained but 193 votes; his rival 223.

This was a curious victory for M. Passy; but as it brought him more in contact with the court, the king intrusted him with the formation of a cabinet, that which already existed being only provisional, and not

even itself pretending to any other character. Passy immediately set to work. Thiers, on being applied to by him, declared his readiness to accede to the presidency of Marshal Soult. Now the marshal having promised, on his part, to accept Thiers for his colleague, under the proposed arrangement, the matter was looked upon as settled, when all at once the marshal intimated to the persons who had charge of the negotiation, that M. Thiers must make up his mind to renounce the ministry of foreign affairs and take that of the interior. There was something so unforeseen and so insulting in the proposal, it so clearly indicated an intention of dealing with the Spanish question, in a manner contrary to the declared views of M. Thiers, that his friends refused without even waiting to consult him. On his part he conceived, in consequence of this, an increase of hatred to the marshal, to which he did not hesitate to give vent in the tribune in impassioned language. As for M. Passy, who had set the negotiation on foot, he complained loudly of having been duped, though this did not hinder him from making a second attempt.

This was the sixth effort to form a ministry, and every thing promised that it would at last be successful. The *portefeuilles* were distributed as follows: foreign affairs, Thiers; interior, Dufaure; commerce and public works, Sauzet; the seals, Dupin *aîné;* war, Marshal Maison; marine, Admiral Duperré; public instruction, Pelet de la Lozère. To prevent all dispute as to pre-eminence, it was agreed, that the council should have no real president; that there should be only an *orderly* president to regulate the discussions, and that this post should be filled by M. Dupin. On the 29th of April, every one saw the crisis was at an end. Although there was no sitting that day, there was a concourse of inquisitive persons round the Palais Bourbon: the conference hall was thronged with a numerous and impatient body of députies, with their eyes fixed on the carriages that stood in the yard waiting to convey the new ministers to the Tuileries. They waited, but in vain; the hours rolled on, and still the carriages remained as they were; all were lost in conjectures. Some amused themselves with attributing the delay to unimportant causes; others guessed that they were to see the scandal of a sixth failure, and talked of a concealed hand that frustrated the most honest endeavours. Suddenly their ears were struck with these words, "All is broken off." In fact, M. Dupin, who had gone to the château the evening before, had just declared to his colleagues of a day, that there could be no ministry deserving the name without a real president; that he could not reconcile himself to the *orderly* presidency that had been offered him; that in order not to alienate the Centre altogether, M. Cunin Gridaine, who had been thought of in the first instance, but whose refusal changed the position of things, ought to have been taken into the cabinet; that the king looked coldly on a cabinet from which the men of his choice were excluded; and, that his coldness would render it very difficult for the ministry to stand their ground before a majority, the strength of which was unquestionable, and which there was much reason to fear would be hostile. Thus every thing fell back into chaos. The fermentation in Paris redoubled. When called to the tribune

to give an account of his conduct, M. Dupin made a lame defence, and drew down on himself a crushing reply from M. Dufaure. But what remedy was there against so much anarchy? What issue out of such perplexities?

No one can say what would have come of such a state of disorder, had there not come of it an insurrection, which was indeed put down, but which served by the imminence of the danger to reunite the divided leaders of the bourgeoisie.

There existed at that time in Paris a secret society, which dated from July, 1834. Struck by the disadvantages entailed on the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* by the publicity of its existence, some republicans determined, in 1834, to form a new society, almost exclusively military in character, and so constituted that its officers were to remain unknown until the day of battle. The smallest division of the association, its unit, as it were, consisted of six members, and was called a *family*. Five or six families, united under one chief, formed a *section*, and two or three sections a *quarter*. The chiefs of quarters were under the orders of the *revolutionary agent*, a member of the mysterious committee that presided over the association. There were depôts of munitions, and they were distributed beforehand: a bad system, for it had the effect not only of occasioning dangerous confidences, but also of encouraging the conspirators to hopes of conflict, which not being realized, left the association without an aim, and tended to dissolve it. And yet it spread rather rapidly at first. In the beginning of 1836, it numbered 1200 men, and had very important ramifications in two regiments, in garrison in Paris. A longing was felt to be doing, and the manufacture of powder was begun. But the police were put on the alert; domiciliary visits led to the discovery of important secrets, and to the arrest of the leaders; and after an abortive attempt at insurrection, the society was broken up.

In 1836 and 1837, the work was resumed; the *Society of Families* was transformed into one called the *Society of the Seasons*, and it was decided at the instigation of M. Martin Bernard, 1st, That frequent reviews should take place at periods undetermined, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, which would allow of bringing the men together and dispersing them, without its being possible for them to know when and how the decisive blow was to be struck; 2nd, That when the time for battle was come, the munitions should be placed in the way of the insurrectional columns, so as to be distributed only in the actual presence of danger.

Thus the government was surrounded on all parts by invisible enemies. In 1838, a manufactory of cartridges was proved to be carried on at Raban's, an engraver in the Palais Royal, and this was not the only warning which chance afforded the government. But where was the heart of the insurrection? When would the signal be given? What was the number of those indomitable fighting men, whose swords seemed as it were to flash from afar through the gloom? In 1839, the association had a thousand men enrolled, and possessed twelve thousand cartridges; its leaders, unknown to itself, were Armand Barbès, a man of brilliant mind, a chivalric and heroic soul; Martin Bernard, a powerful

thinker, with the courage of a Spartan; Blanqui, a conspirator born; Guignot Nétré, and Meillard, generous and ardent spirits. We have described the frightful state of confusion under which the political world then laboured. The conspirators were seized with a fatal restlessness and impatience; they longed to fight, and declared that they would separate if the word were not given them to take up arms. Here let us pause, to remark what melancholy liabilities those men condemn themselves to, who, having more faith in the victories of physical force, than in the peaceful and inevitable conquests of intellect, make the progress of humanity a thing to be achieved by a *coup de main*. The members of the committee felt themselves fatally entangled by circumstances. Their army was lost to them if it did not hurry them along with it, and an iron hand drove them down a declivity, up which there is no returning after a first rash step. Here is an example which cannot be too much meditated on in our days, by so many noble young men, who are the dupes of their own patriotism: for political faith has its intoxication, and devotedness its illusions.

The insurrection was resolved on. As for the means, they were matter of tradition among the conspirators: to group together, under pretext of a review, and unknown to each other, all the divisions in the vicinity of an armourer's warehouse, and to distribute on the ground the muskets and cartridges, the previous distribution of which would have betrayed the plot. Lepage's warehouse had the reputation of being the best stocked in Paris; and it had, besides, the advantage of being in a central situation; it was, therefore, appointed for the rallying point. Two depôts were procured in the neighbourhood, and the last days were employed: by Barbès, in visiting the officers of every grade in the various quarters; by Martin Bernard, Guignot, Meillard, &c., instudying the details of the localities, and marking the shops which might serve as waiting places. To avoid mistakes of dwellings and suspicious encumbrances, care was taken to send each member, who was considered a good fighting man, a note of summons, containing special and precise directions. What plan should the conspirators follow? The one proposed by Blanqui, consisted in seizing the prefecture of police, and intrenching themselves there as in a citadel. Every thing had been foreseen and provided for: so many bridges to occupy; so many barricades to construct; such a thickness to be given to the barricades, in order to make them proof against ordinary cannon; so many men to be posted on each of the points marked in the map. Barbès started objections as to the danger of a voluntary isolation in the city, where there was no population to rouse; the difficulty of constructing, between the signal and the attack, barricades such as were prescribed in the Handbook of the Military Engineer: and the still greater difficulty of breaking in armed conspirators, a troop essentially undisciplined, to a preconcerted system of tactics. These objections were overruled, and Blanqui's plan was adopted. As for a proclamation to send forth amongst the people, Barbès and Martin Bernard were averse, from modesty, to parade their own names; but the honour of openly and irrevocably compromising themselves, tempted their courage, and they gave their signatures in

the prospect of possible success, because it was giving them, to all appearance, in the prospect of death.

The hour was come. At half-past three on the 12th of May, the sectionaires turned out into the Rue Bourg l'Abbé. The call to arms suddenly resounded. The door of the armourer's warehouse was vehemently battered, but still resisted, when some of the insurgents made their way into the warehouse by a window opening on the court; and the door soon yielding to the force exerted upon it from within and from without, at last gave passage to a flood of assailants. The muskets and cartridges were distributed; the insurgents marched to the depots; and whilst Barbès, Meillard, and Nétré entered the one, the other was occupied by Martin Bernard, and Guignot. The two operations ought to have occupied the same space of time, but the second having been delayed beyond measure by obstacles impossible to be foreseen, when Barbès and Meillard returned to the street, where, however, Blanqui had remained, they found there nothing but confusion, discouragement, desertion, and disorder: a thing easily conceivable or rather inevitable in such cases. Nothing was heard but murmurs and imprecations: "We are betrayed! There is no plan! Where are the officers? Let the committee show itself!" Barbès presented himself to the most violent, and in a scene, like that in which a moment afterwards Martin Bernard made the reply, "We are the committee," he succeeded in recovering some degree of authority. Still the moment was critical: the *sauve qui peut* was beginning. Barbès saw clearly the necessity of hurrying on the strife without waiting for the assemblage of all the insurrectional forces, and followed by a handful of men, he marched towards the quays. The column crossed the bridge of Notre Dame, hurried through the Quai aux Fleurs, and reached the guard-house at the Palais de Justice. Summoned to surrender, the officer replied, "Never with life!" and turning round he beckoned to his men to stand to their arms. Two shots were then fired from amongst the insurgents, and the officer fell mortally wounded.

The insurgents instantly dashed forward, attacked the guard-house with a brisk fusillade, and carried it. But in the interval, time had been afforded for arming the defenders of the prefecture of police. Too feeble in numbers to attempt any effectual attack on the prefecture, and warned, besides, by the shots, that a detachment of their comrades had just reached the Place du Châtelet, the column under Barbès and Meillard hastened thither to join that one which was led by Guignot, Martin Bernard, Nétré, and Blanqui. Many had already dispersed. The two united columns were too weak a body to keep the open ground. Nothing remained for them, therefore, but to plunge into the narrow and populous streets, completing their supply of arms as they went along by carrying all the guard-houses they met in their way. Conformably to their desperate resolution, they marched first to the Hôtel de Ville, which they occupied, and there Barbès read the proclamation in a firm voice. They then rushed to the Place St. Jean, where they carried the guard-house after a murderous conflict. From thence to the mayoralty of the seventh arrondissement the distance is short; they traversed it at

a run. They counted on finding arms there, but were wholly disappointed.

Meanwhile, the town was filling with soldiers. The people had manifested surprise and curiosity, but that was all. Five years earlier the three hundred soldiers of so impetuous and sudden a revolt would have found, wherever they marched, passions that wanted but a breach to kindle them into a blaze; but, in 1839, Paris was wearied out, and the prodigy of their audacity only threw it into a state of stupefaction. Whence came these fearless men? What had prompted them to so extravagant an enterprise? What meant their intrepid folly? Who made them so eager to die? We ourselves, on that dismal day, saw within twenty paces of the Rue de la Paix, four young men pass by with muskets on their shoulders, hastening with proud and angry looks in the direction of the firing. The few pedestrians in the streets made way for them, and gazed after them with astonishment and dread.

The day was drawing to a close. A new thought occurred to the insurgents in their despair, and they proceeded towards the mayoralty of the sixth arrondissement, through the Rues Simon le Franc, Beaubourg, and Transnonain: an ill-starred route, marked with the blood of the preceding insurrections, and peopled as it were with ghosts. An utter silence, the horror of which can hardly be expressed, prevailed for hours in that usually most tumultuous part of the capital. The houses were all closed and dark, and not a sound was heard, neither the rolling of wheels nor the cries of children, nor the noise of the busy crowd. But all at once the *Marseillaise* pealed through those deserted streets, and it sounded like a dirge. It was sung by the insurgents rousing themselves to their last struggle. Three barricades were thrown up in the Rue Grenetat, and the insurrection had dug its own grave. Among the leaders, Guignot and Meillard were wounded; Barbès, too, had been struck in the head; he was arrested with his hands black with powder, and his face covered with blood.

The defeated insurrection of the 12th of May brought forth a ministry. Marshal Soult had the presidency of the council, and the ministry of foreign affairs; M. Teste, justice; M. Schneider, war; M. Duperré, marine; M. Duchâtel, the interior; M. Cunin Gridaine, commerce; M. Dufaure, public works; M. Villemain, public instruction; and M. Passy, finance.

On the 27th of June, appeared before the Court of Peers, Armand Barbès, Martin Bernard, Bonnet, Roudil, Guilbert, Mialon, Delsade, Lemière, Austen, Walch, Lebarzic, Philippet, Dugas, Nouguès, Noël Martin, Marescal, Pierne, and Grégoire. The number of those inculpated was much greater; but, as the preliminary inquiries had not been quite completed in all the cases, the right had been assumed of dividing the prisoners into two categories. Emmanuel Arago, and Dupont, who defended Barbès and Martin Bernard, proved with vivid eloquence, that the indivisibility of the offence inferred, as a matter of course, that of the criminal proceedings, by all the rules of jurisprudence, logic, common sense, and equity; that when a fact common to several persons was in question, the part assignable to each of them depended on the whole body of the evidence; and that there was manifest danger in condemn-

ing an accused person on appearances, which his co-accused might possibly refute upon subsequent evidence. And in support of their argument, which was ably opposed by the *procureur-général*, the advocates of the prisoners produced a joint opinion, signed by distinguished *avocats*. MM. Martin (de Strasbourg), Hennequin, Nicot, Odilon Barrot, Ledru Rollin, Marie, Joly, Bethmont, Dugabé, Galisset Coralli, Béchard, Lucus, Crémieux, Durand de Romorantin, Mandaroux Vertamy, Charamaule, Dupont White, Maurat Ballange, Moulin, Lanvin, Natchet, Plocque, Durand de Saint Amand, Chamaillard, Cotelle, and Hennequin *fils*. But whether it was that the government was desirous of having Barbès and Martin Bernard tried during the first flush of angry feeling, or that it feared, according to the expression of M. Franc Carré the successive dwindling away of the proofs, and the embarrassments of a long trial, the opinions of council was overruled.

M. Franck Carré dwelt particularly, in his requisitory, on the murder of the officer, Drouineau, alleging it to be an act of assassination, and that Barbès was guilty of it. Barbès rose, and never was deeper conviction apparent on a nobler countenance. The calmness of the accused man, his lofty stature, his beaming eye, his proud, bold beauty, and manly eloquence, all bespoke the heroism of his nature. He expressed himself simply, and in few words, and moved a great part of the audience to tears. "I do not rise," he said, "to reply to your accusation; I am not disposed to reply to any of your questions. If others besides myself were not interested in the matter, I would not make a speech; I would appeal to your consciences, and you would own that you were not here judges come to sit in justice upon accused men; but you are politicians, who are come to decide the fate of your political enemies. The events of the 12th of May having given you a great number of prisoners, I have a duty to fulfil.

"I declare, then, that at three o'clock on the 12th of May, all these citizens were ignorant of our intention of attacking your government. They had been called together by the committee, without knowing for what purpose. They thought they were only to attend a review; and it was not until they were actually on the ground, where we had taken care to place ammunition, and where we knew that we should find weapons, that I put arms into their hands, and gave the word of command to march. These citizens, then, were hurried away, and forced by a moral compulsion to obey that command. In my opinion they are innocent.

"I think that this declaration ought to have some weight with you; for, as for myself, I do not desire to profit by it. I declare that I was one of the leaders of the association; I declare it was I who prepared the conflict, and brought together all the means of execution; I declare that I took part in it, and fought against your troops; but if I assume to myself the full and entire responsibility of all the general facts, I must also decline all responsibility for certain acts, which I neither advised, nor ordered, nor approved: I mean acts of cruelty, which morality reprobates. Among them I class the killing of Lieutenant Drouineau, which the indictment specifies as having been commanded by me, with premeditation and subtlety.

"It is not for you I say this; you are not disposed to believe me, for you are my enemies. I say it, that my country may know the fact. This was an act of which I am neither guilty nor capable. Had I killed that officer, I would have done so in open fight, with equal weapons, as far as that may be, in a conflict in the streets, with an equal division of ground and sun. I committed no assassination; this is a calumny, which it is sought to fasten on a soldier of the people's cause. I did not kill Lieutenant Drouineau. This is all I have to say."

Truth has words and tones which none can resist: every one believed, in his conscience, what Barbès asserted. True to the declaration he had made, Barbès was resolved not to reply to any questions put to him by the president; nevertheless, he broke silence for a moment, when pressed by his questioner, and said: "When the Indian is vanquished, when the chance of war has thrown him into the power of his enemy, he thinks not of defending himself, nor has recourse to idle words; he resigns himself to his fate, and yields up his head to the scalping-knife." Next day, M. Pasquier having observed that the prisoner had with reason compared himself to a savage: "The pitiless savage," retorted Barbès, "is not he who gives his head to the scalper, but he who scalps."

Martin Bernard refused, like his friend, to reply to the questions of the court, and preserved a stoic demeanour to the end. There were no other charges against him than those which rested on the disclosures made by one of his fellow-prisoners, Nouguès, who, supposing he was dead, had denounced him. Having discovered his error, Nouguès made touching, but fruitless efforts to repair its consequences; but it was too late.

Among the prisoners there was one, Noël Martin, whose extreme youth excited peculiar interest. He was a genuine child of Paris, heedless and brave, who had joined the insurgent ranks as they passed along, unable to resist the temptation of the sport. His demeanour before the Court of Peers was at once audacious and boyish.

There was also remarked on the prisoners' bench, a young man with long floating, flaxen hair, named Austen. Like Barbès, Martin Bernard, and their comrades, he had done everything on the 12th to cast away his life; but death seemed determined to spare him. The following was the deposition regarding him made by M. Tisserand, officer of the *garde municipale:*

"On the 12th of May, about four o'clock, word was brought us that disturbances had taken place in the Rue Bourg l'Abbé; and detachments were immediately marched to the spot. Some moments afterwards we were again informed that the disturbances had increased, and fresh detachments were despatched. About half-past four we were informed that the insurgents were very numerous, and were threatening the mayoralty of the sixth arrondissement. I received orders from Captain Lallemand to march immediately to that point. I instantly set out; but had no sooner entered the Rue St. Martin, than I found the crowd there dense, but inoffensive; it opened to let me pass, and a great num-

ber of persons came up and entreated me to retrace my steps, telling me that I and my men would infallibly be cut to pieces.

"I paid no attention to this advice, which might possibly have been given with evil intentions; but ordered my men to follow me at double-quick step without firing a shot.

"I placed myself a few paces in advance of my troop, and ordering the drummer to beat the charge, I rushed forward, sword in hand, followed by all my men. The insurgents also beat the charge, and received me with a hot fire at point blank distance. Nine men were struck, I was the tenth. I instantly sprang upon the barricade; one of the insurgents fired and missed me; I struck him with my sword on the breast and he fell. This man had long flowing, flaxen hair. I quitted the barricade. At this moment one of the insurgents was kneeling on the ground, holding his musket, the muzzle of which he laid on my chest. Fortunately I was nimble enough to run him through with my sword. In his dying convulsions he seized me by the legs, I fell, and we both rolled upon the ground."

The defence was made by the several advocates of the prisoners with much brilliancy and ability; but most of the accused had been taken *in flagrante delicto*. One thing, however, important for their client, was fully established by MM. Dupont and Emmanuel Arago, namely, that Barbès had no hand whatever in the death of Lieutenant Drouineau.

The court of Peers pronounced its verdict on the 12th of July, 1839, acquitting Bonnet, Lebarzic, Dugas, Grégoire; condemning Barbès to death; Martin Bernard to transportation; Mialon to the galleys for life; Delsade and Austen to fifteen years' detention; Nouguès and Philippet to six years' detention; Roudil, Guilbert, and Lemière to five years' detention; Martin and Longuet to five years' imprisonment; Marescal to three years', and Walch and Pierné to two years' imprisonment.

During the reading of the sentence which consigned him to death, Barbès was wholly occupied with the thought of his friend Martin Bernard. "Is he sentenced to death?" he eagerly inquired; and when he was reassured on that point, his face glowed with a noble expression of pleasure. Bernard, too, on learning his fate, manifested the same disregard for himself, and the same engrossing sentiments of friendship.

The severity of the sentence pronounced on Barbès produced consternation in Paris. People called to mind 1830, the vast bloodshed of the three days, the ordonnances, and how the heads of Charles X.'s ministers were spared, and what was the king's abhorrence of capital punishments in those days. Barbès, moreover, had everywhere excited indescribable sympathy. Every one deplored and blamed the revolt, but they admired the fervour of his faith, and the dignity of his courage. On the 15th of July, about noon, there were seen entering the Place Vendôme, on their way to the Chancery, nearly three thousand pupils of the schools of law and medicine. They advanced slowly and in silence, bareheaded, with the melancholy solemnity of a funeral procession. On arriving in the Place they formed a circle, and two of their number stepping forth, went up to the office of the *garde de*

seaux, to petition, in the name of the young men of Paris, for the abolition of the penalty of death for political offences, and a commutation of punishment in the case of Barbès. M. Teste being absent, they were received by M. Boudet, who generously promised to make a faithful report of their mission. The column then resumed its silent and serious march through the midst of the saddened population. At the same time, with the same intention, and with the same orderly behaviour, another column of citizens, formed on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, was proceeding to the Palais Bourbon. But in its ranks there were men in smock-frocks, working men; and no sooner had it reached the Pont de la Concorde than it was violently dispersed by a charge of cavalry.

These public demonstrations were backed by a multitude of others of a private nature. Learning that of all the ministers Marshal Soult was the one most obstinately bent on rigour, MM. Dupont and Emmanuel Arago took steps with regard to him, the object of which was either to render him less inflexible, or to fix upon him an undubitable responsibility. The marshal eluded giving any reply, pretending not to understand what was wanted of him, and merely saying that he had not sat among the judges of the prisoners. What earnest wishes were felt! how many schemes were devised! An Englishman who had been present at the trial, offered a hundred thousand francs to any one who should effect the secret rescue of Barbès. Threatening letters were written anonymously. With the hope of enlisting the queen's maternal affections on behalf of the prisoner, she was made to apprehend frightful acts of vengeance, and was led to believe that her children's blood would be made answerable for that of Barbès. The queen was terror-stricken. The Ducs d'Aumale and de Montpensier had until then been brought up at the college of Henri VI., in a privileged position, attending the classes, but having separate apartments for the pursuit of their studies, and a garden for their recreation. These privileges were suppressed very soon after the conviction of Barbès, and the young princes went to mass and to bathe along with the other pupils, as if to protect their existence, by more intimately uniting it with that of their companions. And so nervously prompt to take alarm was the Château, that a fire having broken out in a tenement in the Quartier Latin, troops were posted on the terrace of the college. Again, there was another cause of alarm. The tippling and dancing booths were empty, the barriers deserted, and the silence of mourning pervaded the places that usually resounded with the noise of popular merriment: what did this sadness of the people portend? In spite of the opinion of the council, which sought the dishonourable renown of opposing the public wishes, the king decided that the punishment of death should be commuted to that of the galleys for life. For a man of Barbès' temperament this was an aggravation of his punishment, and this being at last admitted, transportation was substituted for the galleys.

It was not till six months afterwards that the second batch of prisoners appeared before the Court of Peers. Blanqui having refused

to reply, and his advocate, M. Dupont, having for dignified reasons declined to make a speech, there was nothing worth note in this trial.*

The insurrection of the 12th of May demands that it should be severely judged. It disturbed the peace of the city in a startling and culpable manner. It broke out so prematurely that the people, which was suffering, looked on and took no part in it. It is manifest that it was not the offspring of that general feeling of indignation, or of that vast need of resistance, which alone justify the enterprises of courage: for it would be holding reason and equity too cheap to make their triumph depend on the chances of a *coup de main*. That triumph demands wisdom, prudence, and the aid of time; and patience is also a republican virtue. Assuredly it is the privilege and the glory of choice minds to anticipate their age; but to do violence to it is allowable to none; and it is the more necessary to combat error on this point, as it is commonly that of the generous and strong-minded of the men who inevitably engage the regard of all those who sympathise with generous intrepidity, and who respect disinterested efforts even when misguided.

CHAPTER XIV.

The East was, at that time, filled with the din of arms. Two men were there disputing for empire, and Europe was watching their strife with great interest.

Sultan Mahmoud was impatient to recover Syria from the victor of Koniah, and Mohammed Ali was bent on obtaining, though it were by the sword, hereditary possession of Syria and Egypt. On both sides there was equally intense eagerness, pertinacity, and pride.

Only Mohammed Ali dissembled; his language to the sultan's envoys was that of a vassal. Had he not been unavoidably detained in Alexandria, with what ardour would he not have gone to Constantinople, to prostrate himself before his august master! with what joy would he not have pressed to his lips the hem of the imperial robe! But all this affectation of respect only cloaked the viceroy's ambition and hostility. He was seventy years of age, and it was his purpose that his work should survive him in his children. What he desired, moreover, he felt himself strong enough to take. A sign from him, and his vessels sailed from Alexandria, whilst Ibrahim was crossing the Taurus. But Europe stopped him; Europe was his greatest impediment. In 1834, he had ventured to say to France, England and Austria: "Russia half possesses the Ottoman empire, and oppresses it, under pretext of protecting it. Let it complete its work of enthralling Constantinople, and there is an end to the liberties of the world; Russia will then be a

* The sentences were: Two prisoners acquitted; Blanqui condemned to death (afterwards commuted); two prisoners to fifteen years' detention; six to ten years': two to seven; thirteen to five years'; and all to police *surveillance* for life; three to five years' imprisonment; two to three years'.

colossus, which, standing between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, will make the world turn right or left, according to its own caprice. Will you allow this? Here am I a Turk, and I propose to you, the guardians of civilization, now in peril, a crusade, which will save civilization and Europe. I will raise the standard, I will place at your disposal my army, my fleet, and my treasury; I will lead the van. And for all these services, I ask no more than the recognition of my independence as a sovereign." The plan was gigantic; it was vehemently repudiated by the three courts, which Mohammed Ali wished to make sponsors of his own fortunes. Subsequently, in 1838, after unavailing direct negotiations with the sultan, the viceroy made a second attempt with the European powers. This time he did not propose a vast scheme of warfare, but remarked, on the contrary, that the best way of securing peace was to declare the pachalic of Egypt independent, or, at least, hereditary, without which the East would remain a focus, from which a spark might at any moment be thrown off, that would set the world in a blaze. Europe was inflexible; then he changed his tone, and began to complain and threaten. As a father, he asked pathetically, why he should be denied the gratification of transmitting the fruits of his toil to his children. As a warrior, he gave it to be understood, that he was a man to rush headlong into war, against odds of five to one, and to die in vindicating his rights. Things were in this state when it was announced that he had suddenly left Cairo for Fazoklo, a journey of 600 leagues. He gave out, that he was going to explore some rich gold mines Was this true? Mohammed Ali, like many other great men, was a consummate actor: his design was probably to dazzle men's minds, to give a fanciful colouring to his schemes, and to awe his enemies by the uncertainty of his purposes, and as to the extent of his future resources. Meanwhile, until he should reappear in arms on the scene, he filled it with his absence.

Meanwhile, Mahmoud was a prey to furious fits of anger. He was amazed and enraged; he, the successor of the prophet, who had but to wave his head to see his subjects fall trembling at his feet: and now he was constrained to treat with a Macedonian soldier. Between the dangerous protection of Russia, and the always impending revolt of the viceroy, he felt himself suffocated as it were. Everything in Mohammed Ali was abhorrent to him; his power formed out of the spoils of the Porte, his glory as an innovator, his genius, the warlike renown of his son, and even that cold moderation, the insulting falsehood of which he saw through so clearly. How could he have controlled his vexation? His empire was slipping from his grasp piece by piece. Servia was victoriously insurgent, Walachia and Moldavia had become Russian dependencies, a Bavarian prince was reigning over emancipated Greece, France had Algiers, Mohammed Ali had Egypt; and, after so many successive dismemberments, Mahmoud was asked to give up Syria! to suffer that, of the magnificent heritage of the caliphs, nothing should remain to him but Constantinople, of which Russia held the keys! He was vexed, too, that he had not been able to reform his people, like a magician, with the stroke of his wand; for the least ob-

stacle is torture to one who knows no bounds to his pride; and to desire impossibilities is the natural characteristic of absolute power. At the head of the old Turks, who were, in secret, hostile to the sultan's innovations, stood Pertew, a noble and rigid old man, renowned for his Mussulman piety. He was disgraced, and sent to Adrianople, and at last condemned to die, by a firman, which his enemies obtained from Mahmoud in his intoxication. Pertew calmly read the fatal firman, after respectfully pressing it to his lips and forehead; and then, with the serenity of Mussulman fatalism, surrendered to his fate, invoking the name of Allah. And now the sultan lamented this death he had himself ordained. But how many other subjects of anxiety had he! What sinister forebodings! One day, as he was crossing the new bridge of Galata, on horseback, a dervish, reputed a saint by the people, and known by the name of the long-haired sheykh, leaped before him, and shouting out, "Halt, giaour sultan!" upbraided him with his sacrileges. In January, 1839, a building, known by the name of the Porte, took fire, and the old Turks having declared this accident, which destroyed the hall in which the divan held its deliberations, to be a mark of Heaven's anger, Mahmoud could not overcome his secret terror; the more so, as, to punish his impiety, his portrait had been consumed by the flames. Thus troubled and distracted, the sultan had come to live in a constant state of frightful over-excitement. After exhausting himself all day, sometimes in prodigious bodily exertions, and sometimes in equally excessive mental labours, he continued his slow suicide, by night, in base orgies. Impatient to stifle his troubles, and longing for forgetfulness, he drenched himself with wine, brandy, and rum, enjoying his infraction of the prophet's law, exaggerating even drunkenness, and striving frantically against the force of the dreadful beverage, until his slaves came and picked up this reformer of the East dead drunk.

Now the situation of the five great powers with respect to Constantinople and Alexandria was as follows:

Russia was mistress whatever befell. With her foot on Constantinople, it mattered little to her whether there was peace or war between the two rivals. In the former case, she was secured in her commanding position by the anxiety and exhaustion to which Turkey was reduced by the *statu quo*. In the latter case, Ibrahim's making a step, a single step in advance, would be a pretext for her to hasten to the Bosphorus. She had, therefore, nothing to care for. Only to preserve a show of moderation, and for modesty's sake, she called for the maintenance of peace.

This was also required by Prussia, but only from her fear of the hazards of war, for she had no part to play on the new theatre.

It was not so with Austria, which had a direct interest in protecting the mouths of the Danube against the ambition of Russia. Besides, Prince Metternich made it his glory to preserve from all shock the balance of power established by the treaties of 1815, and the approach of a conflict alarmed his circumspect policy. Arrived at the age when one feels the need of repose, he seemed to say, like Louis XIV., "This will last my time." Austria, therefore, set herself to allay the war-

like temper of Mahmoud, without concealing her preference for the sultan, the legitimate sovereign, over his rebellious subject the viceroy.

As for England, she entertained a systematic, implacable hatred to Mohammed Ali. She had vowed his destruction because he resisted the despotism of the London shopkeepers; because he had under his hand those highways to India, the Euphrates and the Red Sea; because there was no going from the Thames to the Ganges through the Mediterranean without encountering and enduring him; because he was friendly to France. Hence the commercial treaty concluded August, 1838, between England and the Porte, which was intended to serve as a counterpoise to the conventions of Unkiar Skelessi, and at the same time to ruin the Pacha of Egypt, by the suppression of the monopolies which were the sole source of his revenues. And who represented at Constantinople this English rancour? A diplomatist impetuous to blundering, passionate to violence, Lord Ponsonby. It is true that the English consul-general at Alexandria was Colonel Campbell, a man of just and moderate views. But Lord Ponsonby took to himself the bulk of all political matters, making himself the centre round which they turned; and, with the language of peace on his lips he secretly instigated war, adding fuel to Mahmoud's rancour and jealousy, encouraging his pride, representing the occupation of Syria by Ibrahim as a usurpation singularly insolent, and predicting the extirpation of the viceroy as an inevitable certainty. In this, however, there is no doubt that Lord Ponsonby overstepped the policy of his government. In reality the cabinet of St. James feared, and with reason, a rupture which would infallibly have placed Constantinople under the protection of the Russian sword.

On the part of France, the same apprehensions were felt relatively to Russia. For after all—and here the government and the nation were agreed—France entertained a marked preference for Mohammed Ali. She was grateful to him for his reverence for the memory of Napoleon and his liking for the French character, his inclination to imitate us, and his readiness to serve us. And then he was a new man, the son of his own deeds, and the chosen of the revolutions of modern days. Unfortunately France, which liked the viceroy, had with gross inconsistency chosen for her representative at Constantinople, a man who was on conviction, one of his most decided adversaries, Admiral Roussin. Add to this, that the cabinet of the Tuileries concerned itself much less about Alexandria than Constantinople, which led it to make persevering and sincere efforts for the maintenance of peace.

Thus we see, that however extreme was the diversity of interest and feeling subsisting among the five powers, yet on the whole, Europe was in favour of the *statu quo*, and with a view to its own tranquillity insisted on the repose of the East.

A useless constraint on two rivals both equally eager to bring matters to a final issue. At Constantinople, at Alexandria, on the banks of the Euphrates, at the foot of Mount Taurus, everything breathed of war. Mahmoud hurried on his preparations for it with a smothered zeal, which was stimulated by obstacles and by the necessity of dis-

simulation. Whilst he was abusing Admiral Roussin's good faith by false assurances, and was holding the European diplomatists in suspense, his secret orders were stirring up his whole empire. The Capidan Pacha, Akhmed, hastened to visit and fortify the Dardanelles. A levy of 60,000 soldiers was decreed. Nothing was to be seen on the frontiers of Syria but formidable musters of men and horses. The army which Hafiz commanded, and which had encamped since 1837 in the country of the Kurds, was augmenting and advancing. The adventurers of the mountains refusing to abandon the system of armed forays, and to enter the new-modelled troops called the Nizam, they were compelled by force, and with much bloodshed, to do so. It was necessary to ravage the populations before they could be enrolled under the sultan's banners; prisoners were made to obtain recruits. The march of the caravans was stopped The roads were covered with camels loaded with munitions of war. Moreover, secret emissaries acting in the name of the Grand Signor were exciting revolt. Their voices ascended, it is said, even into the balmy retreat where Lady Hester Stanhope consulted the fates and read the stars. Proclaimed Queen of Palmyra in the poetry of oriental language, and queen in fact by grace, imagination, and beauty, she felt an animosity against the Pacha of Egypt, which her influence over the mountaineers might render perilous. The glory of danger was not wanting then to Ibrahim. He, on his part, was making his arrangements, preparing to turn the caravanserais of Aleppo into barracks, completing the defences of the fortress of Acre, and closing the defiles of Mount Taurus, the gates of Syria.

While things were in this state, Mohammed Ali returned to Cairo, and his return hastened the course of events. He did not bring back the expected gold from his journey; but he had never counted on the mines of Sennaar for the means of bringing down his rival. The moment he arrived he began to send his son reinforcements of troops. And all this while the sultan dissembled so successfully, and the Mustechar Nouri Effendi affirmed, with such perseverance and seeming candour, the pacific intentions of the Porte, that, amidst all the signs and din of war, Admiral Roussin remained as calm and confident as ever. He wrote to M. Cochelet, consul-general of France at Alexandria, that peace would not be disturbed; that such was the will of France, and that her will was law. But such was not the import of the despatches addressed by M. de Stürmer to M. de Laurin, Austrian consul-general in the viceroy's dominions. "When such important personages differ in opinion," said Mohammed Ali, ironically, "one may be allowed to doubt." And the reinforcements were sent off.

Thus the *dénoûment* was at hand. But which of the two rivals would put himself in the wrong by being the aggressor? A grave, a decisive question, perhaps, since Europe had declared, that the aggressor should be held to be the guilty party. The aggressor was the sultan. On the 21st of April, 1839, the Turkish vanguard crossed the Euphrates, near Bir, a town situated at the distance of twenty-five hours' caravan march from Aleppo.

Ibrahim's heart leaped for joy at the news, and his couriers were

instantly despatched with orders to the troops dispersed through the province to make a general move on Aleppo. Mohammed Ali was no less delighted, but the cunning old man kept his own secret. On the 16th of May, the consuls-general received the following note:—

"The viceroy has declared to the consul-general, that in case the sultan's troops, which have crossed the Euphrates, near Bir, withdraw to the other side of the river, he will make his army fall back, and will recall his son Ibrahim to Damascus; that in case this pacific demonstration be followed by a retrograde movement of the army of Hafiz Pacha beyond Malatia, his highness will recall the commander-in-chief to Egypt. His highness the viceroy has added, of his own free will, that if the great powers consent to guarantee him peace, and to interest themselves on his behalf, to make his power hereditary in his family, he will withdraw a part of his troops from Syria, and will be ready to enter into a definitive arrangement, such as may be calculated to guarantee his security, and be adapted to the wants of the country."

Who could have supposed it? At the very time the viceroy was giving so indisputable a pledge of his moderation, Lord Ponsonby, who read the sultan's soul, who was the first to instil rancour and impatience into his mind, who went so far as to propose a commander-in-chief of his own choosing—Lord Ponsonby did not shrink from writing to his own government: "From the beginning up to the last moment the pacha has always been the aggressor, and the sultan has a right to call on the great powers to fulfil their engagements."

Eight days afterwards, Colonel Campbell sent Lord Palmerston a despatch from Alexandria, wherein he expressed himself in these terms: "The perfidious conduct of the sultan, who has acted contrary to the advice given him by the ambassadors at Constantinople, will have not only exhausted his resources, but weakened his moral influence in Turkey; whilst the moderate conduct of Ibrahim Pacha, acting in accordance with his father's orders, and abstaining from every act of hostility when he could destroy the army of Hafiz Pacha, will in the same degree exalt Mohammed Ali, and augment his influence in the Ottoman empire."

Of the two principal agents of England in the East the one refuted the other.

Had it been possible that any doubt should remain as to what meant that crossing of the Euphrates, the doubt was soon solved. Hafiz's vanguard advanced continuously to Nezib: Turkish cavalry were sent against the village of Ouroul, and the abrupt occupation of fourteen villages in the district of Aintab was an open commencement of war. How could it have been avoided? Mahmoud's frenzy was at its height. Tahar Pacha, who had been sent to inspect the army of Hafiz, returned to Constantinople full of confidence, and foretelling nothing but victory. Had he not been restrained, Mahmoud would have proceeded in person to the camp, and unfurled the prophet's banner, so fiercely did his passions boil over. At last the facts of the case were too plain to be mistaken; Admiral Roussin desired to have an interview at the Sweet Waters with Nouri Effendi and the Capidan Pacha; and when the

former launched out into a series of equivocating explanations, the ambassador gave vent to all the violence of his indignation. The veil had fallen.

The two opposed armies were now face to face, and preparing to engage, when the ministry of the 12th of May took the helm in France. The passage of the Euphrates, known in Paris, showed how urgent was the state of affairs; and two of Marshal Soult's aides-de-camp, Foltz and Caillé, immediately set out; the one for the camp of Hafiz, passing through Constantinople, the other for that of Ibrahim, by way of Alexandria.

Here begins a diplomatic campaign in Europe, the various phases of which it is important to note.

And, first of all, what ought to have been the conduct of the French government?"

The question before it was twofold: Oriental, since the relative positions of Mahmoud and Mohammed Ali were to be determined; European, since, in case of war, the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi authorised the Russians to cover Constantinople.

Now, on Eastern ground, and face to face with the great powers, France was extremely feeble, for she had against her Russia, who abhorred Mohammed Ali, as the expected regenerator of the Ottoman empire; Austria, who hated the viceroy, as a representative of revolutionary principles; and England, who longed to destroy him, in order to have free passage for her Indian commerce through Syria and Egypt.

On European ground, on the contrary, France was very strong; for she had with her, against the ambition of the Muscovite, Prussia, in this matter neutral; Austria, which would have been ruined, by a complete appropriation of the Black Sea; and England, whose Indian empire would be doomed to destruction from the day the Russians threatened it from Constantinople.

Thence followed a very simple conclusion. It was the interest of France to turn the powers away from the East, to bring them back to European ground, and keep them there. Out of a question which had been very inopportunely complicated, France ought to have made two distinct questions, and have said: "Let Mahmoud and Mohammed Ali settle their dispute between themselves; and since it regards Europe only in so far as it offers Russia an opportunity of giving the sultan dangerous assistance, let us content ourselves with watching over the inviolability of the Bosphorus. Now is the time to annul the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, against which we have hitherto only remonstrated in vain; now is the time to announce, that we will put under the ban of the European commonwealth any power that shall set foot in the city of the sultan."

This was, beyond question, the true policy of France; and its success might have been the more easily secured, as it perfectly agreed with the views and desires of England.

England, indeed, was desirous of overthrowing Mohammed, Ali, but her desire in that respect was much less strong than her fear of seeing

the sceptre of the world pass, with the key of the Dardanelles, into the hands of Russia. If she had a secondary influence to establish in Alexandria, she had a vital interest to defend in Constantinople; and to defend it she had need of our support.

Accordingly, the cabinet of St. James made overtures to the ministry of the 12th of May, tending to tighten the bonds of alliance between London and Paris, the better to resist St. Petersburg. On the 25th of May, 1839, M. de Bourqueney wrote from London to his government: "Lord Palmerston is of opinion that we ought to present ourselves, without delay, at Vienna, *as united in intention and endeavour for the preservation of the Ottoman empire;* that we should frankly state the aim we propose to ourselves, and urge Austria to aid thereto with every means in her power. Similar steps should be taken, at the same time, in Berlin." What Lord Palmerston proposed was then, that by previous and special concert, France and England should place themselves in a position to sway the deliberations about to be held with a view to the preservation of the Ottoman empire.

The path was traced; but the ministers of the 12th of May wandered from it, misled by blind prejudice. That they should have attempted to bring back Turkey into the European commonwealth, from which the treaties of 1815 had declared it excluded, and to substitute for the exclusive protectorate of the Russians over Constantinople a sort of Amphyctionic protectorate, was assuredly very right and proper; but the more fully the idea of an European coalition was entertained, the more important it became to set limits to its competence, and to specify the exact functions it was to fulfil. To it might be left the charge of providing for the independence of the Bosphorus, and the duty of guaranteeing it; but the moment it was granted more than this, the moment it was allowed the right of regulating the partition of the East between Mahmoud and his vassal, from that moment it was all over with the interests of France. For was it not manifest, that as soon as the question should no longer be, how Constantinople was to be secured, but how Mohammed Ali was to be satisfied, France would find an intractable contradictor in the cabinet of St. James's? Was it not easy to foresee, that once the powers were brought together on the soil of the East, France would have but one vote against five, and would consequently be reduced to the alternative, of either abandoning Mohammed Ali, her ally, or of retiring from the coalition she had herself instigated?

Constantinople placed France and England in concert with each other; Alexandria divided them. It was incumbent, then, to make the whole force of the negotiations to bear on Constantinople, and to put Alexandria out of the diplomatic circle. Unfortunately, instead of separating the two questions, the ministry of the 12th of May treated them as conjoint, and called on Europe to solve them both together: an immense, irreparable blunder!

The first act in which the ministry of the 12th of May exhibited its false policy, was a refusal, by which England held herself offended, and with good cause. In a despatch, dated June 19, 1839, Lord Pal-

merston had made a very bold proposition to the court of the Tuileries; but one which if accepted would for a long while have sealed the alliance between France and England. He proposed a junction of the French and English flags in the Mediterranean, with orders to force the Straits of the Dardanelles, in case Russian troops should appear on the Turkish territory. The despatch added, "that if the Turkish forts resisted, it would be necessary to land forces which should take them in the rear."

What greater proof could be given, that in the beginning of the negotiations, Constantinople, not Alexandria, was the object of England's solicitude? If the French ministers had been wise enough to leave her in that state of feeling by themselves joining in it, all eyes would have been fixed on that point on which it was the interest of France to retain them, and Syria would have had no intervention to endure, except that of victory. This the ministry on the 12th of May did not perceive. The government had been accustomed, since 1830, to mistake fear for policy; to minds excessively timorous, an imposing and justifiable manifestation appeared clothed in all the sombre colours of war; they thought themselves undone if they manifested decision, and Marshal Soult replied to Lord Palmerston, "that he regarded it as very desirable that the English and French flags should appear before Constantinople simultaneously with the Russian; but that he doubted whether a question so important as that of declaring war against Russia and Turkey, could be left to the discrètion of the admirals, as must be the inevitable consequence of the entrance of the English and French fleets into the Straits of the Dardanelles."*

In lieu of the plan submitted to it, the French cabinet proposed another, which consisted in asking of the Porte permission for the fleets to enter the sea of Marmora in case of a Russian invasion. England accepted the counter-proposition, but with acrimonious feelings. She was frightened at having such allies, she had her suspicions, and this led to a sudden change in her policy, which afterwards occasioned a loud outcry.

Whilst diplomacy was slowly arranging its schemes in Europe, the match was kindled for the cannon on the Euphrates. The order for war was despatched almost simultaneously from Constantinople and Alexandria.

And yet the sultan was dying. Would he live to see the end of the war? His cadaverous aspect, his convulsive movements, his trembling limbs, and the morbid lustre of his eyes, made this seem far from likely.

He was labouring under *delirium tremens*, and the hand of death was already upon him. But with a desperate effort, he rallied the last remains of life in the hope of setting his foot, though it were but for a moment, on his rival. In June, 1839, he poured out the last cry of his expiring rage in a manifesto, wherein he upbraided Mohammed Ali with the insolence and impiety of his revolt, his expeditions to the Persian Gulf, his closure of the Isthmus of Suez against the English,

* Lord Grenville's Despatch, June 28, 1839.

his devastation of the Arabian peninsula, his instigation of the provinces of Bassorah and Bagdad to rebellion, and his scandalous expulsion of the guardians of the Prophet's tomb. Mahmoud addressed this violent note to the representatives of Austria and Russia, declaring that his patience was worn out. The Ottoman fleet was ordered to sea, and, ill as he was, he dragged himself to the kiosk of Scutari to see it sail.

With as great, though less boisterous ardour, Mohammed Ali was equipping the Egyptian fleet. On hearing of the reiterated aggressions of Hafiz, he could not conceal his exultation, and lifting up his white head towards heaven, he exclaimed, "Glory to God who permits his old servant to end his labours by the fate of arms!" The instructions he promptly sent his son breathed the assurance of triumph: "On the receipt of the present despatch, you will attack the troops of our adversaries, which have entered our territory, and after having driven them out, you will march against their main army, to which you shall give battle. If, with God's aid, victory declares for us, without passing the defile of Kulek Boghaz, you will march straight upon Malatia, Karpout, Orfa, and Diarbekr."

It was on the 21st of June, 1839, that Ibrahim's army put itself definitively in motion. After seizing, without a blow, the village of Mezar, which the Turkish cavalry who occupied it abandoned, though they might easily have defended it, the Egyptian general proceeded in person to reconnoitre the camp of Hafiz. The Turkish army, encamped south of the village of Nezib, on both sides of the river, was protected by very well constructed intrenchments, and occupied a formidable position. Ibrahim thought it too hazardous to attempt an attack in front; so, retracing his steps, he marched eastwards so as to turn the left flank of the enemy. But to reach him in this way it was necessary to pass through a long narrow gorge, which the Egyptians could not have forced without a severe loss, had Hafiz attempted to bar their way. Ibrahim did not hesitate, so confident was he in his star, and the event justified his temerity. With inexplicable infatuation Hafiz remained immovable in his camp; and Ibrahim, reaching the extremity of the gorge without seeing the face of an enemy, halted with his vanguard, stretched himself on the ground, and went to sleep until the rest of his army should come up.

The 24th of June was the day fixed on for the battle; a momentous day, that seemed big with the whole futurity of the Ottoman empire, and, perhaps, with half a century of wars and revolutions for Europe. The two armies were nearly equal in numbers; 40,000 men on each side; but the Egyptians had the advantage in discipline, confidence, and the reputation of the generals.

Born in the region of the Caucasus, Hafiz Pacha combined with much energy and pertinacity a pious exaltation, produced by a profound study of the Koran, and manifest in all his behaviour. Victor over the Albanians, and over the Kurds, he was much prized by his master, who reckoned confidently upon him; and he himself felt assured he was destined to put an end to Ibrahim's prosperous career. His star had

paled, however, since the commencement of the recent operations; and the facility with which he had allowed the Egyptians to occupy the village of Mezar, and to make their flank movement, rendered his ability suspected.

As for Ibrahim, he was in the highest spirits; he bethought him of Koniah. He relied, moreover, on a man renowned for the promptitude and accuracy of his military *coup d'œil*, not less than for his courage. From the rank of a simple French officer, become successively the instructor of the viceroy's armies, his firmest support, and his son's friend, Sève, known in his second country by the name and title of Soliman Pacha, enjoyed an ascendancy not undue to his merits. His parting words to his officers, after distributing his orders to them on the eve of the battle, were: "To-morrow, sirs, we meet again under the tent of Hafiz."

At eight in the morning, the engagement began with the artillery. Ibrahim's manœuvre produced its fruits. The Turkish army had its back turned to the intrenchments that ought to have protected it, and was left exposed. There was equal spirit, but not equal skill on both sides; the Turkish shots, for the most part, took no effect, whilst the Egyptian artillery, better directed, raked the Ottoman army in all directions, and threw it into terrible disorder. The cannon thundered for an hour and a half, and then two wings of either army became engaged together. Followed by a part of his extreme right, horse and foot, Ibrahim made an impetuous charge upon Hafiz's extreme left. But the Turkish infantry, covered by an olive wood, firmly awaited the enemy, allowed him to approach, and opened its fire upon him; whereupon Ibrahim's cavalry, in spite of all his exertions, fell back in disorder on the two regiments of infantry that supported them, and fled. But the right wing remained firm; whilst, on the contrary, symptoms of wavering appeared on the Turkish left. The explosion of several ammunition wagons had disabled some of the batteries, and thrown the ranks into disorder. The Kurds gave way. Ibrahim and Soliman Pacha instantly pushed forward their right wing, and sent orders to the centre and the left to charge. Thus pressed upon along its whole line, the Turkish army wavered awhile, and then fled pellmell. Hafiz, sword in hand, struggled in vain to rally his men, now imploring and now cutting down the fugitives; he was himself carried away in the headlong flood of the rout, and hastened to the mountains with the remains of his army, leaving behind him three pachas killed, 104 pieces or artillery, 20,000 muskets, 9000 prisoners, his tents, and baggage, and even his diamond decoration.

A few days afterwards, Ibrahim's tent was struck, his horse was ready, and he was about to cross Mount Taurus, when a French officer suddenly arrived with word to him, that he must halt. M. Caillé's mission to Egypt had succeeded. By a proper combination of moderation and firmness, he had induced the viceroy to give him a letter to Ibrahim, ordering the latter not to seek an engagement, if the Turks consented to evacuate the Egyptian territory, and bidding him not to advance, in case an engagement should have been forced on him, and

he should have been victorious. It was with extreme mortification that Ibrahim consented to forego the fruits of his success. He was called on, forsooth, to resign the legitimate advantages of a battle fought and won! And it was the friendship of France that exacted the sacrifice from him! What signified his father's orders? Would his father have written the despatch, had he known of the battle of Nezib? Besides, it was absolutely necessary that the army should advance, in order to find subsistence. Strange injustice! he had been attacked, and he had vanquished; right and might were both on his side; and now his hands were tied! These complaints on the part of the Egyptian general were the more natural, inasmuch as papers had been found in Hafiz's baggage containing secret instructions from the sultan, which made it manifest that Mahmoud had long premeditated schemes of war and vengeance. But in return for his compliance with its advice, the French government promised him its mediation, which was so necessary to him, seeing the unfavourable disposition of the other powers. Ibrahim, therefore, yielded.

Mahmoud did not live to hear of his defeat. For while the cannon of Nezib was making the Ottoman empire rock upon its old foundations, public prayers were ordered in the mosques of Constantinople for the dying sultan. He had been conveyed, on the 14th of June, to the Kiosk of Tchamlidja, which he never quitted alive. Endowed by nature with herculean strength and an iron temperament, he fell a victim at last to his frantic indulgence in lust and drunkenness, and also to the consuming force of his too long compressed hatred. His last days were indescribably gloomy and wretched. When he was not lethargic and silent, his confused language only expressed the tumult of his thoughts. Sometimes rallying for a moment, he denied he was ill, gave himself the airs of an imperishable sovereign, and affected the master; a pitiful comedy played between fainting fits by a despot who seemed to take it amiss that even death failed in respect to him. On the 28th of June, the physicians gave him over: on the 1st of July, 1839, he expired, not without having repeatedly uttered a fatal name, that of Mohammed Ali.

There was something deeply and sternly significant in the sultan's death, connected as it was with the convulsions of his empire. It was with a sort of religious awe that the inhabitants of Constantinople saw the body of their dread master borne along wrapped up in funeral shawls.

Mahmoud was certainly no vulgar character. He had the instinct that prompts to great things, and the courage that helps to achieve them; but one thing indispensable he wanted, the serenity and sound sense of genius. To every thing that demanded prodigious efforts of will and daring he was competent; and thus it was that he distinguished himself by the massacre of the Janissaries, for which history has no parallel except the destruction of the Templars. But where perspicacity and steadiness were requisite, there he broke down. As an innovator, he proceeded at once to reform customs without having first made any change in institutions and manners; which was begin-

ning with what was most dangerous and least important, since men cling in general much more tenaciously to their usages than to their ideas. He stripped the Turks of their rich and much to be regretted costume, clapped a fez on their heads instead of a turban; and seeing them by degrees dressed in the European style, he fancied they were civilised. Wishing to reconstruct his military force, he destroyed it. What a whimsical idea it was to subject to the regulations of our cavalry system, the descendants of the Mamlouks, the best cavalry in the world. He committed the fault, too, of making his innovations auxiliary to his vices; he gave himself up to indulgence in the beverage forbidden by Mohammed—even to an excess that killed him; and, in defiance of the prejudices of his people, he gratified his lust in the embraces of the Christian Greek girls of the Bosphorus. This was outraging Islamism, not infusing fresh vigour into it. But with the common insolence of despots, seeing he could dare much, he dared all. By that means he crushed the energetic individuality of the Turk. What did he substitute for the fierce fanaticism that had been their moving principle? He found himself, therefore, powerless to resist attacks from without, and half his empire slipped from his grasp. He had the Emperor of Russia for ally; he had him soon for protector. He had the Pacha of Egypt for his vassal; he had him for his enemy. Europe, which he longed to imitate, which he had the hope of equalling, perhaps, beset and confined him, forced him to gulp down his wrath, and held him chained as it were in impotent rage. And at the moment when he had just emancipated himself, by giving the word for war, life forsook him. There was a want of balance between his faculties, this was his grand misfortune. He set all the world astir around him, and only effected his own ruin, because he had imperfect lights with vigorous passions, and his moral might was deteriorated and misdirected by the mediocrity of his intellect.

But in the designs of Providence, such a man was doubtless fitted to open up the way for communication between the East and the West. Mahmoud co-operated—and he was ignorant, probably, of the part he played—towards that modern work of unity, which, gradually effacing the originality of races, the difference of traditions, the diversity of habits and costumes, the opposition of interests, and even distances, tends harmoniously to constitute the great human family on the ruins of the old world, so subdivided and so full of the elements of strife. Unique and truly wonderful spectacle! In a country in which changes of reign had never before admitted of any other intervention than conspiracies of eunuchs and the dagger-stroke, it was to a boy of seventeen that Mahmoud bequeathed his half-crumbled empire; and, thanks to the principle of universal co-partnership newly introduced into history, it came to pass that that boy had all Europe for his guardian.

On the 24th of June, the day of the battle of Nezib, the French Chamber of Deputies heard a luminous report from M. Jouffroy on the necessity of granting ministers 10,000,000 to augment our forces in the Levant: on the 1st of July, the day of Mahmoud's death, the

discussion began; and never did any one exhibit a similar character of grandeur.

The Duc de Valmy was the first speaker. His speech was a bitter and, unfortunately, a just criticism of the conduct of the French government. He had no difficulty in proving, that from the first the French government had taken up a false and equivocal position in the East; that it had, by the convention of Kutaya, created a most mischievous provisional state of things; that it had favoured Mohammed Ali too much to allow of its retaining its credit in the counsels of the Porte, and had too much vacillated in its predilections not to lose ground with the viceroy; that, in a word, it had brought itself into the predicament of having Constantinople against it without having Alexandria for it. In reality the legitimatist orator would, in his hatred of revolutions, have had the Pacha of Egypt sacrificed to the sultan. Such was, also, the desire of M. Denis (du Var), convinced as he was that Turkey was not so exhausted as was supposed, and that it would be equally profitable and honourable for us to raise her up.

Quite different were M. Carné's views. From the dead legitimacy of a right condemned by the sentence of battles, civilization, and destiny, he appealed to the living and fruitful legitimacy of fact. He hailed in Mohammed Ali the regenerator of a race that had erroneously been supposed extinct. In his opinion, Arab nationality would bloom again under the auspices of the viceroy, who was evidently destined to sway the sceptre of the renovated East. It was incumbent, therefore, to throw no obstacle between his fortunes and Constantinople. After Koniah, twenty marches would have brought him to the seraglio. Why had he been stopped? Since Turkey was moribund, since she could no longer interpose effectively between western Europe and the Russians, why was not a substitute for her sought? The integrity of the Ottoman empire was desired, and it was no longer possible by means of the sultan and of the Turks; it ought, therefore, to be rendered possible by means of Mohammed Ali and the Arabs. A phantom was seated on the throne of Constantinople: an armed man ought to fill it. Besides, was not Mohammed Ali a friend to France? And would not the subjection of Egypt to our influence make the Mediterranean what Napoleon's genius had planned; namely, a French lake?

M. de Lamartine declared himself opposed both to the Turkish and the Arab system. The integrity of the Ottoman empire appeared to him a dream, either under the Pacha of Egypt, or under the sultan. How was it to be hoped that Mohammed Ali and Ibrahim would succeed in kneading and condensing under their hands, strong as they were known to be, so many enervated populations? Where was that Arab nationality of which so much was said? Were we to understand by that term the incoherent and monstrous assemblage of Egyptians, idolatrous Druses, Catholic Maronites, and Bedouins of the desert? Mohammed Ali was to be crowned as the founder of an empire! But in a country in which there existed neither institutions, nor regular laws, nor political principles; where there was nothing but a master and his slaves, could a great man be any thing but an accident? "In such a

country," said the orator, "a great man, when he dies, carries his genius with him; just as, when living, he strikes his tent, leaving the place from which he departs as naked, empty, and ravaged as it was before he encamped upon it." Passing on to consider the *status quo* system adopted by the government, "I understand," he said, "the *status quo* system, as regards the integrity of the Ottoman empire before the treaty of 1774. or that of 1792; I understand still after 1813; finally, I understand it before the annihilation of the Turkish fleet at Navarino, that act of national insanity on the part of France and England, for the advantage of Russia. But, after the usurpation of the Crimea, and the Russian protectorate over Walachia and Moldavia; after the emancipation and occupation of Greece by your troops, and the millions of subsidies you will further pay to-morrow towards its independence: after the enslavement of the Black Sea to the Russians, and the creation of Sevastopol, whence the Russian fleets arrive in twenty-four hours at Constantinople: after the treaties of Adrianople, Unkiar Skelessi, and Kutaya, and the dismemberment of half the empire by Mohammed Ali, and by you who protect him, the *status quo*, permit me to say, is a mockery, similar to that of the existence of the Polish nationality. What! you are going to arm for the *status quo* of the Turkish empire, which you say is important to the safety of Europe; and that *status quo* is the dismemberment, the annihilation, the agony of the empire which you say you wish to raise up. Be at least consistent: if Turkey is important to you, as you say it is, give your aid not to the revolt established in Syria, but to the imperial legitimacy in Constantinople. Lend the assistance of your advice, your engineers, your officers, your fleet, to the generous efforts of Mahmoud for the civilization of his people; aid him to put down Ibrahim, to recover Egypt, and all those parts of his empire which are separating from it. Instead of this, what are you told to do? Arm, they tell you, for the *status quo*, combine your fleets with those of the English, in order to hinder the sultan from recovering his best provinces from his rebellious pacha. Do you know what that means? It means: Expend the gold, the blood, and the time of France, to uphold—what? Turkey in Europe, and Constantinople under the hand of Russia; Turkey in Asia, under the sabre of Ibrahim and the usurpation of Mohammed Ali." M. de Lamartine then entered upon his own system, and supported it with singular magnificence of language: it was the partition of the East between the principal European powers, in the name and for the sake of civilization. "A congress!" he said, in concluding his speech. "And in case the time for this should no longer be left you, take to yourselves in the East, one of those maritime and military positions, such as England possesses in Malta, and of which Russia has one on the Black Sea; seize provisionally a pledge of influence and of strength, which shall place you in a condition to be masters either in negotiation or over events;—remember Ancona!"

These fiery words, the boldness and brilliancy of these counsels; the obsequies of a vast empire, knelled, in a manner, from the French tribune; Europe solemnly invited to share the spoils of Islamism—what

themes to move an assembly gathered round the urn in which such interests were to have their fate determined!

M. Villemain, minister of public instruction, had a difficult cause to defend in the *status quo*. He applied himself not so much to make out a case as to combat the arguments of M. Lamartine; and this he did with eloquent vivacity. "What," he asked, "is M. de Lamartine's solution of the problem? Instead of a solution, he offers the difficulty itself. Yes, gentlemen, it is difficult to uphold and preserve the Ottoman empire; but it would be more difficult still, to partition it amongst the powers of Europe. And, furthermore, in this case the difficulty is an iniquity. I prefer a difficulty which is a point of justice." Villemain, moreover, did not subscribe to the sentence of death pronounced on Turkey. "Does the honourable member know the whole force of the vitality that resides in a people? Does he know how hard it is to uproot a nation from the soil it occupies, even when it has been conquered? Has he been at Varna? Has he been at Chumla? Has he seen how, with the genius of Europe to inspire it, the Russian force languished before weak walls, defended by intrepid Mussulmans? The day when the attempt should be made to sweep the Turks from the soil they occupy, the day when the tombs of their fathers and their mosques should be destroyed, a national insurrection would, probably, blaze up on both banks of the Bosphorus, and perhaps you would at last find a people amidst the ruins under which you propose to bury them."

After Villemain's speech, the discussion proceeded hurriedly. Without putting forth any precisely defined views, M. de Tocqueville required, that France should assume an imposing and dignified attitude on the new stage that had just been opened; so as to prove that she had not lost her aptitude for great things under her monarchy of recent date. M. Berryer was astonished that the government could not make up its mind to side fairly either with the sultan or the pacha. Especially concerned about the imminence of Russian intervention in Constantinople, Odilon Barrot conjured the government to prevent the mischief, by the continuity of its efforts and the firmness of its bearing. Lastly, M. Guizot thus summed up the policy of the *status quo* which he adopted: "To maintain the Ottoman empire for the maintenance of the European balance of power; and when, by the force of circumstances, by the natural course of events, any dismemberment takes place, any province becomes detached, to favour the conversion of that province into an independent state, which may take its place in the coalition of the states, and be serviceable some day, in its new condition, to the new European balance: such is the policy that becomes France, the policy to which she has been naturally led, and which we have followed."

The Chamber of Deputies declared in favour of this system, which was that of the ministers and of the majority of the Chamber of Peers; and the 10,000,000 asked for by the ministry were granted.

The oriental programme adopted by the three constitutional powers of France was therefore: the integrity of the Ottoman empire combined

with the *status quo*, that is to say the maintenance of Mohammed Ali's rule in Syria.

The oriental programme of Great Britain was, on the contrary: the integrity of the Ottoman empire by the restitution of Syria to the sovereign of Constantinople.

In point of equity France was right.

What, in fact, were her demands? That the arrangement of Kutaya should be respected. Now that arrangement had been guaranteed by all the powers, England not excepted. England now talked of reversing a treaty that possessed the moral sanction of Europe. And wherefore? Had Mohammed Ali committed any new offence? Had he done any thing else in drawing the sword than defend himself from a flagrant and admitted aggression? And after he was victorious, had he not, in pausing, given a pledge of moderation for which he was fairly entitled to recompense? Instead of this, the English insisted that he should be despoiled, that a province should be wrested from him after a battle fought and won! It was the height of injustice.

In a political point of view, neither the French nor the English system was tenable.

Nothing could be more contradictory than the policy of France. Desiring to set up against the Russian colossus a strong compact Turkey, it tore her to fragments. What meant the integrity of a state cut in two? Constantinople and Asia Minor for the sultan; for the viceroy, Cairo and Syria, with the Taurus between them, nothing but the Taurus:—this was called the integrity of the Ottoman empire!

This is what the English said when they declared for the restitution of Syria to the sultan; so that, in a political point of view, they had in their favour the semblances of logic and good faith. They might, however, have been answered, that the Porte was incapable of administering the disputed provinces; that it had already given proof of this; that to restore them to the sultan was to give them back to sterility, to disorder, to the bloody conflicts of the Druses and the Maronites, to the permanence of revolt in the mountains. If any one desired to know what Syria had gained by passing from under the yoke of the Turks to that of the Egyptians, he had but to cast his eyes on the plain of Antioch covered with olives, on the environs of Beyrout planted with vines, on the resurrection of Aleppo, on Damascus no longer enriched solely by the passage of the pilgrims. Mohammed Ali's administration had certainly exhibited a harsh character; but, after all, under that temporary despotism which the excess of anarchy rendered necessary, Syria had been restored to order and placed in the way to wealth. Was it better to plunge her back into chaos, than to leave her in the hands of a man, who, after all, was a Mussulman, and who, when his ambition was satisfied, would cease to be the rival, and would become the supporter of the sultan?

Such was the dispute between France and England; and the result was most plainly that they were both wrong in making the integrity of the Ottoman empire depend: the one, on the maintenance of Mohammed Ali in Syria; the other, on the restitution of Syria to the sul-

tan. For, as regarded the Ottoman empire, Syria in the hands of the viceroy was a danger, in those of the sultan an embarrassment.

Thus, in whatever way it was considered, this much talked of integrity could only be a chimera or a lure. It was not by its means that Constantinople could possibly be defended against the Russians. The true, the only means of guaranteeing the Bosphorus had been discerned by England, when she proposed to France to protect Constantinople directly by a maritime and armed alliance of the two nations.*

Had the ministers of the 12th of May acceded to that proposal, at the same time demanding of England, as the price of their support, that the sultan and the viceroy should be allowed to settle their own disputes between them, the game would have been won for France. England, being left without the pretext of Russian menaces against Constantinople for damaging Mohammed Ali, would have withdrawn her attention from the Egyptian question, and sacrificed her ill-humour against the viceroy to her dread of the czar; Russia would never have ventured into the Bosphorus when she saw the combined fleets of France and England ready to force the Dardanelles; the victorious Ibrahim would have been granted the hereditary sovereignties of Egypt and Syria by the Porte; and every thing would, in this way, have ended for the advantage of France, and in accordance with her views.

Unhappily, the ministers of the 12th of May were not adequate to the occasion. Marshal Soult was but a name in the council. M. Passy possessed sound judgment and extensive acquirements, but he wanted practical familiarity with great affairs. M. Teste, an eminent member of the bar of Paris, and a powerful orator, was not competent to lead the cabinet. M. Dufaure had more precision than grasp of mind. M. Villemain was a brilliant dissertator; M. Duchâtel a very dexterous minister; but neither of them had the *coup d'œil* of a statesman.

Lastly, there was the king, who, as we shall see in the course of this narrative, could make up his mind to nothing, could and did foresee nothing, and slumbered to the end in scarcely credible illusions.

The French ministers had forbidden Mohammed Ali to cross Mount Taurus, happen what might: this was their first blunder. Thereby they indirectly protected Constantinople, and relieved England from the care of directly protecting it. What was the consequence? That the cabinet of St. James, from the moment it was set at ease respecting the question of Constantinople, again concentrated all its anxiety on that of Alexandria. Taking advantage of the imprudence with which the French ministers made the former dependent on the latter, Lord Palmerston failed not to represent to Europe, on the strength of the French government's own acts, that Constantinople would never be safe, nor Europe tranquil, so long as Mohammed Ali had the power of throwing everything into confusion, by crossing Mount Taurus; so long as he should be allowed to hold the military key of Asiatic Turkey;

* See, in *Correspondence relative to the Affairs of the Levant*, Lord Palmerston's despatch, dated June 19; and two of Lord Granville's, dated June 24 and 28.

so long as Bagdad on the south, Diarbekr and Erzeroum on the east, Koniah, Broussa, and Constantinople on the north, were left at the mercy of his ambition. In a previous despatch (dated June 28, 1839) to Lord Beauvale, British ambassador at Vienna, Lord Palmerston had expressed himself very clearly as to the necessity under which, in his opinion, all Europe lay, of expelling Mohammed Ali from Syria. It is plain what weapons the French government put into the hands of English statesmen, when, instead of separating the Russian from the Egyptian question, it seemed to regard them as perfetly identical; when, instead of directly protecting Constantinople, it sent M. Caillé to Ibrahim, to ask him, for the sake of the European balance of power, on no account to lay hand on Asia Minor. Was not this acknowledging, that the safety of Constantinople, and the peace of the world, depended on Ibrahim's nod? Was it not authorizing England to require, that the desert should be interposed, if need were, between Mount Taurus and that army which had but to move one step to throw Europe into disorder?

After all, the ministers of the 12th were not without their forebodings, that when the destiny of Mohammed Ali should come to be settled, England would declare violently against them, and would gain over the rest of Europe to her side. They strove, therefore, in their first despatches, to keep as much as possible in the dark their opinion as to the territorial arrangements to be made in Syria,* never ceasing to repeat, that the gordian knot was between St. Petersburg and Constantinople, and the north was the point to be kept constantly in view.

But with fatal inconsistency, whilst with one hand they did their best to keep the Egyptian question out of sight, with the other they imprudently laid the basis of an European coalition, in which it was impossible but that the question should be raised, and then decided against them. Thus, replying, on the 17th of July, 1839, to the initiative taken by Austria, Marshal Soult made the following declaration:

"All the cabinets desire the integrity and independence of the Ottoman monarchy under the reigning dynasty; all are disposed to use their means of action and influence in order to secure the maintenance of that essential element in the European balance of power, and they would not hesitate to declare against any combination whatsoever which should impair it. As such an accordance of sentiments and resolutions must suffice, when it admits of no manner of doubt, not only to prevent any attempt contrary to this great interest, but even to dissipate the anxieties which constitute a real danger, through the agitation they produce in the minds of nations, the king's government thinks that the cabinets would do something important towards the consolidation of peace, by setting forth in written documents, to be reciprocally communicated, which would soon obtain more or less complete publicity, a statement of the intentions to which I have just alluded."

There was not one line in this celebrated declaration but was a blunder. True the word *Syria* did not appear in it; but what did that

* See Marshal Soult's despatch, June 15, 1839; *Correspondence, &c.*

signify, since the manifesto regarded "the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire" as "an essential element of the European balance of power!" Had not this the effect of strictly uniting the Russian with the Egyptian question? And that being the case, was not the act of calling for an European coalition tantamount to submitting beforehand to the decisions of a political council, in which France was likely to be alone in her opinion on the Egyptian question? Was it not to expose her to hear England, Austria, Prussia, and Russia declare, that Mohammed Ali's rule in Syria was *a thing likely to impair the balance of power in Europe?*

The very reserve observed by the ministers of the 12th of May, taken in combination with their acts, was a blunder. For, if they gave no explanation relatively to Syria, Lord Palmerston, on the contrary, did explain himself in a peremptory manner, and never ceased crying out to the powers, "The integrity of the Ottoman empire means, the expulsion of Mohammed Ali from Syria." Now, whilst the opinion of the French government half shrank from sight, and thus seemed to acknowledge its own inferiority, whereas that of the British government was everywhere boldly and forcibly proclaimed, it was natural that the latter should prevail in the councils of Europe; and this was the actual result.

Prince Metternich had no other end in view, when he proposed an European coalition, than to withdraw Turkey from Russian encroachments, by bringing it back within the range of the treaties of Vienna, from which he repented of having excluded it in 1815; and he declared, in the first instance, in favour of the *status quo* system in the East, for the sake of quiet and peace. But when he saw with what animosity England pursued the viceroy, whilst France threw over him only a tacit protection, Metternich did not scruple to adopt Lord Palmerston's hostile intentions, finding in them the twofold advantage of chastising the spirit of innovation in Mohammed Ali's person, and of disuniting the two constitutional states whose alliance had been founded in 1830.

The decision of Russia was swayed by similar motives.

So, at the very moment the cabinet of the Tuileries was proudly giving itself out for the promoter of an European coalition, it was beginning to be left utterly alone.

Things were in this state when the news of the victory of Nezib were spread through Europe. It was a thunder-stroke for Lord Palmerston. Nezib deranged his plans; Nezib, by advancing Ibrahim along the road to Constantinople, might render the presence of the Russians there necessarily inevitable; Nezib, if the Taurus were crossed, would compel England to break more peremptorily than ever with Russia, and once more to lean on us against her. What an admirable opportunity for France, had she then been in a condition to say to the English: "The danger is immense: is it necessary, in order to ward it off, that we unite our flags and our swords? I consent to this, but on one condition; namely, that the arrangement between the Porte and the victor of Nezib shall be direct and free. If you refuse, I am not the one who will stop Ibrahim. It is for you to provide against the consequences." What

could Lord Palmerston have replied to such language? Would he, for the pleasure of preventing a direct arrangement, favourable to the Pacha of Egypt, have left Constantinople hemmed in between the march of the Egyptian army, and the movement of a Russian fleet? It would have been an act of insanity; and had he been disposed to commit it, England would never have allowed it. For after all, Lord Palmerston's policy had its adversaries even in the cabinet of which he was a member, and the English people was much less bent on wresting Syria from Mohammed Ali than Constantinople from the Russians. If then the French government, foreseeing Ibrahim's victory, had not assigned him the Taurus for a limit, the direct arrangement would have become the very corner-stone of the whole subsequent state of things; and the policy of France, her interests, her sympathies, her Mediterranean influence, would have been intrusted in the East to a negotiator, who was victory.

But the French government was destined to lose itself more and more in its fatal path of folly. Will it be believed? On the news of the battle of Nezib, Marshal Soult's first care was to declare to Lord Grenville, the English ambassador,* "That according to the views of the French government, the defeat of the Turkish army ought to have no influence upon the proceedings of the five powers; that at a moment when the sultan's advisers were paralysed with fear, or were traitorously endeavouring to secure their own interests at their master's expense, all arrangements concluded between the Porte and the pacha ought to be considered null and void, and a declaration to that effect ought to be transmitted to Mohammed Ali."

The measure was full: the French government had come to speak the language of Lord Palmerston!

It is true, that with Lord Grenville's despatch reporting Marshal Soult's words, another was forwarded to London,* addressed to M. de Bourquency, and stating that the result of the battle of Nezib ought, to a certain extent, to improve the lot of Mohammed Ali.

What was the secret meaning of this monstrous contradiction? Which of the two statesmen expressed the real thoughts of the cabinet of the Tuileries? The English ambassador received orders to clear up this point, and Marshal Soult replied, "That he retracted nothing of his conversation, and that he persisted in regarding all direct arrangement between the pacha and the sultan as null and void."

On the one hand, Marshal Soult was the king's own man; on the other, it is a proved fact, that he signed despatches only for form's sake, and often without knowing their contents. There is reason, therefore, to suppose that the conversation expressed the king's sentiments, and the despatch those of ministers. But it was not Lord Palmerston's business to inquire whether or not the rules of constitutional government were observed in France. Fastening on the avowal which had been twice put forth by the president of the council, he hastened to write to Vienna, Berlin, Constantinople, and St. Petersburg, that the victory of Nezib weighed absolutely nothing in the balance, and that the five powers were perfectly agreed on that point.

* *Correspondence, &c.*, Lord Grenville's despatch, July 29, 1839.

Now the more obstinately the French government floundered on in its false course, the more fortune seemed to take pleasure in offering it the means of repairing its errors.

The moment the sultan's eyes were closed, the flutter of ambition began round his corpse. His successor, Abd-ul-Medjid, was but a handsome, delicate stripling, whose favour was engrossed by those, who, being masters of the obscure ways that led to his person, were the first to ingratiate themselves with him by their zealous adulation. In the partition of power the title of seraskier fell to Halil's share, and the authority of grand-vizier to Khosrew's. The former was a weak-minded and presumptuous man, whose mediocrity had recommended him to Mahmoud for a son-in-law. An embassy to St. Petersburg had rendered him favourable to innovations at which Russia rejoiced, because they prepared the Turks to pass without astonishment under her yoke. Khosrew was an active old man, of an implacable and vigilant nature, not less versed in intrigues than in business; a bigot for reform, which he was accused for having supported by mysterious and bloody proceedings; capable, in a word, of defending the empire, if no more had been necessary to that end than to strike in the dark. An incapable man, a minister of bad repute; such were the heads on which rested the destinies of the vanquished Turkish empire.

Nor was this all. It was found that Halil and Khosrew were the enemies of Akhmet Fevzi Pacha, who had the command of the Ottoman fleet. Mahmoud's favourite—in a despotic state this was his merit—Akhmet lost everything in losing his master. Khosrew's supremacy terrified him: he believed himself a dead man if he remained true to his allegiance; and, urged by fear, hatred, vulgar hopes, and by Mohammed Ali's dazzling prosperity, he sailed from the Dardanelles with the Turkish fleet, bent on treachery. But not far from there Admiral Lalande was stationed with a small fleet not sufficiently strong to give battle, and yet strong enough to be respected, since it bore the name of France. The expected meeting taking place, it was necessary to deceive the French admiral. Akhmet, therefore, despatched a steamboat to him, having on board Osman, vice-admiral of the Turkish fleet and his accomplice in the scheme of defection. Osman asserted, that Mahmoud had been poisoned by Halil and Khosrew, that in such extremities the capidan pacha thought it his duty to sue for peace, and that it was for the purpose of negotiating with Mohammed Ali he had put the fleet in motion. Perhaps Admiral Lalande ought to have been on his guard; perhaps he ought to have been wary enough to send for information to the French ambassador at Constantinople, detaining the Ottoman fleet until the answer arrived. But his instructions enjoined him to hinder war, not peace; and if the supposition of treachery did not find ready admission with him, his own honourable feelings may excuse him. Akhmet sailed on.

That was an unparalleled day for Mohammed Ali, when, before the eyes of a countless multitude, attracted by the singularity and the splendour of the spectacle, the Turkish fleet mingled with the Egyptian in the harbour of Alexandria. Thenceforth, what was there lacking

to the viceroy's fortunes? His son had won a memorable victory, his enemy had died in despair, and now eight ships, twelve frigates, and two brigs, came to open to him, along with his own vessels, the paths of the sea! His joy was imposing like his destiny. Glowing with delight, but calm in his bearing, he raised up Akhmet, who bowed before him to the earth, and smothered the traitor's shame in a paternal embrace; then, turning to the Turkish officers, he spoke some suitable words to them, and gave them hopes that the grand unity of the empire would be restored under his supremacy.

And now all is over; the viceroy's star is in the ascendant; Turkey has lost her last resource through the defection of her fleet: she must yield, and the divan resigns itself to the necessity. Mohammed Ali has laid down the conditions of peace: they are submitted to; he is granted the hereditary sovereignty of Egypt and of Syria; and Hadji Sahib Effendi and Tefik Effendi are appointed to convey to him the longed-for pledge of reconciliation between the Osmanlis.

Thus, that direct arrangement which it was the policy of France to desire, and which it had till then shunned, seemed forced upon it by the special favour of Providence for its advantage and in spite of it.

The two persons appointed were about to set out on their mission, when M. de Stürmer, the Austrian internuncio, received a despatch from Prince Metternich, who ordered him in the name, and, as he said, in accordance with the views of the five powers, to put the veto of Europe on the direct arrangement. Deplorable and truly incomprehensible fact! It was the French ambassador who contributed most to set aside that solution of the affair which would have ended the war in a manner favourable to Mohammed Ali, the protégé of France; it was Admiral Roussin, who, in concert with M. de Stürmer, drew up (July 27, 1839) a note which was then presented by the internuncio for signature to Lord Ponsonby, M. de Boutenieff, and M. de Königsmark, the ambassadors of England, Russia, and Prussia. Here follows that too famous note:

"The five undersigned ambassadors, conformably with the instructions received from their respective courts, congratulate themselves on having to announce to the ministers of the Sublime Porte, that the agreement of the five powers, touching the Eastern question, is certain; and they pray the Sublime Porte to await the fruits of their friendly dispositions, and to make absolutely no decision whatever in a definitive manner without their co-operation."

How were it possible to describe Lord Ponsonby's exultation? It was a revenge for Nezib that was thus offered him, and such a one as he had never ventured to dream of. He signed. M. de Boutenieff was far from having the same reason to be satisfied; for if the note of the 27th of July involved the future humiliation of the Pacha of Egypt, on the other hand, it pointed to the annulment of the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi. But what was to be done? To refuse would be to reveal to Europe the secret ambitious designs of Russia. Prince Metternich, moreover, had not hesitated to answer for the approbation of

the Emperor Nicholas. M. de Boutenieff therefore signed, and so did M. de Königsmark. Turkey was declared a minor, and Europe undertook the guardianship.

Had the powers been united by a lofty sense of justice and right, their collective intervention in the East would have been an august fact. And even reduced to the proportions given it by the selfishness of the courts and their paltry rivalries, there was this much of grandeur in it, that it was an involuntary testimony to the principle of community and reciprocity in human affairs. But it is not the less true that, as regarded French interests, which are those of civilisation and freedom, the note of the 27th of July was a wrong and a misfortune.

Ought the blame of it to be cast on Admiral Roussin? He did no more than comply with the spirit of his instructions. Only where another would, perhaps, have hesitated, he, the Pacha of Egypt's adversary, did not hesitate.

The note was received ill, and almost angrily in St. Petersburg. The Emperor of Russia considered it strange and unbecoming, that, without having consulted him, and presuming to speak for him, Prince Metternich had obtained the signature of Russia to an act which tended implicitly to withdraw Turkey from the protectorate of the Russians. Unaccustomed to conceal his displeasure, he expressed it, it is said, with autocratic vehemence to M. de Fiquelmont, Austrian ambassador at St. Petersburg; and M. de Nesselrode wrote to Count Medem: "The Emperor of Russia by no means despairs of the safety of the Porte, provided the powers of Europe respect its repose, and do not by unseasonable agitation shake it in seeking to consolidate it." He said, also, to the French ambassador: "A little more or less of Syria given to the Pacha of Egypt is a matter that concerns us little; our only condition is, that the Porte shall be free in the consent it gives." Lastly, he wrote to M. de Boutenieff: "We ought not, and cannot set ourselves up as arbiters of what affects the interests of the Porte to such a degree: it is for itself to decide. The emperor allows you full latitude to open the way, in concert with your colleagues, for a pacific arrangement between the Porte and Egypt, saving the free adhesion of the sultan." It was impossible more clearly to disavow the note of the 27th of July.*

* From the diplomatic collection published by Lord Palmerston, M. Léon Faucher has drawn forth a real act of indictment against the diplomacy of the foreign powers. M. Léon Faucher's work, a very remarkable one, appears to us sometimes to go too far in its accusations.

The author, for instance, regards and denounces as a farce, the disapprobation of the note of the 27th of July, manifested by Russia. An attentive perusal of the despatches has led us to an opposite opinion. A part of the note having been directed against the ambassador of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, it is quite natural that it should have been offended by it.

The author, likewise, very bitterly upbraids Lord Palmerston with the perfidy of his policy. There was no perfidy on Lord Palmerston's part, except in the intrigues which, as we shall see by and by, fomented the insurrection in Syria, and in the secrecy observed as to the treaty which was definitively to break off the Anglo-French alliance. But it is certain, that at the beginning of the negotiations, Lord Palmerston's conduct was very natural, and his language very clear and precise. From the first he spoke of the necessity of taking Syria from the pacha; in May, he proclaimed the restitution of

Prince Metternich had not reckoned on such a disavowal. His vanity had indulged the hope of an approaching conference, in which, under the shadow of his experience, the problem that perplexed the diplomatic world would be solved. The attitude assumed by Russia was matter of humiliation and anxiety to him He fell ill: was his illness only a pretence? Did he not withdraw for a while from the scene, in order to avoid the embarrassment of a decision, in which his circumspection might be a second time at fault? So thought the French ministers.

As for them, if they did not unreservedly approve of the note, it was not because it hindered the direct arrangement, but because it too completely put Turkey out of the sphere of the deliberations; for M. Passey and his colleagues were not less earnestly desirous than Prince Metternich of restoring the Ottoman empire to a place in the European system established in 1815.

It is superfluous to add, that as for Lord Palmerston, he was triumphant. The note of the 27th of July restored him the prey he had been on the point of losing. Now, then, he threw off all reserve. On the 1st of August, he proposed to the French government to call imperiously on Mohammed Ali to restore the Turkish fleet, and to capture the Egyptian fleet if he refused; a brutal proposition, which the French ministers rejected, for once, with much force, reason, and dignity.*

Lord Palmerston, though stung to the quick, did not lose courage. He insisted on the adoption of certain coercive measures, intended to put down the viceroy's resistance, if need were, and he sketched the programme of them with much complacency; the communications by sea, between Syria and Egypt, were to be intercepted; the harbours of both provinces were to be blockaded; all vessels sailing under the Egyptian flag were to be captured; Candia was to be taken from the viceroy, and restored to the sultan!

And the French government, instead of now, at last, unfurling the flag of its own proper policy, took refuge in tame supineness, and amused itself with discussing the merits of the proposed measures of coercion. What do I say? With a puerile dissimulation, that could deceive no one, it even went the length of declaring, "That France felt no interest in the pacha; that the arrangement which should deprive him of Syria, would be the best one if there existed sufficient means of constraint."

Lord Palmerston was far from letting fall such rash words. He pushed matters violently forward, well knowing that the cabinet of the

Syria to the sultan as an essential element of the European balance of power. If there was a want of frankness anywhere it was in the cabinet of the Tuileries, which did not *officially* make known its opinion on the Egyptian question until about the end of September.

In fine, M. Léon Faucher seems to us to have yielded somewhat too much to the honourable vehemence of patriotic indignation, in sometimes attributing to the perfidy of others what was but the result of the errors committed by our own ministry. It is painful to us to say this, but truth demands it.

* See Marshal Soult's despatch to M. de Bourquency, August 6, 1839.

Tuileries would not follow him; and soon casting aside all disguise, he wrote to Mr. Bulwer at Paris, Lord George Hamilton at Berlin, Lord Beauvale at Vienna, and Lord Clanricarde at St. Petersburg, that the moment for acting against the pacha was come, that that course must be taken forthwith, and that the other powers must abandon that one which should refuse to advance.

Russia but too well understood this language. She saw France and England on the eve of a rupture, and instantly her oriental policy changed its aspect as regarded Mohammed Ali and the *status quo*. The opportunity of breaking up the Anglo-French alliance was an unexpected good fortune for the Emperor of Russia; to seize it was an immense advantage. M. de Brunow was sent to London, where he arrived September 15, 1839.

Brunow's proposals were to this effect—that Russia would fall in with, and pledge herself to second, the views of England; but that, in case Ibrahim should advance, it should be Russia's part to protect the sultan, whilst the allied fleets should act on the coasts of Egypt and Syria. This was tantamount to saying to Lord Palmerston, "Give up Constantinople to us, and we will give up Alexandria to you." Monstrous as was the bargain, Lord Palmerston acquiesced in it. But the French ministers being made acquainted with it, protested energetically against so scandalous a consecration of the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi. "Never," they wrote, "never with our consent shall a foreign naval force appear before Constantinople, without ours instantly showing itself there likewise."* Lord Palmerston's colleagues, less impetuous than himself, refused their co-operation. The British cabinet asked in consequence, by way of amendment, that if the march of Ibrahim brought the Russian vessels into the Bosphorus, some allied vessels should be at liberty to enter the Dardanelles. M. de Brunow accepted the amendment *ad referendum*, and returned to St. Petersburg to seek a definitive answer.

It was not till then that the ministers of the 12th of May made up their minds to pronounce their ultimatum. On the 13th of September, 1839, they named M. de Pontois ambassador to Constantinople, in lieu of Admiral Roussin, who was known to be unfavourable to the viceroy; and, on the 21st, they acquainted Europe with their plan, which consisted in granting Mohammed Ali Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, hereditarily, and the island of Candia for life. At last, then, they made themselves heard in the debate: but it was too late. The compact between England and Russia was about to be concluded.

And to fill up the measure of mischief, the success of their avowed policy was impeded in London by their own ambassador, the imperturbable agent of a policy that shunned the light. For whilst the French ministers were publishing their plan, the following was the system submitted to Lord Palmerston by General Sébastiani, in an official interview, and speaking in the character of an ambassador; Syria was to be divided into two portions, by a line drawn from west to east, through

* Marshal Soult's despatch to General Sébastiani, September 26, 1839.

Beyrout or Damascus; and the sultan was to have the northern part, the pacha the southern. General Sébastiani added, that if England acceded to this arrangement, France would concur in the coercive measures to be employed for securing its execution. Great must have been the surprise of the English minister, when he received from Paris despatches which ascribed to the French ministers views quite different from those put forth by the ambassador. Lord Palmerston wrote on the subject to Mr. Bulwer, and obtained proof that General Sébastiani was the ambassador, not of a cabinet, but of one man.* A conviction of such a fact could not but inspire the English minister with increased insolence. Entertaining for Louis Philippe a hatred that was forward to exhibit itself in marks of disdain, he went on repeating incessantly, that the King of the French would never make up his mind to an act of vigour; that there was nothing one might not venture in defiance of such a monarch, so long as he ruled the affairs of his country.

However, to assume a show of moderation, Lord Palmerston made a final offer, viz.: to grant the viceroy, independently of Egypt, the hereditary pachalic of Acre, minus the fortress. The French ministry, of course, considered the concession insufficient; and then Lord Palmerston did not hesitate to say, with insulting dryness: "The concession is withdrawn."

Meanwhile, it was intimated that the Russian government accepted the amendment proposed to it through M. de Brunow. What mattered it, in fact, to the Russian government, according to Nesselrode's expression, whether Mohammed Ali had a little more or a little less of Syria? What did it even matter to it if the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi received a slight shock by the temporary admission of St. George's flag into the Sea of Marmora, provided that at that price France was humiliated and severed from her allies; provided that at that price a jealous acrimony separated for a long time, perhaps for ever, the two cabinets whose union had caused the northern courts so much uneasiness?

A league, then, was formed against France; Austria and Prussia were invited to join it, and readily complied. M. de Fiquelmont, who, during Prince Metternich's illness, had the management of affairs in Vienna, had for a while evinced his accordance with the French government; but the despatch which contained his adhesion to the views of the French ministers, had to pass through Johannisberg, where Metternich kept it back and annulled it. So, then, in presence of the great courts she herself had brought together and united, France remained all alone!

* At a later period, Lord Palmerston made General Sébastiani's proposition the ground of a charge of instability against the French policy; and when M. Guizot remarked to him that the general had, doubtless, spoken out of his own head, and without authority, since there was no trace of the plan in question in the archives of the French embassy, the English minister replied: "That it was well known that General Sébastiani was in direct and confidential communication with the King of the French, and that even though there were no trace of the plan in question in the archives of the French embassy, that would be no conclusive proof that the count had spoken without authority."—See Lord Palmerston's despatch to Mr. Bulwer, July 20, 1840.—*Correspondence, &c.*

Hardly did the ministers of the 12th of May perceive this in the excess of their infatuation. Believing that the game might yet be won, they recalled General Sébastiani, who was not less opposed than Admiral Roussin to Mohammed Ali, and sent M. Guizot to supply his place in the embassy to London; and they persisted in demanding the hereditary occupancy of Egypt and Syria for Mohammed Ali. But England felt herself thenceforth irrevocably mistress of the ground. The better to colour the intervention of the four allied powers, she desired that the sultan should take part in the treaty to be concluded, and that negotiations should be suspended until the arrival of a Turkish plenipotentiary.

Meanwhile, the year 1840 was begun; the French Chambers were assembled, and the debate, in which all Europe was engaged, was again brought before them. The discussion was keen and brilliant; but it resuscitated without infusing new vigour into a struggle we have already described. The speakers argued for or against known systems by means of worn-out considerations. M. Thiers alone delivered a speech capable of modifying the course of things. He was not exactly opposed to Mohammed Ali, but he was vexed at finding him an obstacle to the English alliance. Whatever advantage he saw in supporting him, the profit seemed to him less than the danger. On the other hand, public opinion in France had everywhere declared in favour of the viceroy of Egypt, with a warmth that approached enthusiasm; and Thiers had, for some time, been very careful of his popularity. Hence his speech, which had a double meaning. That the viceroy should receive aid, that he should be maintained in possession of what his toils and victory had conferred on him: this M. Thiers did not deny. He even analysed with great justice and brilliancy the errors committed by ministers; he deplored the source whence they sprang, and pointed out the means he considered adapted to prevent their consequences. But then, applying himself to the question of the English alliance, "I confess," he said, "I am a partisan of the English alliance; I am its partisan after the manner of a man who never forgets the just pride of his country. No; I cannot yet renounce that grand alliance which is founded not only on physical strength, but also on the moral strength of principles: for when we are with England, we are not obliged to hide our flag. In concord with England we both can raise our banners; they bear for motto: *Moderate liberty and the peace of the world.* And on what grounds do the opponents of the English alliance rely? What has been the cause of the profound hatred, of the rancorous conflict that have parted France and England? Allow me to tell you what it has been in two words. The French democracy exploded in our revolution, now with a bloody committee at its head, now with a great man, Napoleon. It astonished the world; but it terrified it, and, as always happens when liberty causes dismay, it threw an enormous power into the hands of the foes of liberty. Who bore the brunt of the strife provoked by the French democracy? Naturally that one of all the aristocracies which was the most powerful, the richest and the ablest. Aristocracy also found its great man, Pitt; the

English aristocracy with a great man at its head, struggled on behalf of the terrified world against the French democracy and its great man. The strife was obstinate and fierce. Napoleon often said: 'There has been one error in my life; an error common to England and to me: we might have been allied and have done much good to the world; I might have done so had Fox been at the head of affairs.' Now, what did this mean but that it was the English aristocracy which had maintained the struggle against Napoleon? Behind this question of principle there was also an immense interest at stake. France had not then renounced the pretension of being a great maritime and colonial power of the first order; she had not renounced the brilliant dream of remote possessions; she wished to take Louisiana, St. Domingo, and even to make a marvellous attempt on Egypt; one more brilliant than solid, but the avowed aim and end of which were to threaten the English possessions in India. To what use did we apply the power we then owned? To coalesce all the navies of Europe under our flag. Here then there were reasons for an obstinate and fierce struggle. But happily nothing of this exists any longer. It is the moderate revolution that governs France; it is the moderate revolution that governs England. And the strife of interest is as impossible as that of principle. France is enlightened as to the true path of her greatness. Who among us at this day thinks of remote possessions? The fact is, the mind of France is changed; the fact is, every one feels that our real greatness is on the continent."

M. Thiers was not mistaken in saying, that France could only retain the alliance of England, on condition of confining herself idly to her own shores. Did he condemn his country to that humble and disgraceful attitude? France, resting on the ocean and the Mediterranean, is a maritime power. Endowed with a cosmopolite genius, France is called, by God himself, to the empire of the seas. This is inseparable from the accomplishment of her historical destiny; it is inseparable, perhaps, from her existence as a power of the first order; for, to use the expression of a great statesman, ships are the best fortresses. And, then, how was it, that M. Thiers, who desired the maintenance of competition in our country, how was it that he failed to perceive that outlets, foreign counters, unknown consumers, and a moving market, were needful to the over-producing bourgeoisie; and that, unless a deep, searching, incalculable social revolution should take place, there would soon remain to us no alternative but to possess the ocean or to perish?

But the middle class was in general too unenlightened to perceive how weak and shallow was the system set before it. It was vehement in its applause. The *Constitutionnel* called M. Thiers' speech a *discours-ministre*. And, in reality, it was a distinct bidding for office.

Such was the state of things in France, when a vote of the Chamber, rashly provoked, overthrew the ministry.

Never, assuredly, had any king of France been called by fortune to a scene so imposing, and into the heart of such great events. A great nation to guide in safety through the storm; vehement hostilities to

baffle or extinguish; the West to buckler, the East to tranquillise; such were the tasks to be fulfilled. And what could be more suited to engross all the faculties of the head of a state? Yet, amidst all the complications that kept Europe on the rack, and on which, perhaps, depended the fate of the world, Louis Philippe was attentively bent on securing the dotation of one of his sons. It is not that he was ignorant how hateful demands of money are to a bourgeois Chamber; but he hoped to carry his point by force of perseverance. What did he risk? The moral weakening of the monarchy? It was not in his nature to concern himself about remote results. The fall of the cabinet? He cared little about it, since the recall of Sébastiani, his confidential man, had shown him that his ministers had some sense of independence. Besides, M. Passy was a man whose pride was easily provoked; M. Dufaure was rude and sullen in public life; M. Teste seemed to have retained a certain amount of liberalism, since his youthful days of proscription: this was enough to make the king part with them all without regret, for the chance of seeing the Duc de Nemours granted a rich dotation.

The cabinet thought it ought not to resist the fatherly desires of the king. This was its ruin. The public no sooner heard of the demand for a grant to the Duc de Nemours, of 500,000 francs a year, not to reckon 500,000 francs for the expenses of his marriage with the Princess Victoria, of Saxe-Coburg, than public opinion took fire on all sides. Was the king so poor that he could not himself provide for his sons? Where would all this stop? After the Duc d'Orléans came the Duc de Nemours; and after the latter, would come the Prince de Joinville, and the Duc d'Aumale, and the Duc de Montpensier. Decidedly, it cost too much to have a court. Was there any insufficiency in the private domain? The proof of this point was yet to be made out. The private domain! Why had it not been merged in that of the state, according to the ancient law of the monarchy? Such were the current remarks of the day, with a thousand others, personally injurious to the sovereign. From north, south, east, and west, letters, petitions, and circulars, poured in on Paris, all breathing a vehement spirit of hostility. In a pamphlet, entitled *Scandalous Questions of a Jacobin on the subject of the Dotation*, M. de Cormenin expended all the bitterness of his caustic pen. In short, nothing was wanting, to show that the bourgeoisie neither liked nor understood the monarchical system; and that, if it cared for royalty, it regarded it only as a butt and a foil. Commissioners were named by the Chamber to investigate the insufficiency of the private domain: the investigation being made, it appeared that the revenue of that domain amounted to more than 1,000,000; and even this sum was thought to be understated by some members of the commission, among whom was M. Lherbette, who did not hesitate to declare, in full parliament, "I have seen figures, but no documents to corroborate them." The day for the vote (February 20, 1840) being come, M. Couturier, alone, delivered some grave and becoming words against the bill; and then the Chamber, coldly and silently, proceeded to the ballot. There were 226 black balls, making

a majority of twenty-six against the family bill. The ministers of the 12th of May confessed themselves beaten, and resigned.

They had evinced some laudable dispositions during their tenure of office. For instance, they had declared from the first, that they would put an end to the scandalous practice of supporting a subsidised press. It is just, also, to call to mind, that it was M. Teste who first seriously exerted himself against the crying abuse of the venality of offices. This was touching one of those moneyed privileges on which the *régime* of the bourgeoisie is founded. It raised a furious outcry; and so strong were the interests assailed, that with the exception of three or four journals, that nobly risked their existence in support of truth, the opposition press maintained a culpable silence. The enterprise failed, therefore, but it does not the less deserve honourable mention in history; for it was honest and courageous. As for foreign affairs, nothing could be more deplorable than the policy of the ministers of the 12th of May. Fortune had offered them the guidance of an affair, such as might have enabled them to win immortal honour. Our influence in Egypt once consolidated, the Mediterranean was ours, and we were knocking at the gates of Asia. Unhappily, the greatness of their task prostrated, instead of elevating these ministers. In Europe, they ought to have guarded Constantinople from the Russians, by a close offensive league with England; in the East, they should have left free scope to the genius of Mohammed Ali and victory. They did the reverse. Connecting together two questions, which it was our interest to separate, they made the independence of the Bosphorus depend on the immobility of Ibrahim, in the midst of victory; and they imprudently called Europe to regulate the partition of the East, when it was manifest that it would do so without us, and against us. In vain was there an accumulation of favourable chances for France and for the viceroy, viz.: the death of the sultan, the defeat of his army, the defection of his fleet; the ministers of the 12th of May set themselves in open revolt against their own luck, and the apparent decrees of destiny. They stopped Ibrahim, when he was ready to cross Mount Taurus; they admitted that the victory of Nezib should scarcely be regarded; they exacted from Mohammed Ali the restitution of the Turkish fleet; they opposed the veto of France to the direct arrangement, already concluded, to the viceroy's advantage. What was the consequence? France and England not being agreed on the Egyptian question, Russia joined England to humble and weaken us. Austria and Prussia followed, animated with counter-revolutionary feelings, and with their old resentments revived. All Europe was banded together on one side, France was alone on the other. Amidst so many causes for affliction, Africa at least, sent us consoling news. Our presence there was marked by some brilliant exploits in arms; and, in the beginning of February, 1840, Mazagran, defended by a handful of French against thousands of Arabs, threw a gleam of glory and heroism over the sorrows of our native land.

HISTORICAL CONCLUSION.

HERE closes the first part of the work we have undertaken, our intention being to write the history of all this reign.

What we know of it already is sufficient, however, to enable us to estimate its character.

Properly speaking, it has been but the reign of the bourgeoisie.

And, in the first place, what is the bourgeoisie? It is the more important to recall in this place the definition we have given of it, inasmuch as many superficial thinkers will have it, that the bourgeoisie does not form a distinct class, but is necessarily blended with the people.

The *bourgeoisie* is the whole body of those citizens, who, possessing instruments of labour or a capital, can, without incurring servitude, develop their powers and resources, and are dependant on others only to a certain extent.

The *people* is the whole body of citizens, who, not possessing the instruments of labour, do not find in themselves their means of development, and are dependant on others in what regards the prime necessaries of life.

Those persons, consequently, all belong to the people, whatever be their knowledge, their education, or their social relations, who are not assured of their food, clothing, and lodging.

This being laid down, let us pursue the subject.

In the mixed monarchies, in which society is not the sovereign's domain, there is this fundamental defect, that the duties of the head of the state may be counteracted by those of the father; for the domestic virtues are not necessarily state virtues; and political science has even some laws which the paternal sentiment is prone to resist, excellent though it be in a private station. The prudence of the statesman consists in his perception of the bold ventures which he may make with success. It is not narrow, not servile. Can the task of providing for the wants of a family ever be a sufficient employment for genius? Great faculties must have great things to desire, as the swift courser must have the whole stadium to run in, and the eyes of the eagle must gaze on the sun. First Consul, chief without children, Napoleon was all but a demigod. As father of the King of Rome, a cradle arrested him, and confined that gaze that had been used to take in the whole earth. By the side of the warrior, always the same, there was the founder of a dynasty, whose work was puerile and vain. He took to him pages, created nobles, and so forth. From the height of his

original, unique destiny, he voluntarily debased himself to the vulgar herd of kings, his anxieties as a father having narrowed and dwarfed his genius.

It cannot excite surprise that a sovereign of no enlarged mind should have yielded to the force of similar pre-occupations, the more so as he was encouraged thereto by the attitude of the bourgeoisie.

It is very generally supposed in Europe, that Louis Philippe is the man by whom the revolution has been muzzled, and that his personal ability has brought about the present state of things. Whether this be imputed to him in praise or censure, it is a mistake. The king has exhibited qualities of a secondary order. It would not be easy to select from history one sovereign who has been more completely destitute of initiative power, and who, having taken part largely in public affairs, has less stamped them with his own impress.

It is the peculiar characteristic of superior statesmen to give movement to things, and to ennoble every predicament, at the risk of creating out of it obstacles and perils for themselves. Without forgetting to shape their course by the circumstances of the passing hour, great men fertilise the present; they exalt history. Nothing of the sort has been accomplished in France in our day. To Louis Philippe has been ascribed the honour of what was but the certain result of the power of the bourgeois interests, ill-regulated, and ill-understood.

Satisfied with its lot, the bougeoisie did not choose that sufferings which were not its own should be revealed by the noise of the alarm drum; hence the system of order defined by the silence of misery, and prohibited by the cannon's mouth.

Blinded by mean considerations of thrift and prosperity, the bourgeoisie saw nothing but pecuniary loss in the possible agitations of Europe; thence the system of implored peace.

Now, the old system, and a spiritless peace were, likewise, convenient to royalty, which had need of excessive tranquillity at home and abroad, to enable it to seat itself firmly.

This coincidence explains the success of the reign. It served Louis Philippe in lieu of ability. As a sovereign, on whose head had been placed a bourgeois crown, the preponderance of his adoptive class dispensed him from the necessity of creating a system. His taste for mediocrity pleased the dominant class, and might took him into its train.

It is to be remarked, however, that parallel with the coincidence we have mentioned, the history of the last ten years offers us the spectacle of an obstinate struggle between the government of the bourgeoisie by the elective chamber, and the personal government of the king.

There seems to be something contradictory in this; but the contradiction is only apparent.

The agreement between the French bourgeoisie and royalty has been with reference to the system to be followed, and the interests to be made paramount; the struggle has been on questions of pre-eminence and prerogative.

Thus, the monarchical and the parliamentary principle have fought

hard battles with each other, though the flag of royalty and that of the bourgeoisie displayed mottoes identically the same. This is a significant fact, and one which it is worth while to analyse.

On the day when the dotation desired for the Duc de Nemours was so offensively refused, it became manifest that monarchical feeling had no place in the minds of the bourgeoisie. The more the sovereign's right of acting is restricted, the more he should be allowed the means of brilliant display, if you wish that he should keep his place. Pomp is more necessary to a constitutional king than to Louis XIV., who could say, "I will."

Whence comes it then that the bourgeoisie has taken a different view of the matter? From this, that the bourgeoisie, which has nothing of the democratic feeling, is yet essentially and unconsciously republican.

It was but through selfishness that it adopted monarchy in violence to its own nature. It thought that royalty would aid it to bridle the people, that the throne would be like those scarecrows which husbandmen stick up in their fields to hinder the birds from lighting upon them.

But was it possible that royalty would content itself with playing an automaton part? It was in vain the doctors of the bourgeoisie declared *ex cathedra: The king reigns, but does not govern;* it is not with subtleties such as these that the course of the world is directed. This is why the system of personal government has been so violently opposed by the bourgeoisie, whose end it nevertheless served: this is why the duel between the two prerogatives is revived whenever common dangers do not renew an ephemeral alliance between the bourgeoisie and royalty.

What will be the end of all this? The parliamentary government has its roots running too deeply to allow it to succumb. The 18th Brumaire is a date, it is a menace, perhaps; but if the attempt were made to repeat it, it would not succeed.

What it is important to study in contemporary history, and in France, is not, therefore, the career of royalty, but the government of the bourgeoisie.

It begins in 1830, and we have written no other history than its own.

As a militant class the bourgeoisie has done good service to civilization. It possesses, likewise, estimable qualities: love of labour, respect for the laws, hatred of fanaticism and its frantic excesses, mild manners, and economy; in a word, all that constitutes the sum of the domestic virtues. But it wants on the whole depth of ideas, elevation of sentiments, and it has not one large and comprehensive principle of belief. Hence its inaptitude for public affairs. The electoral census has found defenders; there is no worse system! To seek only at the hands of property for guides of the people and legislators, is to transfer the policy of the household to the conduct of states; it is placing the fortune of empires at the mercy of a wisdom measured by acres of land. It is vain to deny this: the inconvenience of the elective system on a small scale is to put the helm into the hands of incompetent men,

who cannot but make shipwreck of the state, unless some noble passion compensates in them for their ignorance of established principles and their want of acquirements. Will the conservative instinct fill the place of that noble passion? At least it needs a counterpoise; for otherwise, like everything exclusive, it will become blind and suicidal. It will cramp the proportions of policy and so pervert it. At home, it will refuse to admit reforms that would prevent revolts. Abroad, it will countenance even that avowed abdication of courage which is the most foolish of all kinds of temerity.

Such have, in fact, been the characteristics of the government of the bourgeoisie.

At home, we have seen it preach up the morality of interest with hateful success. Bazar scenes have many a time filled the deliberative hall with tumult and scandal. In order to multiply patronage, and to find means to pamper venal souls, the direction of public works has been taken from the state, and made an instrument of jobbing for bankers, of electioneering huckstering for ministers. The power of the state has been given up to pillage. A result has ensued far more disastrous than hostile invasion, towns lost, defeats sustained, and thousands of citizens drowned in their own blood: the national character has become deteriorated. To govern is to make sacrifice of one's self. What is to be expected of a system which makes the source of power consist precisely in private interests? Were we asked to define political genius, we should call it a great devotion armed with great force, and employed to serve a great end. The Convention probably did not contain more men of talent than our contemporary assemblies; but it was a disinterested, devoted assembly; this was its genius. Owing merely to the generosity of its passions, in spite of its errors and excesses, it surpassed the deep-laid plans of Richelieu. It carried its flag safely into the region of storms, and after all it died standing.

As for the social system desired and upheld by the bourgeoisie, it has been marked by a complete abandonment of the poor. "Every one for himself; charity begins at home," has been the maxim of their leaders; loathsome, base maxim, which contains all oppressions, until it gives birth to all disorders. The error of the bourgeoisie has been this, that it believed freedom to be sufficient for progress and justice, under circumstances of no equality in the means of development. But what signifies it that the right to acquire wealth be granted to all, when the instruments of labour, and when credit belong only to a few? What signifies a right to prosperity without the possibility of realizing that right? What matters a broad and level road to the wretch who cannot move? True freedom consists, not in the right, but in the power, granted to every one to develop his faculties. Freedom is there but a lure, but the hypocrisy of despotism, wherever the possession of the instruments of labour is a monopoly; wherever the doling out of credit is in the hands of private individuals who lend only to the rich; wherever competition leaves the small capitalist at the mercy of the great one; wherever there are commercial dealings between wealth and hunger; wherever the lives of citizens depend not on their good conduct and

forethought, but on the visitation of a disease, on the cessation of a commercial demand, or the invention of a new method; wherever the children of the poor are forced away from the school where they would be instructed, and buried alive in the factory, where they are starved and stinted; wherever there is no freedom of the press, except in favour of those who can deposit an exorbitant sum of caution money; wherever, in fine, there are children of seven years of age working twelve hours a day for their bread, girls of sixteen prostituting themselves for bread, vagrants found asleep on the steps of inhabited palaces, infanticides from penury, journeymen whom the discovery of a machine turns into the streets to starve, and thousands of working-men who wake up some day with pale faces and raging hearts, and rush to the fight with this cry: "Let us live by our labour or die fighting."

And in this the fault is not in men but in things. Feudal tyranny was composed of proper names, it could be looked in the face, it could be touched with the finger. There is nothing of the sort in that tyranny which is only liberty misunderstood. Mysterious, impersonal, invisible, almost defying all effort to grasp it, it enfolds the poor man, compresses and stifles him, without his being able even to comprehend the nature of the evil against which he struggles, miserably and in vain.

The destruction of a despotism of this sort is, therefore, an affair of science, not of revolt. It is the principle that is impious; it is the situation that is guilty. Men do not take vengeance upon a principle, they supersede it for a better; men do not punish a bad state of things, they change it. Fierce appeals to the wrathful feelings of the oppressed would, therefore, be as frivolous as they would be mischievous; the more so, as the bulk of the people is not now enlightened enough to have a clear idea of what it ought to seek, and of what is possible. Still the duty of seeking a remedy for so many ills is but the more imperative; and as regards the bourgeoisie, it is matter of urgent interest. It, too, is undermined by competition, which gradually swallows up moderate fortunes in the vortex of great capitals. What security can the bourgeoisie have against the danger of popular outbreaks on the one hand, and the oligarchic yoke slowly forged for it on the other? Striking and novel proof of the inevitable co-partnership that unites various interests! The bourgeoisie, if it look not to it, is going to destruction by the same route on which the people is toiling on in wretchedness and suffering: unfortunately, it does not seem hitherto to have had any suspicion of the fact. "Labour is a bridle," said Guizot, one day; and Sauzet afterwards declared, from his president's chair, that it was not the business of the Chamber to furnish the working classes with employment!

After all, much might have been borne, had there been no dereliction of national honour! But in foreign, as in domestic policy, the bourgeoisie has shown neither prudence nor perspicacity. Extravagantly desirous of peace, it has had the folly to make no secret of its wishes; it has sought its own humiliation with infatuated affectation. The consequence has been, that occasions of war have multiplied to excess. What provocations, what contemptuous slights has France endured!

There was a time when, on every spot in the globe, our country enforced respect for her own greatness in the person of the least of her citizens; wherever business or chance conducted the children of France, there the majesty of our common mother was present to protect them, and their native land travelled with them. How disastrous, how rapid the change! France is now come to such a pass, that she can no longer step beyond her own limits without being exposed to outrage. Bustamente braved her yesterday, and Rosas will insult her to-morrow. Where are our friends? What positions remain to us in Europe? Poland is in exile; we have frustrated Italy, and oppressed Switzerland; Russia threatens us, Holland hates us, Belgium looks on us with suspicion, Germany shuns us, Portugal ignores us, Spain falls off from us, England overrules us, and the conspiracy of the powers has closed the East against us. What! did it need such a mighty stretch of intellect to comprehend, that national honour is a fund that bears interest; that courage economises danger; that to confront war on virtuous and just grounds, renders it unnecessary to purchase peace, and secures it; that the value of the freight is enhanced by the inviolability of the flag? Open the history of Carthage, Venice, Genoa, England, of all the nations famous for commerce, and you will see whether it was to timorous policy they owed the marvels of their opulence. I do not mean that the spirit of conquest ought to be aroused amongst us. France does not desire the nations for subjects. It is in her genius, seconded by the powers that adopt it, to save the world, not to enthral it. Where the English establish their own supremacy by force, we sow the seeds of thought. Gloriously incapable of fixing herself, France is like the Nile; she fecundates what she submerges, and she passes on. This is an additional reason why she should keep watch over her own strength, since the nations advancing to freedom would suffer by our weakness, and civilization would be marred by our reverses.

Her real genius entails likewise on France the duty of diffusing herself. By her temperament, still more than by her geographical position, France is a maritime power. Her communicative nature, her cosmopolitan passions must have issues. Chained to her ports, confined within her towns, driven back upon herself, forced to compress within her bosom her exuberant warmth, and the inextinguishable fire of her devotion, she would become terrible to her neighbours and to herself. What was denied her in heroic adventures she would seek in turbulent outbreaks. Her naval prosperity is necessary to save her from internal agitations: nor is it one of the least proofs of the political incapacity of the bourgeoisie that it has not discerned this truth.

But what is to be said of the infatuation that courted the English alliance at a time when every effort was bent on maintaining in France a social system, founded on the principle of unlimited competition? This was nothing less than desiring two things absolutely incompatible. As competition tends to indefinite production, it leads, by logical inference, to the establishment of a vast maritime and commercial system, to the possession of the ocean. Could England consent to a partition of the sea? It would be her ruin. The English alliance condemns us,

therefore, to be but a continental nation; and if we consent to this, competition will smother us.

Such are the general causes that have produced the present aspect of things; hard for some, uncertain for others, it is full both of illusions and perils. To one who cannot see below its surface, it may appear cheering; and yet it is pregnant with death and dishonour. This silence is fatal; this repose is sinister. Our calmness is that of exhaustion. But as happens in empires stooping to their fall, we have come to regard the enervation of souls, and the deterioration of characters for pledges of duration and promises of prosperity. Ten years of peace have broken us more than half a century of war would have done; and we do not even perceive this.

God keep us, nevertheless, from despairing of our country! There are peoples, stiff and inflexible, as it were, who may not inaptly be compared to the heavy cavaliers of the middle ages, cased all in iron: those men were hard to wound through their thick armour, but once brought to the ground, they could not rise again. Different is France, whose strength is combined with marvellous suppleness, and which seems ever young. What unexampled, indescribable fatigues has it not resisted! From 1789 to 1815 it has gone through fits of intestine wrath, endured sufferings, and accomplished labours sufficient to exhaust the most vigorous nation. It did not die for all that; and, in 1830, after fifteen years of apparent lassitude, its blood was found to have been renovated. Yes, France is made to live many lives. She bears within her wherewith to astonish men under various and unforeseen aspects. Never had people (to use Montaigne's expression, speaking of Alexander) a beauty illustrious under so many visages. Has not France proved herself adequate to parts the most diverse and the most brilliant? Has she not been successively the Revolution and the Empire?

Why should we be discouraged? The evil comes of an error which it is so easy to repair! Who can believe that the bourgeoisie will obstinately persist in its infatuation? The natural guardian of the people, can it possibly persevere in distrusting it as an enemy? Those who urge the bourgeoisie to this course deceive it, and are preparing to enslave it; by dint of making it afraid of the people, it has been blinded to the sense of its own dangers. They are not so much at its feet, as above its head and around it. Let it look to this!

If the bourgeoisie is nobly prompted, it can do every thing for the regeneration of this country. Captive in its monopolies, devoted to the sordid passions to which the selfishness of its principle condemns it, it would ruin France and itself, possessing, as it would, but the smallest portion of those qualities which high policy requires. Instead, therefore, of standing aloof from the people, it must unite with it indissolubly, by taking the first steps towards a system which should make association, not competition, the rule of trade, which should generalise the possession of the instruments of labour, institute the banking power of the poor, and, in a word, abolish the serfdom of labour. In such an enterprise there would be equity and wisdom, intelligence and charity.

Gathering fresh, racy vigour from its contact with the people, and strengthened by its co-operation, the bourgeoisie would find incalculable resources in its recovered security. Peacefully and forever victorious over the spirit of sedition, it would not fear to look the Europe of the kings in the face, and restore to France the language and the bearing of command. It would, moreover, in becoming the nation, acquire all the virtues it now lacks; for if it has much to give the people, it has much, too, to receive from it. It can give the people instruction, true liberty, and the treasures that flow therefrom; it will receive from it energy, the might of manly instincts, love of greatness, aptitude for generous devotion. Precious exchange, which would save and exalt our country by the harmonious employment of the will and the virtues of all her children!

As for us, we have never ceased to cherish this manly hope. It has sustained us in a task so full of sorrow and bitterness. While portraying so many evils, we said to ourselves, that they were not irreparable; that to put an end to them, we must submit to the painful necessity of ascertaining their causes and their extent; that a day will come, when the long insanity of our intestine quarrels will cease; that brotherhood, that source of all-enduring strength and of all justice, will supersede our broils and discords; that France, in fine, will resume her influence over the affairs of the world, for the benefit of civilisation, and for the weal of oppressed nations. We should not have written this book, were it to have been but the funeral oration of our country.

THE END.